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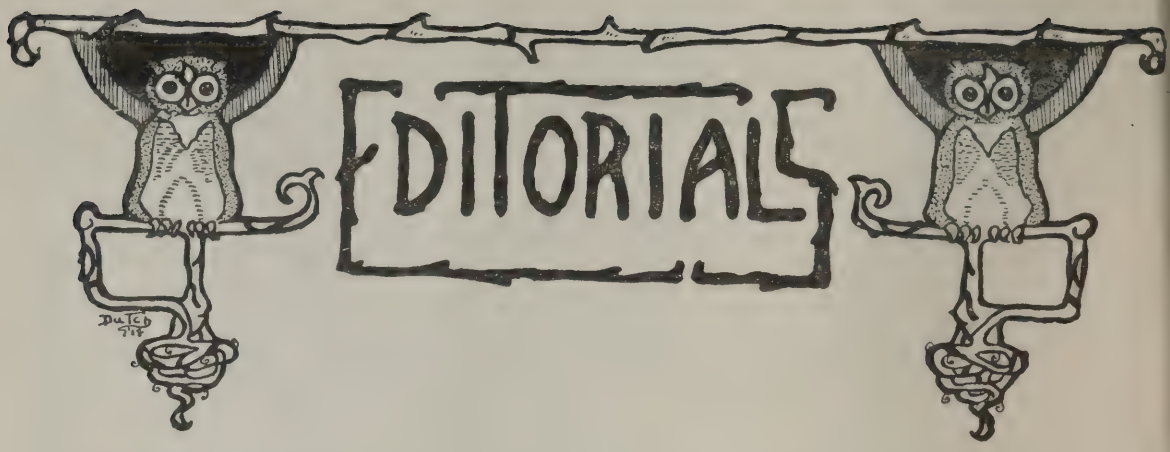
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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

SCHOOL SPIRIT

We are very sorry to witness the deplorable lack of school spirit now prevailing in our school. This lack of interest is apparent in all of our activities: instructive, athletic, and social. The old energy, organization and co-operation characteristic of a real live school is waning.

Many of us, especially the upper-classmen are inclined to disregard this lack of interest and to remark apologetically when questioned about it, "Well, you know, our school is so large, etc." The Cambridge High School is not so very large after all. If we had 10,000 students scattered about in several buildings instead of 3,000 all studying in a compact group in one large building, there might be some excuse for the present disorganization. However, as it is, there is no legitimate excuse.

Having ascertained that such lack of school spirit exists, the next thing to do is to determine its cause and then to suggest a remedy. Is the fault with the faculty—NO! You know as well as we do that each of you individually is to blame. You are not willing to sacrifice even a little of your time and energy for the honor of your school. You assume an indifferent air and watch the worthwhile things of school life totter and crumble into ruin because of lack of adequate support. Has the youth of today lost the "pep" and initiative handed down from the classses of yesterday? Give a little to the school which is doing so much for you.

You are doing yourselves an injustice by remaining silent and inactive. You all have hidden talents or inspirations of some nature. Put them into use! If you are a good scholar, help to raise the intellectual standards of the school, if you are an athlete go out for the teams, if you are musically or dramatically inclined, help to make activities of that nature successful.

For our own sakes and the tradition of the school, let's get together and show the alumni and the faculty that there are still some live-wires at work at C. H. L. S.

R. D. S.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Of late years the reluctant manner in which pupils have subscribed to the Review has necessitated the publication of editorials stating the worthiness of the paper and requesting more support. Apparently the student body has paid no attention to our pleas and warnings.

Not long ago, we are sorry to say, the Review failed because of lack of support. The year following its failure the paper was again published by petition of several hundred pupils who guaranteed their co-operation in making the publication a success.

Recently the staff and its co-workers have had a difficult time soliciting a sufficient number of subscriptions to make the project worthwhile. Approximately 40% of the pupils have subscribed. In most schools the quota is over 75%. Draw your own conclusion.

The Review does not wish to be an institution of charity. We want to give you your money's worth. A larger, better magazine, a more perfect chronicle of your years at C. H. L. S., one to which it will be a pleasure to refer in later years is our constant aim. Stand back of us and help us to accomplish

our purpose by giving financial and moral support.

If you have a good story or an original idea that you would like to put into practical use, come and see us about it. If you wish us to make use of your ideas and make the paper larger and better, subscribe for the Review and get your classmates to subscribe.

MISS JENNIE S. SPRING

In the death, last July, of Miss Jennie S. Spring, the Cambridge High and Latin School lost one of its outstanding teachers, the pupils of the school lost one of their most discerning and appreciated friends, and the city of Cambridge was deprived of one of its most influential and valuable public servants. Yet it is probable that few persons who have not been connected with the school know how unusual a woman Miss Spring was, for she was so modest and self effacing that she invariably shrank from public notice. No one, however, who has come in contact with her vital personality can fail to realize that Miss Spring was a remarkably effective teacher and an influence for good in a multitude of lives.

Miss Spring was a graduate of Smith College. She was appointed a teacher in the Cambridge Latin School in March, 1886, and was therefore, connected with the school for 37 years, most of the time devoting herself exclusively to the teaching of Latin. When the school came to be organized by departments, it was inevitable that she should become head of the Latin department, and that department was administered with minute and painstaking care and conspicuous success. Miss Spring's associates on the faculty, many of whom had been her pupils, were her devoted friends. Two or three years ago Miss Spring was made Dean of Senior Girls, and brought to those additional duties the same conscientious and vigorous method of attack which marked her work as teacher and as department head. During the year 1921-22 she was already suffering from the spinal trouble which caused her death, and it was only by her strong spirit of determination that she was able to teach through that year. She was obliged to take a year's leave of absence in 1922-23, and it proved to be a year of great suffering and increasing helplessness, culminating in her death. A number of the teachers were present at the funeral services in Newton Lower Falls on July 9.

Miss Spring stood for high standards in scholarship and in character. Many a boy and girl came to realize in her classes that using one's brain is worth while and may become an abiding delight. She had keen insight into character, and laziness, pretentious ignorance, and shams of every sort quickly revealed themselves to her penetrating eye, and received their due treatment. Yet she was so wise, so kindly, so shrewdly and delightfully full of fun, that those whom she most piercingly rebuked (and sometimes reformed) became her most devoted admirers. Graduates of the school who came back to visit familiar scenes invariably called on Miss Spring if they had been her pupils. The number of Cambridge citizens who made anxious inquiries about her during her illness and who sent messages to her, suggested the large place which she had made for herself in the community. Her methods of teaching were varied and stimulating, and her pupils knew that faithful work under her instruction was bound to produce successful results. But she gave as much of her time and thought to developing courtesy and character in her pupils as to developing scholarship, and many Cambridge men and women think of her with gratitude as one of the beneficent character-forming influences in their lives.

Miss Spring's loyalties were deep and lasting. She was a dependable friend, a merry companion, a lover of outdoor life, scrupulous in civic duties, deeply devout, many-sided in her interests and her sympathies, strong both in attachments and in antipathies, a true-hearted noble American woman.

This school owes far more to her work and her personality than most of us realize. Let us perpetuate her influence by putting into practice the ideals that she cherished for individuals and for our school.

C. T. Derry.

CHARLES VAUGHAN

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Charles Vaughan, a member of the Class of 1924. Vaughan's sudden and accidental death was a great shock to his class-mates and friends among the faculty. The Review extends its heartfelt sympathy to his parents in their bereavement.

WELCOME, FRESHMEN!

The Review extends its best wishes to all members of the Class of 1927. It is our sincere desire that your course at C. H. L. S. will be most instructive and pleasant; that memories of high school life may remain with you in later days ever beautiful in reminiscence.

We urge you earnestly to take advantage of the many opportunities which now lie before you. Remember that a successful high school career is a stepping stone toward the ladder of worldly success. R. D. S.

NOTICE

Will the subscribers of the Review who have had their Home Room changed please notify the Business Manager. S. W.

K-49

James S. Jennison.

It was in Moscow, that many of the most exciting incidents of United States Secret Service operators occurred. The following is one of them:

Operative K-49, the smartest operative in the foreign branch of the Service, then working in Moscow, was tracing the man and woman who were responsible for the stealing of some of the most valuable plates of the Treasury Department. The plates had been recovered but the secret of the manufacture of the plates was in their possession. He was to get the thieves and if possible to destroy the secret.

The man had been located and K-49 was keeping him under surveillance while endeavoring to locate the woman, unaware of the fact that he in turn had been discovered and was being watched.

One evening he determined to arrest the man at least. He left his hotel to go to the Sergeant of Police (in Russia a Sergeant of Police is a very high officer), to get lawful powers and aid to enter the man's house. While on his way, he was closely followed.

When his destination became apparent to his follower, he was enticed into a dark alley by cries of "Help" where, when he had gone but a few steps, he was knocked down by a blow on the head, given from behind. He was then tied and gagged and taken to a waiting taxi.

After a long period of unconsciousness, he came to his senses, finding himself lying on a bed in a well furnished bedroom. As soon as he began to move around, a servant came in. "What can I do for you?" he asked in fair English.

"Tell me where I am and how I got here," said K-49.

"You are in the house of Baron Skowski," the servant replied, "and you were brought here unconscious by some of the Baron's servants. How you became unconscious or why, I do not know."

"Let me speak to the Baron," said K-49. "Tell him it is important."

"I shall notify him at once of your recovery and if he wishes to speak with you, I shall quickly return; if he does not, I shall not return." After saying this the servant withdrew.

In five minutes, he returned saying, "Follow me and I will lead you to the Baron who is awaiting you." K-49 complied and in a few seconds found himself standing before the man whom he was to arrest hours before.

"Well, my friend," began the Baron, "how do you feel after your slight shaking up?"

"Perfectly all right, considering the blow I must have received," replied K-49, who was not greatly surprised to find who the Baron was.

The Baron then deftly turned the conversation into political channels and the important subject of K-49's presence seemed to have been forgotten, when suddenly K-49, who discovered that his revolver had not been taken from his pocket, jumped to his feet, covered the Baron, and said in a calm voice, "You are under arrest, my dear Baron."

Then hearing a commotion behind him, he managed to turn and saw a girl covering four servants, one of whom had an iron implement in his hand, who scowled viciously at her.

He was so surprised he could not speak. It was the girl who broke the spell. "Come here," she said, "and bring your prisoner. We will handcuff them all together and then turn them over to the police." Her words brought him back and he immediately hastened to do as she suggested.

The prisoners were secured. Then the girl led them to a large car which seemed to be waiting for them. She jumped in and took the wheel while he bundled the prisoners in behind him. She drove to the police station, where the prisoners were turned over to the police and arrangements made by K-49 for his

return to America with the Baron on the next boat, which left in four days. During all this time, K-49 and his rescuer had not exchanged a word, except in reference to the prisoners.

When he finished talking to the Sergeant he rushed out of the Sergeant's office to thank the girl who had undoubtedly saved his life. She was gone. He questioned everybody in the outer office but no one had seen her go out, although most of them had seen her come in.

He returned to his hotel very much disappointed and prepared for his departure. The search for the Baron's accomplice was given up as she was of but little importance compared to the Baron.

Four days later he was standing on the upper deck of the S. S.—— en route for New York. The Baron was safely locked in a stateroom adjoining his.

The steamer was late in starting and even then, just as the gang-plank was to be pulled in a taxi raced up the wharves with its driver shouting something in Russian. When the taxi stopped, a girl stepped out of the door, threw the driver a bank note, and rushed to the gang-plank, just arriving in time.

K-49 watched this episode with considerable interest during its enaction, and was very glad that the girl connected with the boat. But after it was over he thought nothing more about it.

The steamer was two days at sea, when he saw the girl of the taxi incident talking with the captain of the ship and pointing to a heavily veiled woman about whom they seemed to be speaking. He, not particularly interested, recognized the girl only by the cape and hat which she wore.

At midnight that night, while passing through one of the corridors on his way to the deck to get the cool sea air, K-49 heard a muffled scream issue from one of the staterooms. He listened and heard the sounds of a scuffle. This lasted for a minute, then there was perfect stillness.

After waiting a second, he applied his eye to the keyhole. Luckily the key was not there and he could see through. He saw a girl, back toward him, bound hand and foot, lying in the lower berth. To the left he could, by shifting his position slightly, see a portion of a man. To the right he, by undergoing the same movements in the opposite direction, could see a woman who was facing him. She was dressed like the woman about whom the captain and the girl of the sailing incident were talking that afternoon. As she was the same build also, he surmised that she was the same woman. In this he was correct.

Soon the man and woman began to speak. They spoke softly in Russian but K-49 by placing his ear next to the keyhole and having an excellent knowledge of that language, could understand them. He listened attentively and heard the following: (woman) "Now Alex, what do you think would be the best way to get rid of her? She must be put out of the way because she knows too much."

(Man) "Well, I will throw her overboard now that the decks are deserted and then we can stay quiet for a day or so. After that we will get the Baron out of the hands of that meddlesome fool from America."

(Woman) "All right, hurry up and give her to the sharks."

Alex then proceeded with his villainous task. He came toward the door. K-49 quickly arose and hid in a side corridor. After unlocking the door, Alex returned for the girl and, while speaking a few words to the woman, picked her up and carried her out of the stateroom, along the corridor, up the stairway onto the deck.

Just as he was going to throw her overboard, a man stepped out of the doorway through which Alex had just passed, and prodded him in the back with a revolver. The man with the revolver was, as has undoubtedly been guessed, K-49.

He ordered Alex to carry the girl to the salon. This Alex did. After putting the bound girl on the lounge, he was handcuffed and placed in the same stateroom as the Baron.

Then K-49 returned to the girl who was conscious. The salon was, of course, empty at this hour, for it must have been between three and four in the morning, consequently no excitement was caused. After untying the girl and removing the gag from her mouth, he recognized the one who had saved his life in Moscow.

"Why, er-er-Miss—!"

"Maxwell," she smilingly replied.

"Why, Miss Maxwell! You are just the person whom I want to see most. The first thing that I want to do is to thank you from the bottom of my heart for what help you gave me in Moscow."

"But you have repaid me splendidly," she

interrupted. "But for you Helen Maxwell would be a name of the past."

"Then we have a mutual obligation. Let us be friends on that account. My name is Canaway, Wal—"

Suddenly the girl leaped to her feet and dashed out of the room. He was stunned for a moment by the suddenness of her exit, then dashed after her. She ran to the stateroom where she had been a prisoner, he following. When she arrived there she quickly opened the door which was unlocked and rushed in. He, while approaching the door, heard her say, "You are under arrest, Madam Baroff."

When he entered the stateroom, which I might add here was a fairly large one, he found the woman in whom Helen seemed to be so interested and who he now knew as Madam Baroff sitting in a chair, handcuffed, with Helen watching over her. He was greatly surprised.

"Why, who are you?" he asked of Helen.

"I am K-16 of the U. S. Secret Service," she replied, smiling sweetly, and you are also of the Service; I believe." Noticing the bewildered look on his face she hastened to say, "Let me explain."

"I was detailed to the same case that you were, that was to arrest Madam Baroff and Baron Skowski and secretly, if possible, bring them to America. You arrested the Baron before I did so I was determined to arrest Madam Baroff. After the night that you arrested the Baron, I started an intensive search for Madam, discovering her an hour before this boat was to sail. I learned that she was to sail on the boat so I came also, nearly missing it, too. Later, I learned that you were aboard with the Baron and that Madam and her friend were to rescue him. This I tried to prevent and also to arrest Madam. It seems that I was discovered, and while walking down the corridor was enticed into this stateroom and after a short struggle bound and gagged.

"You know the rest for you were the principal actor," she said while turning her eyes on Madam.

"But how was it that you were in the Baron's house in Moscow?" K-49 asked.

"I was masquerading as a servant," she explained, "and when I learned of your plight I tried to help you. This of course meant exposing myself and in doing so I lost my chances of learning of Madam's whereabouts but I considered that K-49 was worth the lost labor."

"Then you are the operative who, I was told, was working on the case but was feared to have been assassinated?"

"Probably, because I was unable to correspond with the Department for nearly three months."

"Well, the captures are made so let's see that the prisoners are safely locked up and then we'll notify the Department."

"All right," she replied, and left the stateroom with K-49, locking the door behind them.

They sent a wireless message to Washington and then proceeded to dress for breakfast, as it was then seven-thirty. The night had been spent, as the reader can readily see, in a very profitable though exciting manner.

At breakfast, they sat together and chatted while they ate. They became good friends during the remaining four days of the voyage, and when the steamer landed in New York, they considered themselves old friends.

After turning their prisoners over to the authorities, they took a train for Washington. Arriving in Washington, they repaired to the offices of the Secret Service Department in the Treasury Building, where they were cordially welcomed. They turned in their reports and then parted to go to their homes which were both situated in Washington. Consequently they saw each other very often.

Inasmuch as they worked so well together, they were both detailed to tracking and arresting Jack Muldown, notorious international criminal. They succeeded in this and became quite famous. During the chase for Jack their friendship ripened into love and as they were going to get married they resigned from the Service.

They were married three weeks later and went to Russia for their honeymoon. Their exploits are subjects of talk in the Service, and they are historically prominent in that important branch of Uncle Sam's business.

HONEST FOOTBALL

David Rounds, '23.

Dr. Woodruff, calm, implacable Dr. Woodruff, president of Old Orchard College, and disliked by most of the student body as an inveterate cynic, turned in his chair and said, "Come in!"

The door opened and a refined but healthy-looking young man walked in. "Dr. Woodruff?" he asked.

"Yes."

"My name is Olsen, sir; Eric Olsen. I heard that you are without a football coach. I played for two years on my high school team, and also two at Penn State, and would like to apply for the position."

"Played for two years on Penn State team .....two years on high school team..... what did you say your name is?"

"Eric Olsen, sir."

"Well, Olsen, it's true we need a coach, must have one right away, in fact. Your name has already been suggested to me. I'll tell you what we'll do. You take over the team until the first game has been played; whether or not you get the position depends on the showing you make in that game." The college president was tapping a gold pencil absently on the edge of his mahogany desk. "Will that suit you?"

"I think so, sir, yes, it will."

They agreed on the terms and Olsen walked out of the office, a little puzzled but highly elated.

After the first night of football practice, Olsen gathered the squad together in the locker-room and said, "Fellows, I want you to get this into your heads. When you get out on the field against Rock Haven in the first game of the season, I want you to know the rules of the game—and keep them. Every day after practice I'm going to read about a page of the rule-book. If we ever get penalized in a game, it's going to be because someone was off-side, or because of an extra time out. When you're off-side, it's because of over-eagerness, and that's excusable; just the same, one of the best habits you can get is to follow the ball.

"Another thing. Mahoney, when you're out on the field, it's you that will have charge of things, not I. I'll teach you as well as I know how what to do and when to do it, but when you're in a game, I'm no more than a spectator, except between halves." The little quarterback nodded his head understandingly.

In the first game of the season, Old Orchard was to play Rock Haven College, a medium-sized school of questionable athletic policy. Large interest on the part of both schools was felt. Each knew that this was the opportunity to size up the teams, both of which looked good on paper. And so, when the teams entered the Old Orchard stadium, feeling rather self-conscious, they found a huge crowd on each side of the gridiron. Maroon and white banners waved hysterically on the home team's side, while orange and dark green were the predominant colors in Rock Haven's section. Some punting and drop-kicking, a hurried running through of plays, a few terse words from the coaches, and there they were: the maroon-jerseyed players stretched in a huge wedge, and the green stretched across the field in a straight line. A whistle blew, the green advanced, and the ball was sent far down the field into Mahoney's hands. He tucked the ball securely under his arm and started down the field, rather slowly at first, picking his way and letting his interference gather. A phalanx of defenders gathered about him, and the first of the enemy were neatly blocked out of the play. Soon after, however the interference was broken up and, Mahoney was downed on his thirty-five yard line. The game had begun.

Olsen watched the game eagerly from the side-lines. The first quarter and most of the second had passed scoreless. Old Orchard had had a chance to score by a field goal, but the Maroon half-back had been blocked by a Rock Haven guard as he was about to drop-kick the ball. Coach Olsen wondered if the team would have another chance, and what would come of it if it did. The whistle blew, and the half was over.

Between halves, Olsen poured advice into the ears of Mahoney. "Don't carry the ball much yourself. You've got to keep your head clear to run the game. Keep plugging at their left tackle; it seems to be a weak spot. Don't

give them a chance to score. If you're in your own territory or not inside of their forty yard line, punt on your third down, unless you're behind. If you get another chance, try another drop-kick. There isn't going to be much scoring in this game, and three points may win for us."

About the same time, Buckney, Rock Haven's coach, was saying to his team, "Whenever you get a chance, rough up these boys a little. Remember those tricks I showed you last week. But don't let the referee catch on. We're going to win this game."

Probably the Old Orchard team did not understand, but Olsen did. Substitute after substitute he rushed in. Two Rock Haven men were put out of the game for unnecessary roughness, but it did no good. Mahoney himself was taken out with a wrenched arm. The coach was walking up and down the sidelines with tears in his eyes. But the Maroon were holding. Grimly fighting back, they held their own.

An autumn breeze, passing over the stadium, lingered, curious to know what was causing all the noise below. It saw the two teams lined up, with the Rock Haven full-back ten yards behind the center, opening his hands as a signal for the center to send the ball, which was done. It saw the green-jerseyed player send the oval far down the field in a high, lazy, spiral. Watching the ball approach the apex of its flight, the breeze decided to participate. It sped along beside the ball, wafted it along, and, giving it a final push, turned away, bored. But the damage was done.

A sub quarter-back, Foster by name, waiting for the ball, saw it carried beyond his reach. He ran after it and tried desperately to fall on it as it bounded, but it slipped out of his grasp, and a Rock Haven man recovered it on Old Orchard's ten yard line. The teams lined up. The Rock Haven quarter-back, looking for the weakest spot in the Old Orchard line, saw that the right guard looked tired.

"Signals! 18-72-43-6-13-"

The ball snapped back and the team surged forward. Beneath the pile was the unfortunate guard, on top of him the Rock Haven full-back, who had the ball. The guard was helped to his feet and carried off the field. Miller, notoriously weak, but the only man available for the place, took up his task.

The ball lay on Old Orchard's seven yard line. Olsen saw Buckney rush in a substitute quarter-back, and knew that that quarter-back had orders to send the ball through right guard again. Coaching from the side-lines! How he detested that practice! Would his team see through this? Would they back up Miller? Wouldn't it be best to combat Buckney by the latter's methods?

The quarter-back barked out the signals. Suddenly the ball was snapped back. True to Olsen's prediction, the full-back had plunged through Miller for five yards. The ball lay on the two yard line now, and, as time was called out while the Rock Haven full-back, who had had the breath knocked out of him when he was tackled by the secondary defense, recuperated, Olsen had plenty of time to think. Obviously, the next play would be in the same place. But Foster, his sub-quarter, apparently did not realize that. What was he to do? Pondering, he looked toward the players' bench. There was Crassen, ready and willing; Crassen, half-back, who had been taken out of the game in the second quarter; Crassen, whom he could send in with orders to back up Miller. Everything depended on this game. His success, even his position was in the balance. Then Eric Olsen made up his mind to do the square thing, the thing that he had always thought the ideal coach should do; he would let his team manage itself, come what might. The quarter-back called out the signals, and again the full-back plunged into the melee. The line wavered and broke, and he shot through, to fall over behind the goal line. A few minutes afterward the whistle blew.

That night, on street corners, in dormitories, over the 'phone, heated discussions were waged concerning the stand Old Orchard had made.

"Rotten coach."

"Should have done something when the team was on the two-yard line."

"And with all that material—"

"Rotten coach."

They did not know.

On the next Monday a mass-meeting was held. Olsen, apparently nervous, biting his finger-nails and Dr. Woodruff, outwardly as calm and unruffled as ever, but with an ominous crease in his forehead, were on the platform.

"Is he going to bounce Olsen now?" was the question that swept around the room.

Dr. Woodruff rose and held out his hand as a sign for the noise to stop. He spoke, and everyone listened.

"Football tickets for the next game," he

said, "may be purchased in the library during the noon hour."

Silence. It was like the Doctor to put a thing off this way.

"The Junior class will meet in this room tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock for the class election."

Silence.

"The Dramatic Club will hold its first meeting in Room 43 this afternoon at 3.20."

Silence continues.

"In regard to last Saturday's game," continued the president, "I think that by your actions you are doing Mr. Olsen a grave injustice.

"You will recall what happened when Rock Haven was in possession of the ball on our seven yard line, near the end of the game. You will remember that the opposing coach sent in a substitute quarter-back, obviously for the purpose of sending the ball through our right guard.

"You remember that the play netted them five yards, and that time was called out, giving Mr. Olsen a chance to yield to temptation and to send in a substitute with orders to back up our right guard.

"And because he did not succumb to this temptation, you denounce him; you criticise him; you scorn him.

"It is not often that I feel that I have to rebuke you, but this is one of those times. Moreover, I wish to state that as long as Mr. Olsen retains this spirit of honorable athletics, he will continue to be our football coach."

A silence, deeper than before, spread over the room. Suddenly it was broken when a quick-witted and repentant cheer-leader leaped upon the platform and whooped for "a long yell for Olsen", on the delivery of which a certain young man leaned back and gave a sigh of relief.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AEROPLANE

Ethel W. Spence, '26.

The people of a small town in northern New Hampshire were startled one day by the sight of an aeroplane, flying low, with the aviator's seat empty. The following day it appeared again, and this time it landed. The excitement was intense for when it was landing, it destroyed a large area of standing corn. The people flocked towards it but none dared to touch it. Finally Farmer March, to whom the field belonged, drawled,

"Wal, brothers, I reckon it's up to me to investergate the critter what's flattened the best part of my corn crop," so after examining it gingerly, he awkwardly climbed into the machine.

The wheel had been removed and was strapped in a pocket on the side. A series of fine wires were strung along the board on which were the barometers, the instruments for calculating the altitude, etc. The motor was purring softly and rhythmically and a wire was vibrating rapidly. Farmer March touched this wire, and his finger rebounded with a jerk that brought forth a scream of pain, but his arm recovered normality almost instantly.

Then one curious spectator, who had ventured nearer to it than the rest, suddenly yelled and pointed to a monogram on the side of the plane. So many crowded forward, that it was quite some time before it was finally made out to be the initials C. M. B. done in gold on the smooth polished surface.

Unexpectedly, the motor uttered a loud snort and before anybody could move, the plane was in motion. Several women screamed and Farmer March violently waved his arms and called for help. Nothing could be done however, and the plane slowly and gracefully rose in spirals until the farmer was barely discernible. Then the plane was seen to give a sudden dart forward, then turn a complete somersault and descend in wide circles until it finally stopped in its former resting place.

Farmer March was helped out almost in a dead faint. While he was recovering, the plane gently glided up and soared until it was out of sight. No one noticed it as they were waiting for the farmer to recover, and tell them what had happened. He soon recovered, and seeing himself the center of interest, hastened to relate his experiences.

As the plane had ascended, he had contracted a dizziness so great that it almost paralyzed him. Finally, he had recovered suffi-

ciently to lean forward and touch one of the wires in front of him. Then it was that the plane had turned the somersault and it was only by violent exertion that he had managed to cling to the plane until it had righted itself. While the plane was descending, the feeling of falling was so great that he had fainted.

Great was the talk around the firesides that night and many were the solutions proposed to be only ridiculed and laughed down. Some credulous people said it was a ghost who had returned to secure revenge for some evil done to him in life. Others said it was a great bird that had disguised itself. Sceptical people said it was a rich man playing a prank to terrorize the less fortunate people.

The people who slept that night were few. One "loving" couple even came to blows over the riddle.

The next day the entire village proclaimed a holiday and adjourned to Farmer March's to await the possible return of the cause of excitement. Sure enough, a black spot was noticed against the blue of the sky. A low humming was heard which increased as the plane advanced. It finally descended and came to rest on the scene of the preceding day's event.

Farmer March was more wary this time and advanced cautiously towards the aeroplane. One meek person announced in a frightened voice that the motor had stopped.

As it would have to start again before the plane ascended, it would serve as a warning to clear the way. At this, the crowd advanced more courageously. Farmer March emitted a sharp exclamation as he saw a long white envelope fastened on the seat. Instantly the attention of all was focused on the packet.

"Don't you dare to lay fingers on it, Joe," admonished his wife, "it most likely be filled with explosions that will blow you to crumbs when you tetch it," and the good lady burst into tears. Nevertheless her husband advanced to it and picked it up.

"Why, it be writ to me," he exclaimed. "There, see, 'Joseph March' be as plain as the nose on my face." Then that part of the man's features (that was most noticeable as it occupied the largest portion of his face) twitched with excitement.

"Hurry!"

"Open it!"

"Be you plumb turned to stone?"

Were some of the exclamations he heard as he opened the flap of the envelope.

"Why, look, a hundred dollar bill! Glory be to goodness, where in tarnation did that come from?"

"Joe! a hundred dollars! Now I cin get thet hat with the astridge plums on it;" and the happy woman began to think of the ways to spend the fortune that had suddenly appeared.

"Joe, Joe, JOE, a LETTER!" yelled an excited person who had dared to peep into the envelope. Joe hastily, but reverently picked it up and started to read it.

"Mr. Joseph March

"Dear Sir:

(My, ain't that grand, now?)

"Enclosed you will find a hundred dollars to cover expenses for the damage done to your corn crop. If this is not sufficient, please notify me.

"(Signed) C. M. B."

"Wal, now, who under Sam's hill be C. M. B., thet's what I'd like to know," said one.

"Enyhow, we know it be a human person thet cin write a letter," said another.

"I'd like to know how C. M. B. knew the corn crop was destroyed if he wasn't here!"

At this last, spoken by the parson, bedlam broke loose. Many were the exclamations, and as all were talking at once, it threatened to be a free-for-all fight.

This excitement was ended by the plane which suddenly commenced humming, slowly gathered momentum, and ascended. All watched it until it finally grew fainter and smaller until it could no longer be seen. Curiosity held the village in its sway all that night. Forgotten cows mooed at the field gates to be milked. The feathered folk wandered off unheeded and lost themselves in the woods. Babies waited for attention but were disappointed.

The next day they gathered again to wait the coming of the mysterious plane. Finally it was observed in the distance and as it grew in shape a figure was seen in the seat. At this, the people suddenly became awed and one little girl told another little girl to: "Keep ure eyes opun 'cause we'se going to see the ghossus now."

The plane finally came to a rest and when the figure stepped out it was seen to be a tall, large bodied man with a pleasant face, laughing but yet serious eyes, and iron-gray hair.

"Well, my good people, I'm terribly sorry to have caused this excitement and as I sup-

posed you were wondering about the cause of it, I thought I would come and explain.

"My name is C. M. Browning, and I experiment with electrical currents to try to obtain inventions and devices for the good of the people. I have been experimenting lately with an aeroplane that can be driven from my laboratory, with the use of electrical currents and these wires here. This may also be controlled by an aviator and so I have a wheel here that may be attached at any convenient time."

"But, sir, would you be so kind as to tell us how you could see us if you weren't here?" interrupted the parson.

"Why, certainly," smiled the inventor. "That is the work of an assistant of mine who experiments with lenses. By use of a special lens, we can follow the aeroplane upon its course for a great distance. He is probably watching us now."

At this, a slight uneasiness stirred the gathering, but was instantly quelled as the inventor continued.

"To be true, the picture that we see is tiny, only about one square inch in area, but it is very clear and quite distinct. We did not mean to carry Mr. March up, but we did not see him and did not know he was there until he touched the wires. You came as near death as anyone could be, sir. If you had touched any other wire, you would have been electrocuted instantly. I congratulate you on escaping and hope that we may meet at some future time."

With this Mr. Browning climbed into the plane and slowly flew away. The excitement proved to be lasting and Farmer March never tired of telling about his experience. If you had happened to call on them some quiet evening many months later, you would have found Mrs. March absorbed in studying several catalogues of "Hats with Ostrich Plumes" and she would tell you that she hoped she might make her choice very soon.

SNOWFLAKES

Thro' the dim window I could see
Snowflakes whirling in the air;
Mischievous sprites they seemed to be,
Dancing, prancing, everywhere.
Some defied the snowman white
Standing with his gun upright,
Others seemed to dance and spring
As fairies do in magic ring.
Snowflakes lead a merry life,
Free from trouble, care, or strife;
But I do not envy them,
Soon I'll sing their Requiem.

Stephanie Novak.

Through the dim window I could see,
As though it were fairyland,
A little bird in an apple tree
Eating out of a fairy's hand.

The tree was in blossom, all pink and all white,
The fairy in green like the lawn,
The bird's little song so cheery and bright
Awoke me each morning at dawn.

Each morning at dawn I thought of the One,
Who gave all these beauties to me,
The One who makes both the rain and the sun,
The bird and the apple tree.

Vivian Nettleton.

These poems were written on request of a teacher, who gave the first line of an unfamiliar poem to be amplified. Notice the contrast.

THE ECCENTRIC BOOK-AGENT

Arnold K. Borden, '24.

"But madam. . . ."

"Away with ye, yer books, and yer politeness!" excitedly exclaimed an elderly lady to an aggressive, middle-aged, book-peddler who was attempting to persuade her of the superiority of "The Last Word in Dictionaries", (price seventy-five cents).

"Thank you. I knew you would be reasonable. This is such an exceptional opportunity to augment your library and vocabulary, that I just feel you would always regret not purchasing 'the Last Word. . . .'"

"Get out! That's the last word I'll hear from you," she shouted and immediately slammed the door in his face.

To the redoubtable Urias Potter this was but the signal to employ some of those ingenious devices which had never failed to elicit at least some further response from his prospective purchaser, if not seventy-five cents. Seating himself complacently before the old lady's door, he drew forth from a large, leather box a gigantic drum. At once he began to hammer on it in a most violent manner, and at the same time, to sing loudly some such song as this:

" 'The Last Word in Dictionaries,'
For seventy-five cents, if you please,
Is the first word for you and for me
When looking for a vocabulary."

Repeating it over and over again before a highly amused audience which had been attracted by the performance, he soon gained his objective, when the old lady threw open her door, flung seventy-five cents at him, and disappeared again without receiving a copy of that illustrious dictionary. Urias Potter immediately put away his drum, and, to show his honesty, left a dictionary on the door-step.

As he proceeded down the street, with the drum-case securely fastened to his left shoulder, with a box under each arm, and a suit-case in his right hand, he bore close resemblance to a moving baggage train. At about two blocks away he entered a small hotel where he lost no time in advertising his dictionary. It does not surprise us in the least that after thirty minutes of diligent canvassing he had not succeeded in selling a single copy. Determined not to injure his reputation of never having failed to persuade his victim, by dubious means or otherwise, to make a purchase, he chanced upon the happy thought of giving oral illustrations from his dictionary. So, with his customary zeal, he lost no time in securing a stool on which to stand. He began to speak in a very high tone, emphasized by a pompous flourishing of his hands.

"Ladies and Gentelmen:

"To impress you with the superiority of this dictionary of which I am the sole compiler, editor, and salesman, I am going to give you a few illustrations from it. Here it is. The very first word which my eye catches: algebra. Algebra is that abominable creation of the sub-conscious mind which originated several hundred years ago in a trance and is still in a delirium." (Cheers and loud applause.)

"And the second: snow. 'Snow is petrified—"

"Stop him! I want a dictionary!"

"Solidified—"

"And I, too."

"Condensified—"

"Here's seventy-five cents. What did you say the price was?"

"Massified rain chilled and frozen in its precipitate haste to block traffic.' Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the high quality of 'The Last Word in Dictionaries'. Right here, sir. Only one more left. You are a high school student, you say? Oh, yes, you want a copy for your algebra teacher. Take it, quickly, for it's the last copy of 'The Last Word in Dictionaries' —absolutely."

ALUMNI NOTES

Any news concerning the graduates of this school will be gladly received by the Alumni Editor. Please specify to which class they belong.

'23

Donald Moreland and George Glasheen are matriculating at Exeter; both are taking great interest in the school activities such as the Outing Club, the Glee Club, the Mandolin Club, the Exonian and the Track Team. The first reports of the year have just come out and both are doing well.

Elizabeth Putnam and Mildred Ricker are at Miss Wheelock's School.

Rex James is taking a course at the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance.

Jerry Sullivan is at Boston College.

Hortense Wetherbee is attending Leland Powers.

Harley Foote is at Colby College.

"Smoky" Kelliher, Frank Davies, and John Carver, all former C. H. L. S. football players are holding down first-string positions at Hebron Academy. Philip Smith is also a regular, and Mike Dee is trying hard to land a position.

Philip Rutledge, David Dow, and William Campbell are at Harvard.

Elizabeth Rice is at Smith.

Eleanor Leboff is attending Miss Leslie's.

Arthur Foster is working in the Merchants' National Bank.

Merton Dixon is learning the woodworking business in his father's shop.

Mildred Perkins is in our midst once more after having her T's and A's out.

Anna Tattan is working at the Mutual Life Insurance.

'22

Fred Darron has left Harvard. He intends to work a year and then return to college.

Marguerite George and Anna Culhane are at Sargent.

After a year of working "Mike" Portanova is back to C. H. L. S. again.

Donald Howard has returned to this school once more to prepare for Harvard.

Bill Anderson has returned to his native haunts full of his same old tricks; you can't down a good man.

'21

Edith Rankin and Marion Dixon are working at the John Hancock.

Henry Stevens is a Sophomore at Harvard.

'20

The engagement of Eva Cashman was announced last summer.

"Tony" Dopkiewitz is a Freshman at M. I. T.

Howard Green is a travelling salesman for his father's store. (He was a sophomore at Harvard but left last winter because college life did not appeal to him.)

'19

Art Bliss and Dick Gerould are seniors at Harvard. Dick was a member of the Harvard Yale track team which went to England to compete against Oxford and Cambridge.

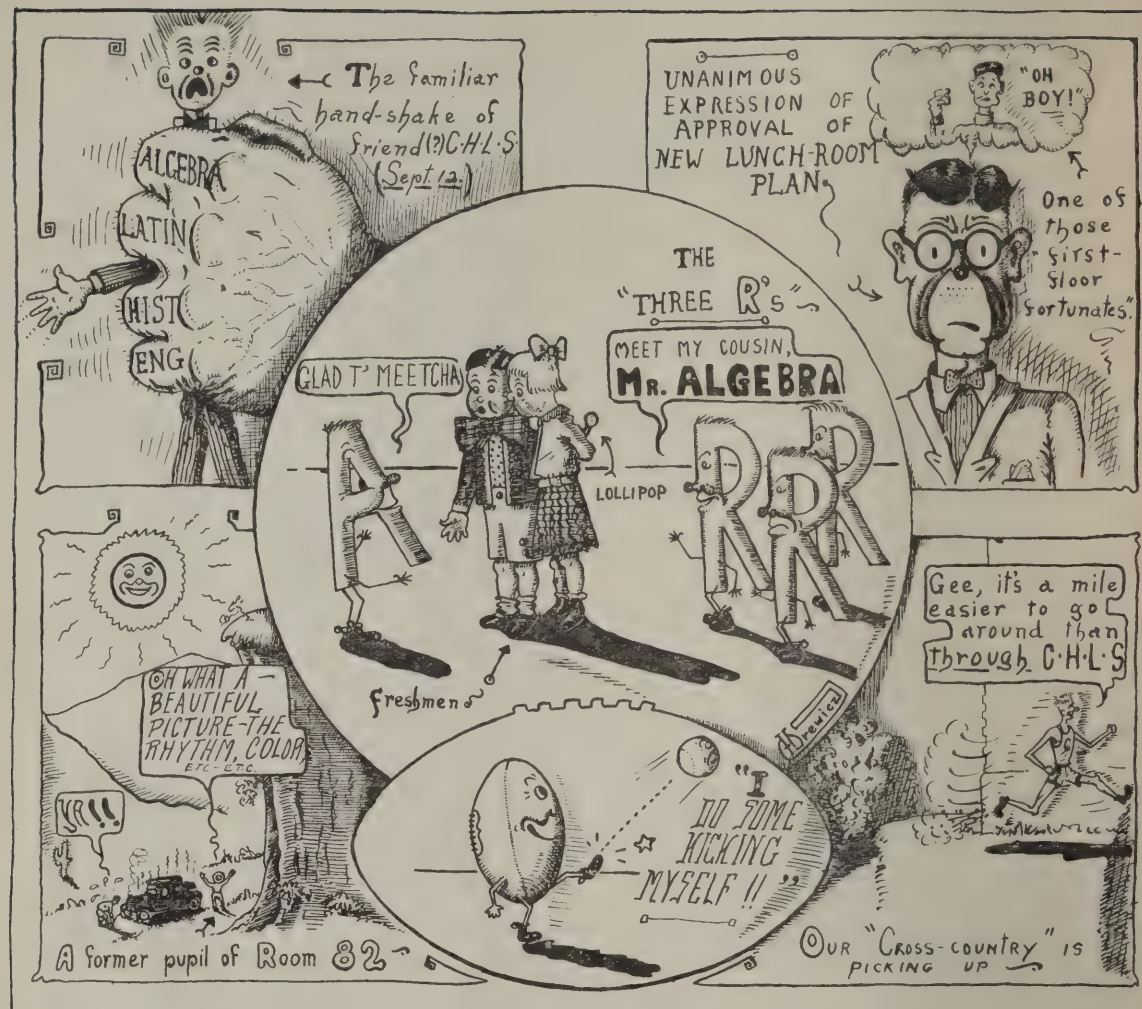
'14

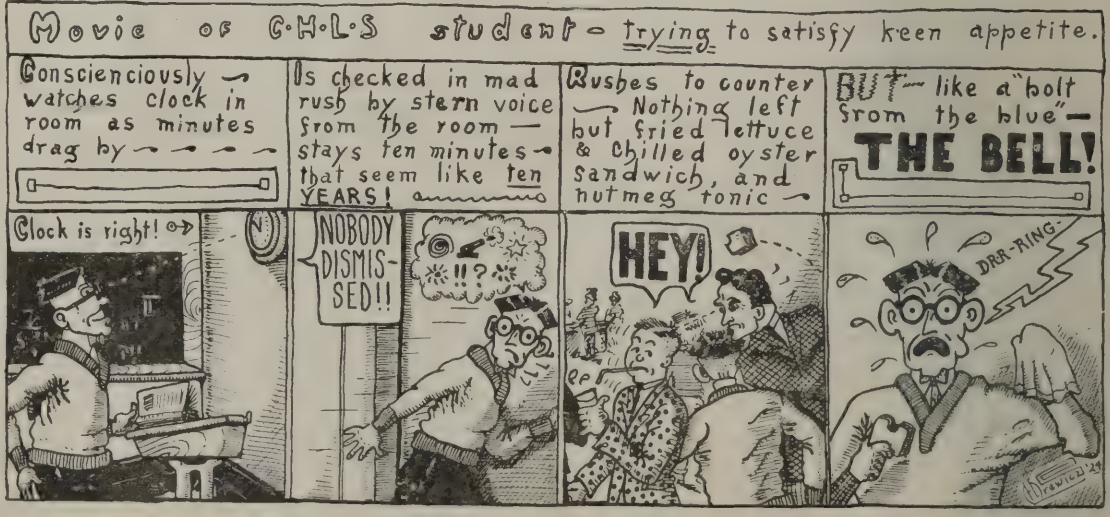
Mary Sands has won considerable renown for theatrical ability; at present she is rehearsing for a '47 Workshop play.

Lowell Normal School

Among those attending the Lowell Normal School are Mary Moran, '23, Lucy Guiney, '22, Mary Keohane, '23, Gertrude Calder, '19, Helen Joyce, '23, Anna Sullivan, '19, Madeline Sullivan, '23.

Mary Moran has been appointed Captain of the section of the Junior (entering) class known as Junior C.


The familiar hand-shake of friend(?) C·H·L·S (Sept 12)
ALGEBRA
LATIN
HIST
ENG
UNANIMOUS EXPRESSION OF APPROVAL OF NEW LUNCH-ROOM PLAN
"OH BOY!"
One of those first-floor fortunates.
THE "THREE R's"
MEET MY COUSIN, MR. ALGEBRA
GLAD T' MEETCHA
LOLLIPOP
Freshmen
Gee, it's a mile easier to go around than through C·H·L·S
OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE-THE RHYTHM, COLOR ETC. ETC.
YR!!
"I DO SOME KICKING MYSELF!!"
A former pupil of Room 82
OUR "CROSS-COUNTRY" IS PICKING UP


Movie of C·H·L·S student - trying to satisfy keen appetite.
Conscienciously watches clock in room as minutes drag by
Is checked in mad rush by stern voice from the room — stays ten minutes that seem like ten YEARS!
Rushes to counter — Nothing left but fried lettuce & chilled oyster sandwich, and nutmeg tonic
BUT — like a "bolt from the blue" — THE BELL!
Clock is right!
NOBODY DISMISSED!!
!!?
HEY!
DRR-RING



Plays To Be Seen This Year

Flossy Deschount: in, "Zaza".

Dot Gray: in, "Life, Love, Laughter".

Pat Clark: in, "Wandering Girls".

Bob Swezey: in, "Not so Fast".

Joe Morrison: in, "Boys of Today".

Samuel Winthrop: in, "Lovin' Sam".

Jack Carr: in, "When Knighthood was in Flower".

Evelyn Frost: in, "The Untamable".

Louis Cohen: in, "Toilers of the Sea".

Menicks (reading a paraphrase): "Lady Macbeth received a telegram."

Mr. Sat-r-le: "A definition of a right angle is, when one straight line meets another straight line so as to form equal adjacent angles, each is called a right angle. Any questions?"

Bright Pupil: "What is a left angle?"

Teacher: "Dan, what did you study for today's lesson?"

"Oh, I read some stories."

"Well, see here, this is a story-reading class, not a story-telling one."

Miss Flanders: "What is an epithet."

Nelson: "An epithet is an inscription on a grave stone."

Harrington (translating Latin): "He served Eurystheus for twelve very cruel years."

Miss Flanders: "Miss Mason, what is your first name?"

Miss Mason: "Florence."

Miss Flanders: "Florence what?"

Miss Mason: "Florence Mason."

Mr. Sullivan: "What happened in Pennsylvania?"

Bright Pupil: "The crossing of the Delaware."

Mr. S.: "What happened to Magellan when he went to the Philippine Islands?"

Bright Pupil: "He got married."

Heard in Physics

Miss S.—: "Why is that statement true?"

Ans.: "Because!"

Miss S.—: "What sort of an answer do you call that?"

Voice in back of room: "A girl's!"

Books to Be Read By Freshmen

1. The Brain, its Culture and its Mysteries.
2. The Innocents Abroad.
3. The Comedy of Errors.
4. Children of Storm.
5. The Book of Etiquette. (Revised Edition, approved by the Seniors.)

Heard in Latin

She filled her eyes with an uninterested expression which was all she could do.

Seniors stand for Wisdom
Sophomores will pass,
But all the untaught children
Are in the Freshman Class.

Can Anyone Prove This?

Given a clock in C. H. L. S.
To prove what the correct time is?

What Would Happen IF

1. Everybody did their home work?
2. Nobody was tardy?
3. Waste paper was not thrown on the floor?
4. The clocks showed the right time?
5. *Everybody subscribed to the Review?*

6. More people had a sense of humour, or rather if they would use it so as to make Class Notes a big feature of the Review? It can be done.

Some Interesting Statements

1. An alligator is a symbolic tale.
2. Henry is the masculine of Lizzie.
3. Eposodic is a name of a tonic.
4. Ford was the man who made walking a pleasure.
5. Building costs are high because so much wood is used in the making of lolly-pop sticks.
6. That the girls of today are really not as bad as they are painted.
7. That when the umpire in a baseball game calls out foul, he does not necessarily mean a chicken.

An Uncommon Noun

"Sam, is pants a common noun?"
"Pants am an uncommon noun, Professa."
"How come an uncommon noun?"
"Becoz, pants am singular at the top an plural at de bottom."

Heard in English

"Last summer while on a farm I experienced my first storm at sea."

Miss Flanders: "What is the modern English for 'Adieu'?"
Bright Pupil: "So long."

Drawing Teacher: "How do you make a Maltese cross?"
"Step on its tail."

Miss M.: "What position did Charles hold at the Court?"
R.—: "He was a chamber-maid."

Review Speaker: "With such school spirit as that you ought to be in a cemetery."
Teacher: "I always told them so, but they forgot to close their eyes."

Miss S.—(hurrying through the corridor sees a big "Senior" walking leisurely along.)
"Hurry up there, you big stiff."
"Hm!" (He turns around and it is Mr. Donahue.)

Miss Haggerty: "Now, Mr. Cronin, erase the boards. That's the only thing that keeps you quiet."

Heard in French

Many friends—beaucoup d'amis.
Pupil, hestitating how to say it.
Teacher: "Don't be afraid, it's not swearing."

Mr. C.—: "Where do all these bugs go?"
Pupil: "Search me."

Miss Sharkey: "Who was the most famous outlaw?" (Meaning Robin Hood.)
Class, (in unison): "Jesse James."

Hilliard: "I didn't study."
Miss Miles: "What did you do?"
Hilliard: "Last night? Why, I was sleeping and I couldn't study."

In Latin II

Nelson (translating): "He departed from his sanity."

Miss Morse: "Wentworth Hayes! Do I see you eating? Is it really necessary? You don't look as if you were underfed."

Heard in History
Mr. Jacobs: "What is a republic?"
Miss S.—: "A republic is a nation made up of people."

Heard in Latin IV
Teacher: "What is the meaning of collide?"
W.—: "It's an adverb."

Mr. Derry: "Can anyone give me a derivative from cuspide?" (point).
Class in Unison: "Cuspidor!"

Mr. Jacobs: "What do we call the 19th of April?"
Nelson: "A ho'iday."

Heard in Latin I
Miss Gustafson: "What is the ablative singular of donum?"
Pupil: "Dun no (dono)."
Miss Gustafson: "What!"

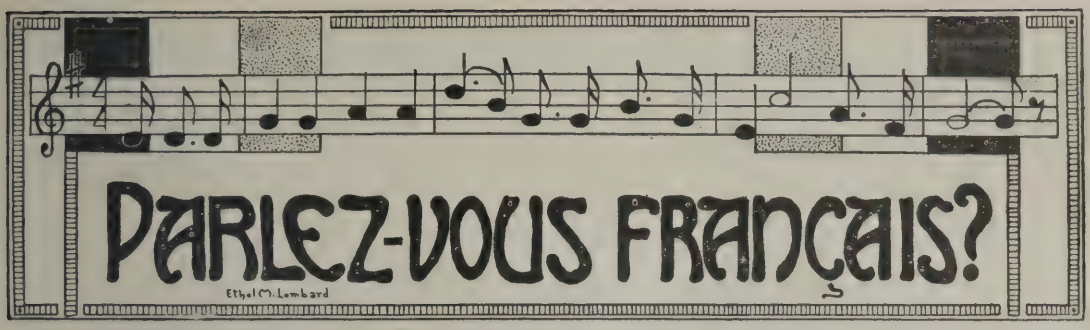
Mr. Don (speaking to pupil): "John, come around after school and take that gum out of your mouth."

Mr. Derry: "Illustrate a verbal noun."
Class: "Crowing hens."

We recommend an extra course in spelling for the Seniors. Notice the following:
A boy in courderoy pance entered the room! Can you guess what he wore?

Miss McKearn: "Where does the Hudson river rise?"
B.—: "At its source."

Heard in English
Mr. Don: "Mary, who was Prince Albert?"
Mary: "Er-er-a The man who invented tobacco."

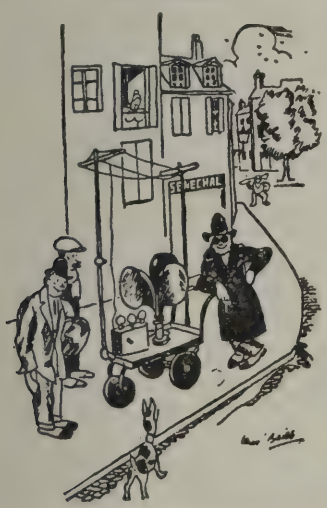


ÉCHOS T. S. F.
(Téléphonie sans fil)

Tout le monde en France s'intéresse à présent à la "Radiophonie." Qu'est-ce que c'est que la "Radiophonie." C'est un terme neuf qui est déjà passé dans le langage courant et qui remplace le mot américain "broadcasting."

Les Anglais prétendent avoir été les premiers à se servir du mot "Radio." Il est vrai que cet emploi n'avait aucun rapport avec la téléphonie sans fil, c'était une marque d'encaustique (furniture paste).

T. S. F. Pratique



Un nouvel orgue[1] de barbarie

[1]Orgue de barbarie: barrel or street organ.

Le poste de Rome a changé l'heure de ses concerts; il émit de 10 h. 15 à 10 h. 45 et de 18 h. 30 à 19 h. 30; les artistes sont remplacés par des gramophones.

Un Américain, grand amateur de confort, annonce qu'il se sert des ressorts de son sommier (mattress-spring) comme antenne.

Le régime transatlantique du radiolettres États-Unis, Angleterre, Allemagne, ne fonctionne que le samedi. Les lettres sont délivrées le lundi matin. Prix 6 "cents" le mot.

UN HAUT PARLEUR À LA TOUR EIFFEL

Au premier étage de la Tour Eiffel on vient d'installer un haut parleur . . . Aussi lorsque quelqu'un débouche de l'une ou l'autre des rues avoisinantes dans les grandes avenues de ce quartier, vers six heures du soir, il est fort étonné d'entendre, si l'on peut dire le ciel chanter.

Et, sur les pelouses du Champ de Mars, il y a maintenant, à la fin de l'après-midi, une foule de gens qui regardent en l'air pour apercevoir le porte-voix gigantesque qui lance, au-dessus d'eux, des flots d' harmonie. C'est le dernier progrès.

PIERRE LOTI EST MORT
Pierre Loti

Aucun écrivain français contemporain n'a un style aussi personnel, et nous aimons tous le rythme de ses phrases nuancées qui donnent la nostalgie des terres[1] lointaines, des cerisiers en fleurs au pays de Mme. Chrysanthème,[2] des mouch-arabiehs[3] derrière lesquels brillent les yeux noirs des désenchantées, ou même de ces mers du Nord sombres et brumeuses, où voguent les pauvres navires des pêcheurs d'Islande.

Julien Viaud, qui prit dès son premier ouvrage le pseudonyme de Pierre Loti, naquit à Rochefort en 1850. Tout jeune, il eut le goût de la mer et des rêves illi-

---

1 Nostalgie des terres lointaines: longing (homesickness) for foreign lands. 2 That is, Japan. 3 Moucharabieh (or moucharaby): (arab) balcony enclosed with lattice-work.

(Continued on page 26)



NOTAS ESPAÑOLAS

¿Sabe Vd. Estas Canciones?

¡Hogar, Dulce Hogar!

El autor de esta canción, Juan Howard Payne, fué un hombre que nunca pudo establecer su propio hogar. Pasó la mayor parte de su vida en Europa y fué una vez Consul Americano en Tunis. Allí murió en 1852.

I

Hogar, por ti suspiro[1]
A ti volver anhelo;[2]
No hay nada bajo cielo
Como el nativo lar.[3]
Un trono[4] que tuviera
Por tí lo trocaraía
Por nada olvidaría
Mi hogar, mi dulce hogar.
Hogar, mi dulce hogar
¡No hay sitio bajo el cielo como el nativo lar!

II

Allí difunde[5] el alba[6]
La luz mas bella y pura,
Cantan con más dulzara
Las aves al pasar;
Se aspira allí un ambiente[7]
Más puro y mas sereno
Y está de gracias lleno
Mi hogar, mi dulce hogar, etc.

III

Riquezas y placeres[8]
No quiero en tierra extraña
A mi feliz cabaña[9]
Prefiero regresar.[10]
Allí se onega el alma
En plácido consuelo,[11]
Y tiene algo de cielo
Mi hogar, mi dulce hogar, etc.

1 Suspirar—to sigh for.
2 Eagerness, carnest desire.
3 Lar—home.
4 Trono—throne.
5 Difundir—to diffuse.
6 Alba—dawn of day.
7 Ambiente—ambient air.
8 Placeres—joys.
9 Cabaña—cottage..
10 Regresar—to regress, return.
11 Consuelo—consolation.

O SOLE MÍO

E. dí Capua

Hoy que de nuevo un sol sonriente
Con nuevo brío resplandeciente,
Siento en mi alma un hondo pesar
Que a mí me agora y no puedo amar.

Coro

Sol de mi vida, del corazón,
No me desprecies,[1] dame tu amar;
Si tú me olvidas el sol se eclipsa
Daría yo entonces postrero[2] adiós.

1 From *Despreciar*, to despair.
2 *Postrero*, last in order.

Dentro de pocas semanas la biblioteca española estará en uso; a Vds., los estudiantes que estudian el idioma español, daremos más que la bienvenida, a ella. Muestren Vds. el interés en español y visiten la con frecuencia.

Obtengan todas informaciones españolas que Vds. podran.

"NOTAS ESPAÑOLAS"
Arrelgadas y Editadas por
CHARLES PENICK, '24



We have a new year ahead of us in which we hope to make the Cambridge High and Latin School the home of the best high school debating teams in Greater Boston.

The student body, which for the most part controls debating in our school, is called the Debating Council. This council, which is composed of Walter McLaughlin, '24, Chairman, Roy Lamson, Jr., '25, Secretary, Henry Adelson, '26, Joseph Hurley, '27, and Theodore Walcott, '24 at large, has already started to accomplish this end. In a recent meeting two interscholastic debates were planned, one with Quincy High School and the other with Rindge Technical School. It is also to be remembered that our Annual Durell Cup Debate will take place as usual. In order to stimulate interest among the Freshmen and Sophomores, three Freshmen-Sophomore debates have been provided for. The first of these series will probably take place in the near future.

This year it was decided to make debating a real organization. We have an abundance of fine material in our school which needs only to be aroused to the fact that the Cambridge High and Latin School can put itself on the debating map even more strongly than before. Therefore, with this material organized and some good hard work, we have but to grasp for success and it is ours. In accordance with these ideals a constitution has been drafted. This follows in the next paragraph.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Cambridge High and Latin School Debating Society.

Article I

The name of this society shall be the Cambridge High and Latin School Debating Society.

Article II

The object of this society shall be to promote interest in the study of public questions and actual debating.

Article III

Any student of the Cambridge High and Latin School, interested in debating, may become a member of this society by complying with the requirements set forth in the by-laws.

Article IV

The controlling body of this society shall consist of a debating council and a teacher-advisor. The council shall consist of five members, one member representing each of the four classes, (i. e., senior, junior, sophomore, freshman) and a fifth member to be elected from the school at large by the other members of the debating council; the freshman member shall be appointed by the teacher-advisor.

Article V

The officers of this society shall consist of a chairman and secretary, both members of the council, and they shall be elected by the council.

Article VI

The council shall meet on the first and third Thursdays of each month. Special meetings may be called by the chairman when such an occasion arises.

Article VII

This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the council in which the vote shall be unanimous.

By-Laws

1. The tenure of office of the members and officers of the council shall be for one year from the last Friday in June of the present year to the last Friday in June of the next year.
2. The chairman of the debating council must have been a former member of said council for one year.
3. The council has control of all matters pertaining to debating.
4. The membership of this society and council shall consist of male students interested in debating.
5. The debating council, with the consent of the teacher-advisor, shall have the power to remove from office any member who is guilty of wilful neglect of his duties.

(Signed)

W. H. McLaughlin, '24.
Roy Lamson, Jr., '25.
Henry Adelson, '26.
J. Hurley, '27.
Theodore Walcott, '24.



The activities in the G. A. A. have been somewhat delayed because of the lack of a president, and the change of supervisor in the physical education department.

Ellen Hackett, who was elected president last June, will be unable to fill that office because she will not return to school this year.

ELECTION

There was a re-election, October 23-24, and Elizabeth Gerould was chosen to be president.

Good luck to you, "Betsy"! We all hope that you will enjoy your term in the chair as well as we will enjoy having you.

Officers

The officers for this year are as follows:

President—Elizabeth Gerould.
Vice-President—Mildred Perkins.
Secretary—Frances Sullivan.
Executive—Jessie Wilkins, Barbara Adams, and Gertrude Sullivan.

Because of Elizabeth Gerould's resignation from the executive committee, another girl will have to be chosen to fill her place.

MEETING, OCTOBER 16

The first meeting was held in the hall, October 16. It was explained that because it is compulsory for Freshmen and Sophomore boys and girls to take gym, there will be no room for the Juniors; however, those girls who previously signed up for gym may have the privilege of belonging to the G. A. A. just the same.

FRESHMAN MEETING

A mass meeting of Freshmen was held October 22, and there wasn't a vacant seat in the assembly hall.

The object of this meeting was to explain to the Freshmen the purpose and efforts of the G. A. A.

Plans are now being made for the Freshman Party which will take place some time in November. The exact date has not been set as yet.

SWIMMING

Practice for the swimming teams will soon start in the Y. M. C. A. pool which they are trying to procure for one afternoon a week, instead of an evening.

The officers would like to have everybody co-operate with them in making this year the biggest and best of all; so do *your* bit to help make it a "knockout"!!

The motto of the G. A. A. is, "Make Everybody Happy", and we hope to succeed in living up to it in the future as well as we have tried in the past.

AT EVEN' TIDE

Harold P. Dow.

At even' tide when lights are low,
I take my easy chair,
And take a book, some candy, too,
And sit beside the fire.

I let the book drop in my lap
And I turn to greater things,
I think of princesses and nobles,
Of different queens and kings.

And then I turn my mind
To problems of the day,
To topics of great interest; and
Then to the Great White Way.

I turn my mind again, and then
I see my daughter's face so fair,
As she served her country as a nurse,
But now in her grave, "over there".

And then I think of her mother,
The very best wife to me,
And how sorry she felt
When her daughter went over the sea.

Then my mind drifts back again,
And I realize I'm in the chair
That I always sit in at even' tide,
Beside the open fire.

Finis.



Salem Wins From Cambridge 13-7

Salem defeated Cambridge Latin 13-7 before a crowd of 3000. Latin did very well considering the fact that it was their first game and that they were outweighed.

Salem scored early in the first period as a result of a pass which Ulrich pulled down on Latin's five yard line. On the next play Ulrich carried it over. Wineapple missed the goal.

Late in the third period McCormack captured a long forward and Ulrich again carried it over. Late in the last quarter, Latin, helped by a penalty, managed to score. Rawlins skirted the end and carried it over.

Rawlins was the individual star of the game. His end runs gained considerable ground for Latin.

Nelson, Murphy, Sullivan, Kroell and Pearl featured for Latin School.

The big figures in Salem's victory were, Wineapple, Roby, Ulrich and McGrath.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	*Salem*
Sullivan r e	l e Chessey
Kroell	
Pearl r t	l t Connors
Edmunds r g	l g Porter
O'Brien	
Murtagh c	c McGrath
Cohen l g	r g Leman
Rotman	Sumner
	O'Day
Finlayson l t	r t Roby
Moxham l e	r e McCormack
	Carney
	Benet
Nelson q b	q b Wineapple
	O'Brien
Murphy l h b	r h b Jennings
Kenney r h b	l h b Waike
Parker	
Rawlins f b	f b Ulrich

Latin Trounces Wakefield 19-6

Cambridge Latin disclosed a double threat of tremendous possibilities, in winning from Wakefield at Russell Field.

Don Kroell, a Pennsylvanian lad, studying at Latin School, threw passes of 25 and 30 yards to Buster Rawlins, who sped for long gains. These passes worked with almost positive success. Very few of them were grounded.

North, playing center for Wakefield, was the best player of the Wakefield team. He played a roving center and time and time again he threw the Latin backs for losses.

A brilliant exhibition of broken field running by Rawlins, after capturing one of Kroell's passes, brought the third touchdown for the home team.

Pearl, Nelson, Murphy, Edmunds and Kenney also starred for Cambridge Latin.

Hall, Randall and Page played well for Wakefield.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	*Wakefield*
Kroell r e	l e Guarnaccia
Hilliard	
Pearl r t	l t Tasker
Rotman	
Cohen r g	l g Dugan
O'Brien	
Murtagh c	c North
Edmunds l g	r g Finney
Finlayson l t	r t Fitzgerald
Toothaker	
Moxham l e	r e Ward
Sullivan	
Nelson q b	q b Martin
Kelleher	
Murphy r h b	l h b Hall
Schoolnick	
Rawlins l h b	r h b Page
McGowan	
Kenney f b	f b Randall
Parker	

Cambridge 6, Rindge 0

In one of the finest games ever played at Russell Field, Cambridge Latin defeated its rival, Rindge, and became champions of the University city. "Fudge" Murphy's run of 80 yards after intercepting a lateral pass and the alertness of the Latin players for loose balls won the game for Latin School.

The game was chock full of brilliancy and every foot of ground was bitterly contested by both teams.

Rindge seemed to have the better line but Latin's backs gained constantly and appeared superior to those of Rindge.

The first half was about even, but Rindge had the better of the second half. Rindge received the kick-off and by end runs and line plunges brought the ball to Latin's 20-yard line. Here Murphy intercepted a lateral pass and ran 80 yards for a touchdown.

Murphy missed the goal.

This heart-breaking interruption by Fate did not stop Rindge, and by the wonderful line plunging of McCoy brought the ball again within the shadow of Latin's goal-post.

Again Fate took a hand and Latin School recovered a Rindge fumble. This was Rindge's last chance as the whistle, for the end of the game, blew shortly after.

Murphy was the outstanding star of the game. His capture of the pass was not only brilliant but his knife-like dashes around the ends brought Latin's adherents to their feet time and time again.

Capt. Casey, Nelson, Kroell and Toothaker were the bright lights in Latin's victory.

Capt. Kane, McCoy and Hughes starred for Rindge.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	*Rindge*
Kroell r e	l e Courtney
Pearl r t	l t Hughes
Edmunds r g	l g Anderson
Murtagh c	c Bandzul
Finlayson l g	r g Jones
Toothaker l t	r t Bragner
Moxham l e	r e Elcewitz
Nelson q b	q b Kane
Murphy l h b	r h b McCoy
Casey r h b	l h b Smith
Parker	Johnson
Rawlins f b	f b Dunphy

Cambridge 0, Newton 0

Cambridge Latin was held to a scoreless tie by Newton. Fierce fighting on the part of the Cantabs, brought them to within half a dozen yards of the Newton goal-posts. Desperate defensive tactics resulting in a broken leg for Kevorkian, Newton tackle, and a penalty to Cambridge Latin for roughness, turned the tide, thwarted the invaders in their rush and returned the ball to Newton on downs.

Beyond that futile attempt, neither team travelled far from the centre of the gridiron. Slipping, fumbles and repeated penalties, the majority against Newton, marked the contest. From the first blast of the horn to within the last 20 seconds to play the Newton centre nearly handed the game to Cambridge Latin. In snapping the ball back he threw it wild, the ball landing within a half-dozen yards of Newton's goal. McQuiston of Newton, who was receiving, flashed after the ball and fell on it just as the whistle sounded.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	*Newton*
Kroell r e	l e Fox
Pearl r t	l t F. Gilligan
Edmunds r g	l g Dewing
Rotman	c Oakes
Murtagh c	r g Lovejoy
Finlayson l g	r t Kevorkian
Cohen	r e Adams
Toothaker l t	q b T. Gilligan
Moxham l e	l h b Holbrook
Nelson q b	r h b Considine
Kenney r h b	McQuiston
Rawlins	f b King
Murphy l h b	
Casey f b	

Cambridge 20, Somerville 7

Cambridge Latin defeated Somerville High 20-7 at Russell Field. Nelson scored first on a 35-yard end run but Somerville evened it up on Hoyt's 30-yard run for a score. The first half ended 7-7. With the ball on Latin's four-yard line Somerville fumbled and Nelson scooped it up and ran 95 yards for a touchdown. Latin's third score was made by Rawlins on an end run. In the third period Capt. "Eddie" Casey of Latin school was carried off the field with an injured leg.

The Line-up

Cambridge Latin	*Somerville H. S.*
Moxham l e	r e Weilty
Toothaker l t	r t Frazier
Edmunds l g	r g Harrington
Murtagh c	c Burgine
Rotman r q	l g Snell
Pearl r t	l t Casey
Kroell r e	l e Kelson
Nelson q b	q b Cronin
Kenney l h b	r h b Hogan
Rawlins	l h b Goodspeed
Casey r h b	Hoyt
Schoolnick	f b Breen
Murphy f b	

Cambridge Latin 7, Malden 7

Cambridge Latin and Malden High battled to a 7-7 tie before a crowd of 5000 enthusiastic fans.

The joy at holding the powerful Malden team to a tie was marred in the last minute to play, when Hugo Nelson, the versatile Cambridge Latin quarterback, was carried to the hospital with a compound fracture of the little finger of his right hand. It is not likely that he will play again this season.

Malden scored in the second period. A 25-yard pass, Holden to Satenstein, placed the ball on Latin's 10-yard line. Holden gained five yards on a line plunge. Melanson carried it over on the next play.

In the third period the Cambridge stands went wild when "Ray" Toothaker took a 20-yard pass from Kroell, shook off two tacklers, and ran 10 yards for a touchdown.

In the last period, Malden carried the pigskin to Latin's seven inch line, but could not put it over. Latin punted and Malden carried the ball to the 15-yard line. With a few seconds to play, Malden elected to try a placement kick. As it missed the whistle blew.

Hugo Nelson, Toothaker, Rotman, Finlayson and Murphy excelled for Latin.

Holden, O'Connor, Melanson, and Satenstein starred for Malden.

The Line-up.

Camb. Latin	*Malden*
Moxham r l	l e Satenstein
Shea r e	l e Shields
Toothaker r t	l t Gitter
Rotman r g	l g Buckley
Murtagh, Moxham c	c Halpin
Finlayson l g	r g Goodrich
Edmunds l g	
Pearl l t	r t O'Connor
Kroell l e	r e Daley
Nelson q b	q b McCush
Kelleher q b	q b Jackson
O'Connell r h b	l h b Holden
Parker r h b	l h b Payne
Kenney l h b	r h b Melanson
Murphy f b	f b Mangen

Cross-Country

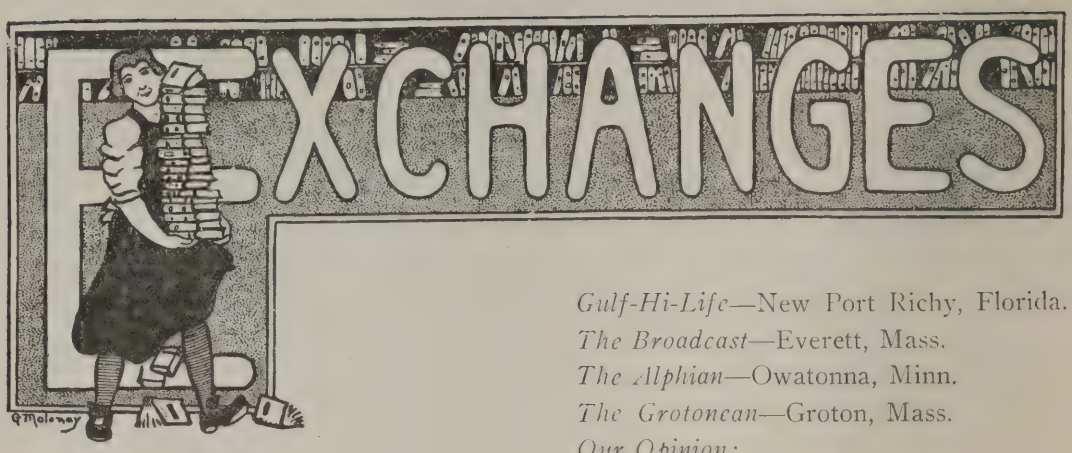
About forty candidates responded to the call issued by Coach Smith for the cross-country team. Mr. Smith was very pleased with the material which reported and expects big results this coming year. The boys who shape up the best are Meuse, Maloney, Woods, Dente and Foley.

In the first meet of the year the strong St. Johns Prep. team was defeated 27-28. Capt. "Fudge" Murphy lead all the runners home.

A week later the Cambridge Latin team had no difficulty in defeating Watertown 20-60. Watertown placed only two men in the first fourteen

Capt. "Fudge" Murphy Resigns

The cross-country team was rendered a serious blow when Capt. "Fudge" Murphy resigned. Murphy is considered the leading schoolboy "hill and dale" in the state. He felt that he could not participate in both football and cross-country, so he gave up cross-country in favor of football.



Thus far we have received comparatively few exchanges. Those which we have received are assuredly worth notice, and comment.

We gratefully acknowledge:

The Philips Exeter Monthly—Exeter, N. H.

The Classical Gazette—Lynn, Mass.

The Argus—Gardner, Mass.

The Drury Academe—North Adams, Mass.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Hermonite—Mount Hermon, Mass.

The Spotlight—Chelsea, Vermont.

The Magna Vox—Charles City, Iowa.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

The Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Maine.

The News—Dubuque, Iowa.

Our Dumb Animals—Boston, Mass.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Bowdoin Quill—Brunswick, Maine.

Gulf-Hi-Life—New Port Richy, Florida.

The Broadcast—Everett, Mass.

The Allphian—Owatonna, Minn.

The Grotonean—Groton, Mass.

Our Opinion:

We are delighted with the copies on this list. We hope to keep on exchanging, and to increase the size of the list. We like to know what the other papers think of us, and to glean inspirations from the clever papers we receive.

The Philips Exeter—Exeter, N. H.

A cleverly written paper! "The Ma Matron Corner" is novel, and laugh provoking.

The Argus—Gardner, Mass.

We like your idea of the class will and prophesy.

The Classical Gazette—Lynn, Mass.

An exceptionally good paper! "My First Danse" was filled with chuckles.

Drury Academe—North Adams, Mass.

A well-rounded paper. The Editorials are very fine. Glad to see science holding a place.

The Hermonite—Mount Hermon, Mass.

The Historical Account of St. Augustine was very interesting, but where is your exchange department

The Bowdoin Quill—Brunswick, Maine.

A clever title! and a well written booklet.

(Continued from page 19)

mités qu'elle permet aux navigateurs. Il se destina au Borda et, dès qu'il en sortit, se montra un des officiers de marine les plus ardents aux voyages et aux missions. De chacune de ses traversées, de chacun de ses séjours, il rapporta un volume.

Doué d'une sensibilité exquise, il sut restituer sur le papier le charme d'un paysage, le mystère d'une mosquée, jusqu'au rythme d'un chant entendu sur un rivage d'Océanie, jusqu'au parfum d'une fleur d'Orient. Notant au jour le jour ses impressions, souvent écrites au crayon, il les a assemblées par la suite, restant toujours le personnage central de son livre, autour duquel gravitent les ombres de toutes races qui sont restées si loin de lui après l'avoir frôlé au passage.

L'œuvre de Loti est considérable: citons *le Mariage de Loti, Mon frère Yves, Pêcheur d'Islande, Madame Chrysanthème, Ramuntcho, Azyadé, Fantôme d'Orient, les Désenchantées, Au Maroc, Vers Ispahan et ce* volume plus récent: *l'Inde sans les Anglais.*

(*Excelsior-Dimanche.*)

HONOR LIST

November, 1923

All E's

Langley, Lorraine
MacQuarrie, Maud
Needham, Katherine
Stubbs, Mary

E's and G's

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Brockbank, Hazel
Bromberger, Regina
Brooks, Barbara
Buller, Hymen
Campbell, Leila
Carlson, Edward
Carr, Robert
Carney, Bernadette
Carter, Jessie
Coady, Philip
Cohen, Alexander
Conger, Amy
Conger, James
Cooper, Albert
Currier, Claire
Cushing, Jennie
Daley, Arthur
Dallinger, William S.
Deer, Eleanor
Deerosier, Mildred
DeMullia, Angelina
Duncan, Lillian
Edgecomb, Eliza
Evans, Loretta
Eveleth, Elizabeth
Fishman, Ruth
Fishman, Samuel
Flynn, William
Fraleigh, Mona
Friberg, Mabel
Frost, Agnes
Gannon, Mary
Gamester, Marie
Gerould, Elizabeth
Gerould, Margery
Gorren, Rebecca
Gregory, Annie
Grosso, Margaret
Hager, Dorothy
Hanson, Edith
Harrington, Marjorie
Hayes, Donald
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Herman, Beaumont
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Keyes, Vera
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Lamson, Roy
Lorenzen, John
Lovejoy, John
MacArthur, Marion
McGirr, Rose
McMurtry, Louis
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Maloney, Joseph
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Mordecai, Eliz.
Mossgraber, Louise
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Nannis, Felda
Nannis, Ida
Nelligan, Julia
Nelson, Eunice
Nelson, Mary
O'Connell, Thomas
Pappas, William
Perkins, Frances
Peterson, Grayce
Phelps, Nina
Porter, Rose
Provenche, Edith
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Richardson, Donald
Rounds, Stuart
Ruggli, Eliz.
Saint, Marion
St. Sauveur, Mary
Scully, Charles
Sisherovich, Mary
Smellie, Marion
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Sperie, Ethel
Stead, Oliver
Sullivan, Mary F.
Sweeney, Julia
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Trainor, Joseph
Tripp, Dorothy
Underwood, Edward
Usher, William
Waldorf, Lottie
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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Cambridge High and Latin School who have included algebra to quadratics and Plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from $250 to $600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

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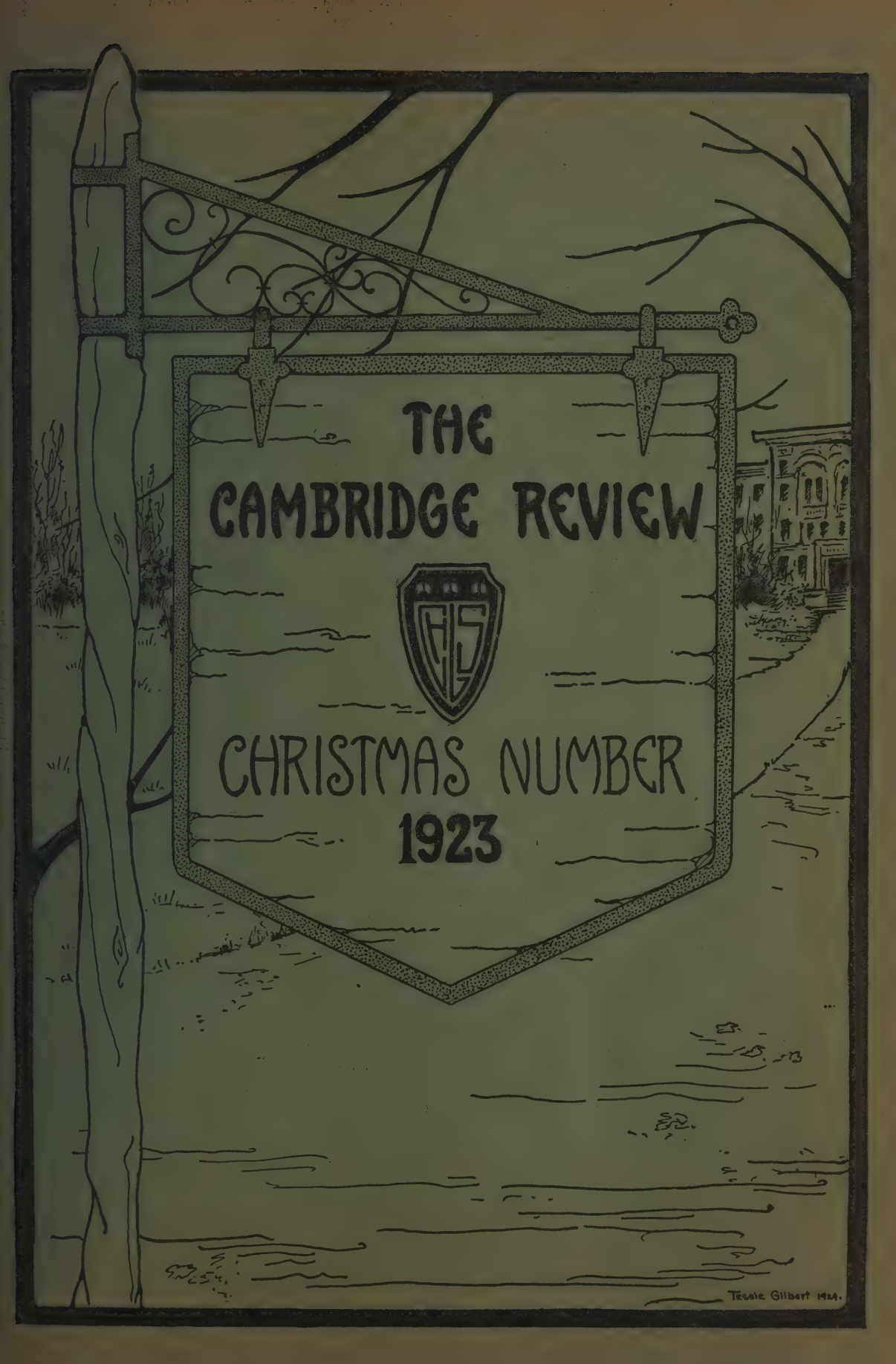
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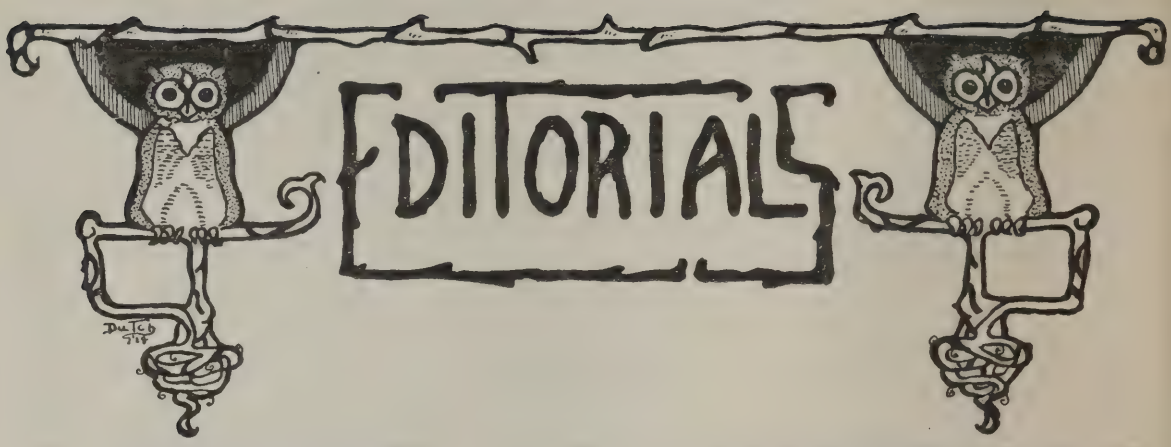
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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Father Time strides incessantly onward, and we find ourselves again in the season of rejoicing, thanksgiving, and mirth. Now is the time when people lay aside their daily work and, forgetting the petty grievances of life, turn in common accord to celebrate Christmas. The very atmosphere is filled with that unmistakable presence of joy, gratitude, altruism, and tingling anticipation commonly known as Christmas Spirit.

As we walk along the streets, surging with the merry holiday crowds, the brilliancy of the displays in the shop windows with their flickering, gayly-colored lights and sparkling tinsel attract our attention, and we feel within us an ecstacy of joy and thanksgiving. It is this spirit of good will which has rendered the memory of Christmas the beautiful thing it is today. What a pitiful spectacle all our tawdry ornaments would present if this spirit were not alive behind them.

Let us, therefore, when upon Christmas Day we are in our comfortable homes surrounded by the luxuries of modern life, give but a moment's thought and consideration to those less fortunate than we. Let a ray reflected from our happiness light other lives whose hopes and dreams are lost in the gloom of poverty and misfortune.

We must get together, schoolmates, and play the Good Samaritan, for in this way alone can the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will toward men" be sustained in the present and transmitted to future generations.

1924

The venerate 1923, bowed and aged with the cares of life, submits his sceptural scythe to his young successor, 1924, who stands surveying his newly acquired realm with the confident air of youth. Welcome, '24! May thy short voyage upon our sea of life be a happy and a peaceful one containing joy and prosperity for us all!

Now is the time to make those New Year's resolutions. Everyone should make a few good resolutions and stand behind them all year. Resolutions are very easy to make, but even easier to break. Few people succeed in keeping their resolutions throughout the year and these people are endowed with strong character and will power. Those of us who fail and slip must remember the old maxim "Try, try again". Regaining our foothold, we must strive harder to accomplish a more complete mastery over ourselves so that we may restrain our rashness and imprudence with the guiding reins of discretion.

In order that we may seem to practise what we preach, the Review prints below its resolutions for the coming year.

Resolved by the 1923-24 Review Staff:

1. That we will endeavor to develop a sense of humor.
2. That we will increase the number of our advertisers.
3. That we will slander no undeserving classmate.
4. That we will attempt to satisfy our patrons in every way possible.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

When Senior Assembly is resumed this year the usual list of excellent soloists will be heard from time to time. So far as it is possible these will be selected from the Senior class. The Director of Music requests members of the class to file with him the names of pupils who might be available. Ordinarily pupils willingly agree to appear when invited. Each Senior should interest himself in the matter so no worthy pupil shall be overlooked.

Leroy Anderson, '25, has been appointed to gather musical items of interest after this issue for publication in The Review. Anderson was the composer of the music of the Class Song of last year's graduating class, and has since composed a school march which is being played by the orchestra.

Some years ago the First Volunteers' Citizens' association donated a beautiful cup to be competed for by the Glee clubs of Rindge and of Cambridge High and Latin schools, the winner of three contests to hold the cup as its own. Latin won the first and then the war interfered. Two years ago Rindge got the decision. Last year Latin could not compete, because its club was so unbalanced that it became necessary to disband. This year's bass section has developed many "melody friends", boys with good natural voices who have not learned to sustain their own part. These are now being dropped, so that there will be several vacancies in that section. If you can carry the part now is the time to apply. Otherwise it may become necessary to forfeit the cup by default.

Two prizes of $10 each are soon to be offered by the Department of Music for the best original school song that may be used on public occasions. Only students may compete. One prize will go to the versifier and the other to the composer of the music. The details will be announced shortly. The song is to be of the "Alma Mater" type, and not specifically for use on the football field.

Many requests for the formation of a banjo, mandolin, and guitar club have been made to Mr. Whoriskey recently. Such a club, to meet after school, may be formed if the petition contains a sufficient number of names of pupils who desire to join.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT

The management of the Review wishes to take this opportunity to thank publicly the students of the school for their help in starting the paper for the year. We wish to mention especially the pupils who solicited subscriptions for their hearty co-operation. The following pupils collected over fifteen dollars worth of subscriptions for the Review.

*Patience Clark
*George Larson
*Alice Guertin
Loretta Whetmore
Alonzo Hilliard
Elsie Maiken
*Dorothy Gray
Eleanor Dakin
James Jennison
Viola O'Connell
Vincent Frank
Ira Rubin
Edmund Casey
*Edythe McLean
Natalie Hill
Lillian Craibe
John Morris
*Helen Foster

In our subscription drive rooms 50, 74, 78, 86, 91, 3, and 10 are to be commended for the fine school spirit they showed in subscribing to the Review.

Of the above rooms mentioned, Room 50 was the only one that reached the 100% mark, and for the past few years it has been the only one to accomplish this feat.

We wonder why rooms other than Miss Ball's cannot do likewise.

* Pupils who obtained more than thirty dollars.

S. W.

SENIOR ELECTIONS

Seniors who desired to be nominated for class offices petitioned at the office the first week of November. The election was held at the Review Office of the Latin Building on November 16. Many were desirous for treasurer, vice-president and the pen of the secretary, while only three were nominees for the chair, Edmund Casey, Antonio Serino, and Kingsley Hooker.

The following were elected: President, Edmund Casey; Vice-President, Mary Fitzpatrick; Treasurer, John Morris; Secretary, Joseph Coyne.

The Drama Committee consists of:
Elizabeth Gerould
Ruth Fennessy
Beatrice MacDonald
Jean Sanford
Loretta Whetmore

The Reception Committee consists of:
Helene Griffith
Lillian Craib
Rose Burnham
Hazel Heckman
Marguerite Gerhard
Ruth Rowe

An Assembly was called at the Hall on the Thursday following the election. A very good address was given by President Casey, and the new officers and members of the committees were introduced to the class by Mr. Cleveland.

Joseph Coyne, Sec., '24.

BEWARE—GIRLS

By Barbara Birkhoff

F. Ambrose O'Fish, our slightly stout hero, went to school every day, as a good boy should, but up to the date of this story was entirely oblivious of the near presence of the belle of the school whose charm and fascination should have affected him greatly by all natural laws. The belle's name was Dotty Simple. Dotty, however, being a female and in addition the proud possessor of a distinctly conquering turn of mind, was well aware of Ambrose's presence and often tried to attract his attention by casting languishing glances at him. She had always decidedly failed until now when she succeeded too well for O'Fish's peace of mind

Ambrose, who had always prepared his lessons perfectly, didn't know them as well as he might have this day. Sad but true. And also, which was still sadder and truer, he was called on, it seemed to him much in preference to his mocking school-mates. In Latin especially his weakest subject was he asked to recite. He hadn't the faintest idea regarding the answer to the deep and impenetrable question thrust upon him. When called on, he stood up and fixed upon his exultant schoolmates and the room around him a vacant and glassy stare. He was clearing his throat preparatory to saying to his teacher that he, being a very generous and high-minded youth, had lent his book to one of his friends and that his friend, a wicked, deceitful, creature, had not returned the book when he heard one of his neighbors whisper what seemed to him to be the answer. Ambrose (O tempora! O mores!) did the unexpected; he repeated what the little voice had said. The result as an answer, was decidedly wrong, all of which goes to prove that the opposites of virtue have their own rewards. He looked down to see who the kind donator of the zero was and he saw that it was Dotty Simple. He felt like reading the riot act to dear little, innocent, Dotty. However, he didn't, for who has ever read the riot act to any kind of a belle? As Ambrose sat down, he decided to look into the matter and teach Miss Simple something, but alas, at that very moment, our virtuous Dotty planned a campaign of her own and Ambrose was as good as done for. When he sat down, he was feeling almost ferocious enough to have a fight with one of his neighbors, a small boy, four years his junior. However, Miss Simple, wisely deciding that the first battle was the main one, smiled such a beautific smile that our determined O'Fish was her devoted slave forever after until—later. That is the story.

For seven or eight days our brave young hero, full of red-blooded Wild-West, he-man stuff, was content to follow the object of his supreme affections like a fat French poodle. His virtue and perseverance were rewarded amply, for Ambrose, by a very vague, infrequent smile, for Miss Simple was clever enough not to bestow her favors too freely. Also Dotty's attentions and smiles, too, were

occupied in making an attack on a young man called Bill Numbskull who owned a six-cylinder run-a-bout with just room for two. Now Numbskull took calesthenics with most of the other boys in the school. It was compulsory for ordinary mortals but a few privileged individuals, like F. Ambrose O'Fish, afflicted with head trouble etc., at convenient times, were excused from the class. This class in calesthenics gave plays every week. Dotty had gone to the play on the preceding week with Ambrose who gazed upon her frequently. He noticed that Numbskull was quite a star, and that the belle had appeared more interested in Numbskull than in himself, the great O'Fish. Putting two and two together in a fashion worthy of the great Sherlock Holmes, Ambrose decided that the reason Dotty liked Bill Numbskull better than himself was because Bill could represent a delicate little butterfly flitting daintily from bush to bush without making as terrible an idiot of himself as the other boys. (Ambrose never thought of the six-cylinder run-a-bout with just room for two.) Ambrose, almost positive that this theory would work, determined to join the class with Mamma's consent in time for the next play.

He joined, and the remainder of the story might well be called the decline and fall of F. Ambrose O'Fish, which would be incorrect, however, as there was no decline, just a fall. The weekly play was given just two days after Ambrose joined the class. He was given an easy but unsuitable part. He was supposed to represent a graceful, gently swaying willow tree. The play started. He rolled in and took his place among the other rightfully bashful young spirits. He began to sway neither gently nor gracefully. In fact he looked more like a huge ocean liner in heavy seas than anything else. Some one laughed at him. He turned. It was Dotty Simple. O, how he disliked the girl at that time. Others followed her lead. Girls have always been noted for their great giggling capacities and on this occasion they surpassed themselves. Ambrose turned and remained red until the play was over.

Now he dislikes all girls and belles like Dotty Simple especially. So, as a parting warning, I will say "Beware of F. Ambrose O'Fish, our slightly stout hero."

THE TRAWL LINE

Edward Preble.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning, October 11, Henry Carson, a stalwart young man of nineteen, sat at the breakfast table in his home in Boston, reading the morning paper.

Henry's eye caught the headline of a paragraph, "Wreck in Gloucester".

"The schooner Rhoda Kinly struck on Halibut Point, Rockport, late last night when a fierce gale broke over the bay. The vessel will be a total loss. She had just returned from a trip to the Canadian coast. Her owner and skipper Captain Joseph Remay was not on board when the vessel struck."

Henry's reading was interrupted by a ring at the door bell. Upon answering, he found that it was a telegraph messenger who said abruptly, "Sign here," and was gone. Henry tore open the yellow envelope and read this astonishing message:

Come immediately and bring your diving equipment.

Captain Joe Remay.

Henry was in the employ of the Boston Salvage Co., but how Captain Joe Remay knew that he was a diver was more than he could understand.

Mr. Carson, Henry's father, threw some light upon the matter. Joe Remay was a fast friend of his and Mr. Carson advised Henry to do as the message bade.

Three hours later found the young man stepping off the train at Rockport. Captain Joe met him at the depot and together they walked through the streets of the quaint old town, the Captain carrying the bulky suitcase containing the diving equipment.

"You see, Henry, it's this way," said Captain Joe. "This voyage to Canada was taken for the purpose of securing some jewelry which your mother left in the Bank of Toronto some years ago."

"My mother she"—"What"—"Why I never knew", stammered Henry.

"Wait a minute, sonny," said Captain Joe, "and let me finish the yarn."

"These jewels have been in your ma's family for years and she thought pretty much of 'em, I reckon, but you listen here. Those same jewels are now in the forward cabin of the Rhoda Henly and that cabin is seven feet below the water off Halibut Point. Now can you beat that luck!"

"Well," said Henry, "I have my diving equipment here as per order your telegram and I suppose it is my job to get those jewels."

"Yes, and"—Captain Joe looked worried.

"If we don't get them pretty soon we won't get them at all."

"Why, is she in danger of breaking?" asked Henry.

"Just that," said Captain Joe, "She'll go to pieces in forty-eight hours and that means that we will have to be out there at five o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Do you think you can do it, Henry?"

"I must do it, for knowing as I do that these heirlooms are in my family, I must get them."

Henry retired very early, for the morrow promised to be a strenuous day.

At four-thirty he was awakened by a knock on his door and springing up he called, "I will be right down, Captain Joe."

"It was not Captain Joe," called a sweet voice which Henry recognized as that of the Captain's daughter, Susan, to whom he had been introduced at the supper table the night before.

An hour later Captain Joe, Susan, Henry and some men who worked for Captain Joe were on their way to the wreck in a high-powered motor-boat.

Soon the boat was in sight of the wreck of which nothing could be seen except a stubby bowsprit and two mast ends.

Meanwhile, Susan and Henry had become much interested in each other and Henry found that he had developed more than an ordinary liking for the engaging young woman.

The two were soon awakened from their conversation by the voice of Captain Joe and the shock of a bump as the boat struck one of the almost submerged masts.

Henry got into the diving suit which was of stiff rubber and had an air container of steel, which the men made fast to the mast stub.

Susan then announced her intention of going out a little way beyond the wreck and pulling a trawl line which some of her father's men had set the night before.

A trawl line is a long, and very stout hempen cord, which is anchored on one end and floated to a buoy on the other.

Hanging from the large line at regular intervals are smaller lines at the end of which are hooks baited with some kind of a lure for any fish which pass by. The line must be pulled up, and the fish taken off; then the hook is baited anew and dropped back again. It requires quite a strong person to pull a trawl, but Susan Remay was used to this kind of work.

In a few moments, Henry sank out of sight, a line of bubbles marking where he went down.

Captain Joe would permit no one except himself to tend the life lines and signal cord which Henry wore around his waist and on his wrist.

The young diver looked about him as he sank, and saw that what Captain Joe had said was true. The boat would break up in a very short time, in fact it was almost broken in two now.

A slight jar told him that he had reached the deck and he now began to explore the vessel. The deck was on a steep slant and he worked his way toward the bow remembering that the jewelry was in the forward cabin. The young diver reached the companionway and climbed down inside. All over the roof of the cabin were articles which had floated to the ceiling and could get no farther. At the far end of the room he saw a door marked SKIPPER. He opened this door and stepped to a locker on the wall. The diver opened the locker by means of a small claw hammer which he carried for that purpose. Henry reached for a small steel box which he saw lying there, and, upon examining it closely, he found it to be the box described by Captain Joe.

Henry hurried to get out of the cabin and as the air in his supply tank was getting low, he wished to get to the surface as quickly as possible. Before he could reach the hatchway there was a severe shock, and Henry saw the roof of the cabin descending upon him. Something struck him on the head and at the same time he felt a stinging pain in his left arm.

As soon as he could get free from the wreckage he saw that the life lines, which bound him to safety, were gone, and also that his left arm must be broken for it hung at a very queer angle.

In a semi-conscious condition, he staggered over the floor of the ocean in a vain effort to reach shoal water. As he moved over the rough racks he was conscious of something moving at his side. He grasped it in his right hand and upon examining what he had he found that it was a stout line of hemp with a hook on it.

Suddenly, he felt a tug on the line, and, looking up, he saw that the line, which when he first took hold of it slanted at an angle, now went straight up to the surface.

Henry now saw that he had in his hand a trawl-line which someone was pulling, and he

also remembered with joy that Susan was pulling her father's trawl.

Henry worked quickly. He gave a few quick pulls at the line and then he tied it firmly around his waist. With the jewels clasped in his good hand, (meanwhile) his left arm hung limply at his side.

He was about to pull at the line again to attract attention when he felt himself lifted off his feet, and then everything went black.

The next thing Henry knew, he was lying across two seats of a row-boat with Susan Remay bending over him. Susan whispered in his ear, "You saved the jewels."

That night a little party of Susan's friends gathered at Captain Remay's in honor of Henry. While the guests were making merry, Susan and Henry slipped off to a secluded spot and Henry said, "Susan I-I-I- want to ask you something. You did me a service today which I will never be able to repay and I want to ask you if you will-will, and just then one of the merry party in the other room began to play on the piano the strain of the Lohengrin "Wedding March".

Susan's answer was a whisper. "Yes," in his ear, and a tighter grip on his right arm.

A DREAM

R. D. S.

Earl Clinton, successful financier and banker of great repute, reclined comfortably in the great leather chair by the fireplace in his refined and commodious library. Small of stature, with a weak chin, soft brown eyes, and high forehead who would have deemed this insignificant person powerful enough to arrange great inter n ational loans, and to sway the minds of fellow financiers with his shrewd council and uncanny knowledge of men. Clinton in the business world was a man to be feared and respected because of his power and success; socially, and one to be loved and admired because of his magnetic personality.

The great man himself stared moodily into the glowing embers in the fireplace. He was dreaming; no—not of a move he was about to execute in the street that would build and shatter the hopes and futures of other men and increase the building of his reputation. He was thinking of himself; a singular thing was that, for Clinton was not egotistical and spent very little of his time contemplating his personal interests.

Yes, he thought, I have been successful, most successful in fact, yet, on the other hand have I not been a failure? I am greedy; my life has been spent in an everlasting grasping for money. My whole existence has been barely material and the higher ideals of my life have been curbed by an everlasting craving for riches. While contemplating these things Clinton fell asleep and slumber lulled his tired beautiful child stepped forth, a wond rous mind in her soft embrace.

From the infinite depths of dream-land a creature of most graceful mould clad in a flowing gown of white. Great dark eyes shining with intermingled love and sadness shaded by long silken lashes enhanced the simple beauty of the phantom-child. It approached the dreamer till he seemed to feel its perfumed breath against his brow, and stooping the child kissed him. The innocent caress of the delicate lips as gracefully formed as the petals of a red rose awoke a new and strange feeling within him. He felt the bonds restraining his emotion of love and tenderness severed; a new ecstasy suddenly released welled forth expanding the mean limitation of his soul. Instinctively the dreamer reached forward and upward to grasp the sweet image before him, but it retreated slowly. The ruddy lips of the child parted and a torrent of dulcet notes issued forth rippling one upon the other in a sweet and carefree carol; gradually the notes became deeper and the tones gathered character intermingling in soul-stirring harmony. The sweet chords rose echoing and reechoing amid the shadows of dreamland. With one last falling note, the song ceased and the voice was hushed. The figure, too, faded into the uncertain background of imagination.

Shortly after this dream, Clinton awoke; the vision was still clear before him. He would not have been greatly surprised if the child had reappeared and he found himself straining his ears as if perchance to catch some last note of the glorious harmony which had so recently entranced him. Try as he would, he could not seem to forget his dream; it haunted him driving everything else from his mind.

The next day seated in his well-furnished office, Clinton found to his great displeasure that he could not concentrate his mind upon

the financial charts and reports which cluttered the desk before him. At last much distressed by his inability to check his wandering mind, he shook his head violently and pressed a button at the side of the desk. The door leading to the outer office opened and a dignified, almost lordly figure entered the sanctum "Jackson", Clinton addressed this individual, "call my car; I am not feeling well and am going home. See that Mr. Burke attends to these", indicating with a careless gesture the tottering heap of papers upon the desk.

Mr. Clinton reclining upon the luxurious upholstery of his expensive car gazed moodily out upon the world as his trained chauffeur skillfully guided the huge vehicle through the narrow streets of the tenement district through which he was obliged to pass going to and from the office. Clinton's languid gaze rested listlessly upon the squalid and dilapidated houses, dirty streets and unkempt, poorly-clad youngsters running hither and thither. None of these held any interest for him—a deuced shame that a man had to witness this sordidness daily; why did it all exist anyway? All these urchins which now delayed the progress of his motor by scampering about in front of it would all grow up to be a set of ruffians and criminals. One couldn't expect the morals of this scum of—. These pessimistic and morbid thoughts were suddenly interrupted as their originator, awaking from his reverie, sat bolt upright listening intently as if to detect some faint and indistinct sound. Clinton ordered the car stopped and motioning the astonished chauffeur to be silent he listened again. No, he was not dreaming, he could hear it plainly now. From the mouth of a near-by alley the sweet full notes of a childish melody drifted to his ears above the noise of the surrounding district. With great surprise he realized that its harmonious qualities were almost identical to those of the song he had heard from the lips of the phantom-child.

As the song ceased the broker stepped from his car and hastened toward the source of the music followed by his chauffeur who was greatly alarmed by the peculiar actions of his employer. Hurriedly picking his way through the cluttered street, Clinton turned into the narrow alley with its sagging tenements bedecked with lines of multi-colored clothes and with crazy fire-escapes disfiguring their paintless sides.

Could this be she, the child of his dream, this ragged little girl with her peaked and wistful countenance, who stared at him from a neighboring stoop. Looking upon the delicate little creature again, he found in its large eyes and pretty mouth a resemblance to the child of his dream. Again he felt the irresistable force of love surging within him. Class distinction, money, all of the material things of life meant nothing to him now; he wanted to gain the love of this pitiable child and make her life a happy one.

Let an invisible but very attentive witness of the strange meeting, Mrs. O'Brien who happened at the time to be hanging out her washing overhead give an account of the scene.

"An shure now, Mrs. Clancey, the fine gintleman come up to Mary wid his hat in his hand and noivous-like begins to ask her questions. They talks for a while; me ears ain't what they used to be so I missed some of the words. Anyhow she starts off wid him in a big limoosine wid a chauffeur de gawking hathen what was always following the old gintleman. Yes, begorra, in a limoosine; Mickey Donovan seen them goin'.

Yes indeed, though grammatically at fault Mrs. O'Brien's story was undeniably true. Clinton finding that the child was an orphan and that she had supported herself by sewing since the death of her father, the year before took her home with him. His faithful servants were greatly shocked and the society columns were filled to over-flowing with accounts concerning;

"Millionaires eccentricities take new turn" and "Clinton adopts child from slums."

Ten long years passed. Again the papers contained numerous articles about Clinton's adopted daughter, no longer referring to her as "a child from the slums," but as "Miss Marie Wesly Clinton whose vocal talent promises great musical career."

Clinton, too, had changed. Time had left its trace discernible in the snowy whiteness of his hair and gathering wrinkles of his forehead. Mentally and morally, he had become a new man; inwardly he was altogether transformed. His friends and business associates noticed the new spirit of life and joy in him.

A most confidential friend once ventured to question Clinton about it. The old gentleman responded with a far away look in his eye and the corner of his mouth raised in the faintest suggestion of a contented smile, "I had a dream once and it--well, it came true."

THE ADVENTURES OF EVERETT LEISURE

David Rounds, '25.

Everett Leisure, son of Henry T. Leisure, famous bean king, who had started in business as a vender of hot dogs, and who had ended up as a manufacturer of canned beans, leaned back in his steamer chair and yawned. Yes, dear reader, Everett actually yawned! Everett, heir to a million, vamped by countless women, winner of various and many golf, shooting, and chess trophies, really yawned!

But why did he yawn? Ah, dear reader, that is the kernel, the nut, the embryo of the plot of this little tale. Everett was bored. He was tired to—well, almost to distraction from being followed around by purring matrons and gabbing flappers (how he dearly loved to call them gabbing flappers—not to their faces, of course). He wanted to get away from this lazy, contented existence. And Everett yawned again, right before his mother and Mrs. Galsworthy, his hostess, who was giving a party in honor of his twentieth birthday.

Suddenly, an idea came to Everett. Nothing suggested it to him. It just came up from behind and enveloped him. He would become a bootlegger! Danger? What of it? Excitement! Hot dog!

On the following day a Ford delivery car poked its way cautiously up the Leisure's driveway. It looked quite old but in good running order, and had the following faded legend on the side:

LEON RAMOWSKI
Groceries Provisions
17 High St. Tel. Main 8460

But if anyone needing groceries had called Main 8460, the operator would have informed her that Main 8460 was out of existence, and, on the person's insistence, would have given her Main 8390, to get rid of her. Moreover, if anyone strolling down High street had looked for number 17, he would have found it to be untenanted. For Leon Ramowski had become defunct in 1920, and his relatives had closed the shop and had sold the car to a mysterious person who went under the name of Noah Lott, and who turned out to be a bootlegger.

Lott was not, as you may have supposed, small and dark and foreign-looking. He looked about forty, and was rather stout. He wore an amazingly colorful salt and pepper suit, the hues of which were so violently contrasted that they had the peculiar effect on a normal person of making him sneeze. The coat was open and revealed a herring-bone waistcoat which had doubtless never been intended for use with this particular suit. Supporting this fanciful creation and in keeping with it was a pair of large green and tan sport oxfords, pointed at an angle of ninety degrees.

Out of the other end of the suit protruded a large face with placid blue eyes that asked casually what was going on, a snub nose, and the stub of an unlit cigar disappearing into a large and apparently loose mouth. Surmounting all this was a heavy straw hat with a purple and gold band.

This was the car and this the man who advanced up the Leisure's driveway. The car stopped at the back door, and Lott stepped out. Everett, who had been expecting him, came to meet him, and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Say, d'ya want a partner?"

Lott was shocked out of his nonchalance. "How come d'you think I want a partner?" he asked, mystified. "An' who you got in mind?"

"Myself," said Everett. "Say, Mr. Lott, I can get you all the customers you can take care of. My fa— my ol' man knows a bunch of men that want a good, reliable bootlegger. Now, I can get all these customers for us, and I think we could make piles of money."

Now, Lott had no intention of letting this twenty-year-old youngster into his business. But at the same time he knew that if he offended the son of Henry T. Leisure by a downright refusal, he would probably lose one of his best customers.

"Well, you see, fella," he said, after he had taken the cigar out of his mouth, "we're mighty pertikkler 'bowt who we take in on this biz. Now, if you was hired by a dry agent, which you ain't, of course, I'd be outta luck if I took you as my partner. And if you'd be the kind to throw me down when you get 'rested, you'd land me in the coop. But maybe you got the stuff in you, kid. I'll tell you what I'll do."

He paused, and Everett nodded appreciatively.

"I'll try you out on a job. There's four cases o' whiskey waitin' for me up in Meading. Now, you take my car up there, by highway

15. Meading is just a couple of miles across the Canadian border, on the highway. You go to Pierre LeMoine's saloon—anybody'll tell you where it is—an' ask for Pierre, an' give him this letter from me, so't he'll give you th' booze. Then you put the stuff in the rear o' the car, and cover it up, careless-like, 'sif it's clothes or somethin'."

Again he paused, and again Everett nodded.

"That's all easy. Now comes the hard part. You got to get the stuff back through the customs officials, to me. It's gettin' harder than it used ta be. Y'see, they're gettin' wise ta me an' the rest o' the guys. Hammond Deggs, a friend o' mine, got caught on that road a couple weeks ago. I pretty near got caught myself the last time, but I stepped on th' gas an' got away. The traffic's pretty heavy up there right now, and if you're a good driver and if you have a little luck you can usually get away if they start to search you. They stop 'bowt one in ev'ry four cars now, and you know what happens when you're caught. But if you get back with th' booze, I'll take you on as a partner."

"Everett swallowed hard, and adjusted his collar. "Well, I'll tell ya, Mr. Lott," he said, trying to assume the other's tone and manner, "On thinkin' it over, I guess that I can't do it. It'd take too much time, and I'm pretty busy these days."

That afternoon, Everett happened to drop in at the city's largest bank, to make a deposit. As he looked around at the impressive marble walls and tables, at the massive marble columns, and at the clerks and office-boys hurrying to and fro, he had an idea. "That," he mused, meaning banking, "is the business for me."

ALUMNI NOTES

'23

Bessie Gruber is attending the Bridgewater Normal School.

Beatrice Robbins is at Miss Leslie's School.

Robert Doten is at M. I. T. He is training to be a mining engineer.

Pierce Fitzgerald is attending Boston College.

James Dudley is now back at Andover. He was a candidate for the football team but was forced to leave the school because of appendicitis.

Fred Jackson is attending Bryant and Stratton where he is training to be an accountant.

Elizabeth Whiting is at the Baldwin Finishing School.

Harold Pastor is at Tufts; he is at present considering a bid to become a member of a frat.

Louise Hall, Eleanor Dolan, and Eleanor Hopkins are freshmen at Wellesley. Louise made the crew which is a great honor for a freshman. She is also in the choir. Eleanor Dolan plays on the second freshman tennis team.

Gladys Nordstrom has moved to Arlington.

Dick Rice is at Stone School as is Frank Thomas.

Bill Baker entered Harvard as a freshman this year but left to go to Colorado.

We understand that Bill Campbell and D. C. Dow, Jr., are a great pair of room-mates at Harvard. Milan Drake acts as referee for them.

Rex James is working and is learning the various branches of the woolen business.

Edith Quinn is at the Framingham Normal School. She made the basket-ball team.

Joe Guertin is keeping up the good work in studies and sports at B. U., he won his numerals for the track team.

Carroll McElligott is at Exeter.

'22

Henry Humphreys (our erstwhile "Dapper Dan") is upholding his high standards at Harvard.

John Field, Richard Carrol, and Irving Small are becoming studious at M. I. T.

Eliot Spalding has won a scholarship at Harvard where he is now a sophomore.

Frances Preble is working at the John Hancock.

"Tubber" Cronin has left Dartmouth and has transferred to B. C.

Joseph Little is training to be an M. D. at Tufts.

Constance Bailey and Margaret Lane were among the sophomores at Wellesley who received honors in studies.

Sid Rudman is a freshman at Harvard; he played on the freshman football team.

Phil Allen is at M. I. T.

Margaret Bacon is a sophomore at Sargent School.

Anita Carley and Grace Fair won honors at Radcliffe.

Richard Sanderson is a freshman at Harvard.

Izzy Zarakov was the star back on the Harvard freshman football team. It is said that the varsity coaches have their eyes on Izzy.

Rosamond Lane is at Radcliffe.

'21

Jack Purcell is back at Harvard again after being laid up for a short while with appendicitis.

Marion Alberts is a stenographer in the Sheriff's office.

Marie Sweeney is a stenographer in the Treasury Department.

Francis Drake is at Dartmouth.

Myrtle Graves and Elizabeth Lewis won Junior honors at Radcliffe this year.

Russell Brown is at M. I. T.

Marie Keller married Frank Holmes and is living in Springfield.

Henry Rand is working in the General Electric plant at Lynn.

Ruth Parker is a sophomore at the Garland School.

Ruth Grant is attending a secretarial school in Boston.

This is Helen Swezey's third year at B. U.

Lillian R. Johnson was married to David E. Baxter on Nov. 15, 1923.

'20

Margaret Lynch graduated from Sargent School and is now teaching.

Dorothy Kimball was married last June.

Fritz Kelly is now enrolled in "The College of Hard Knocks."

Isabel Hall is a Junior at Wellesley.

Lena Reed won Senior honors at Radcliffe.

'19

Dorothy Ramsey and Gertrude Brooks are seniors at Radcliffe.

Rita Bliss and Mr. Richard Kendall of Belmont are engaged.

Helen Parker is another C. H. L. S. Alumni who obtained honors in her senior year at Radcliffe.

Arthur L. Penniman was married to Marion O. Lamprey of Hampton, N. H., Saturday, Nov. 24, 1923 at Trinity Church, Boston.

Miss Lillian P. Ahearn was married June 6, 1923 to William A. Sidd, a Brockton boy. They are making their home in Arlington.

* * * * *

Raynor Whipple, '24, is matriculating at Exeter.

Ellen Hackett, '24, who was elected to the presidency of the G. A. A. for the coming year caused considerable excitement by her failure to return this fall; it was later discovered that she had been married.

ALPHABETICAL POEM: "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Dorothy Carroll.

A is for Annie, as shy as a wren,
B is for Barkis, most "willin' of men",
C for Miss Crupp, many ills she pretended,
D for our David, facing life undefended.
E is for Emily, in love she did grow,
F for the Faith that her Uncle did show.
G is for Gummidge, a "creature forlorn",
H is for Ham who in Yarmoutn was born.
I is for India where went Cousin Jack,
J is for Janet who drove donkeys back;
K for Miss Kitt of whom Dora did speak,
L for Miss Larkin whose heart men did seek.
M for Micawber financially poor,
N is for Nettingalls—a good school, I'm sure;
O for "Old Soldier", whose works all did dread,
P for our Peggotty, whom Barkis did wed.
Q is for Quinion for whom David worked
R for Miss Rosa where real 'spicion lurked.
S is for Steerforth, our David's schoolmate,
T is for Traddles, to be judge was his fate.
U for Uriah, a lawyer we see,
V for the Villain he turned out to be;
W for Wickfield whom Heep caused to fall,
X is for Xerxes—a stranger to all,
Y is a city called Yarmouth that time,
Z but a letter to help out my rhyme.



TWENTY-THIRD PSALM OF GEOMETRY

Miss M—is my teacher,
She maketh me explain hard propositions and she exposeth my ignorance to the class.
She increaseth my sorrows,
She causeth me to draw hard triangles for my classes sake,
Yea, tho' I study till midnight, I shall gain no knowledge for props. sorely bother me.
She prepareth a test before me in the presence of my classmates,
She giveth me a low mark,
Surely distress and sadness shall follow me all the days of my course,
And I shall remain in my geometry class forever. Amen.

H. A.

Nip: "Shay, where have you been?"
Tuc: "To a wedding."
Nip: "S'any good?"
Tuc: "Rotten."
Nip: "Who got married?"
Tuc: "I did."

"Are you a good driver?"
"Motor, golf, charity, pile or slave?"

Stewed: "Shay, mister, what's the name of that piece (hic) the orchestra (hic) is playin'?"
Stude: "Aw, don't bother me."
Stewed: "See here, mister, (hic) I want to know what that piece is they're playing."
Stude: "Go Feather Your Nest."
Stewed: "Aw go sit on a tack."

Miss B—: "Do you know whether the Ablative is used in that construction?"
"No."
Miss B—: "That's right."

First Pupil: "What mark did you get in your German test?"
Second Pupil: "Oh, it wasn't worth much, it was a German Mark."

Casey: "Did that car say subway?"
Murtagh: "I didn't hear it."

"Peg" Kelly: "I was in a dilemma."
"Flossy" Deschount: "That's nothing, my dear, I am going to be out in a Stutz all afternoon."

What Would Happen If—
Pete Burns didn't blush?
Ida Nesson's hair was straight?
Kingsley Hooker didn't wear knickers?
Red Finlayson's hair was black?
Joe Monison never laughed?
Ray Pearl went back to Room 74?

Mr. B.: "Have you ever had to do ten nights in the tardy room?"
Sophomore, bursting into tears: "Oh, no, sir, never!"
Mr. B.: "Well, well, my boy, don't cry, you're going to have to soon."

Miss S. accidentally whistled in Mr. Cain's law class. Mr. Cain asked her to stand up and give them a tune, and asked the class for a suggestion. Tom Cassidy immediately suggested: "You Can't Make a Fool Out of Me."

Pupil: "Teacher, may I change my seat?"
Teacher: "Why?"
Pupil: "Because everytime I turn my head it squeaks."

Miss Haggerty: "Give me the word for neighbor, meaning the woman next door."
Smith: "Masculine or feminine?"

Mr. Jacobs: "What can the states do?"
Pupil: "Anything the country doesn't do."

Mr. Whorisky after the orchestra has played a nerve racking piece: "Now we'll play 'The Star Spangled Banner'."
Surprised Violinist: "Why, that's the one I've just played!"

OUR MOTTO

Don't study when you're lazy,
Don't study when you're blue,
Don't study when you're tired,
Or have something else to do.

Don't study in the daytime,
Don't study in the night,
But study every other time,
With all your main and might.

It was recently announced in a New York newspaper that Harry Lauder generously decided to give $300,000 to the widow of the "Unknown Soldier".

Teacher: "What is the difference between a consequence and a result?"
Pupil: "A result is what you expect, and a consequence is what you get.

How They May Be Known
1924—If they are dignified.
1925—You don't need to tell them, they'll tell you.
1926—If they look almost human.
1927—If they believe in Santa Claus.

"Fond of reading aren't you?"
"Yes, sir, very!"
"Read all of Chaucer's works?"
"I don't know whether I've read his latest, you see so many new books are coming out."

Teacher: "What is a sampler?"
Pupil: "One who shows samples."

Scully (on a History Exam.): "The rivers and island waters were full of fish and forests."

Heard in English: Mr. Don: "What sounds are the sweetest to the ear?"
Pupil: "The Bell!"

Miss G—.: "Daniels, turn around! If you had been intended to sit the other way, the chairs would have been made differently."

A medical journal states that the weakest part of the body is the one most open to disease. We notice that many of the Freshmen have colds in their heads.

Miss Schroeder tells of a woman whose acquaintance with the English language was formed by a careful study of Shakespear and Tennyson. She was on the street car and as she neared her stop, she stood up in the middle of the car, and cried out, "Sir, cease the vehicle, I wish to dismount!"

Teacher: "What book will you read for a book report?"
Pupil: "Washington Irving's *Scrap Book*."

Senior: "What do you think of Ford as a Presidential possibility?"
Sophomore: "Fine, he has the makings of another Lincoln."

Freshman: "How long is the fifteen minute period?"

Latin Teacher: "What is peculiar about do?"

Voice in the rear: "It's hard to get."

Teacher: You have two zeros, all you need is one."

Pupil: "Thank you."

STATEMENTS TAKEN FROM COLLEGE BOARD ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

1. Things which are equal to each other, are equal to anything else.
2. Oceanica is a continent which contains no land.
3. Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.
4. Gravitation is that which if there were none, we should all fly away.
5. Louis XIV was gelatined during the French Revolution.
6. Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in one hour.
7. Palsy is a kind of new writers' dance.
8. Letters in special print are called hysterics.
9. The wife of a vassal was called vaseline.

Teacher: "Where was Charles the Fifth crowned?"

Pupil: "Er-er-a-, on the head."

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR TODAY

1. Did you ever see a cigar box?
2. How high can a ski jump?
3. How fast can a cow slip?
4. Did you ever see a pig iron?
5. Did you ever see a basket bawl?
6. How high can a horse fly?
7. Whom did the toboggan shoot?
8. How loud did the diamond ring?
9. How fast can a garden rake?
10. How soon will an automobile tire?
11. How many times have you seen a bell hop?

Lives of great men oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking many questions,
Use up recitation time.

Mullen (translating French): "Vous avez pent- être raison. You have perhaps raisens?"

Miss M—: "Didn't you bring your lunch?"

Teacher: "You all know the use of can; so we need not discuss it."

Pupil: "Do you mean can in the sense of tin?"

Heard in English: When the Queen received the diamonds she threw them into the stream and they floated along side of Elaine's barge.

Teacher: "Give the plural of ox."

Pupil: "Oxygen."

Mr. Derry told this story on himself:

Mr. D—.: "Spell dereliet."

Pupil: "Derrylicked."

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Miss Hardy: "Your name please."

Mr. Donahue: "Now at Harvard."

Mr. Sullivan: "Now down *my* way."

Mr. MacDonald: "You can take it or leave it."

Miss Driscoll: "And in addition to that."

Miss F. Smith: "In my last class of infants."

Miss Cox (to pupil trying to get a drink): "Have you permission?"

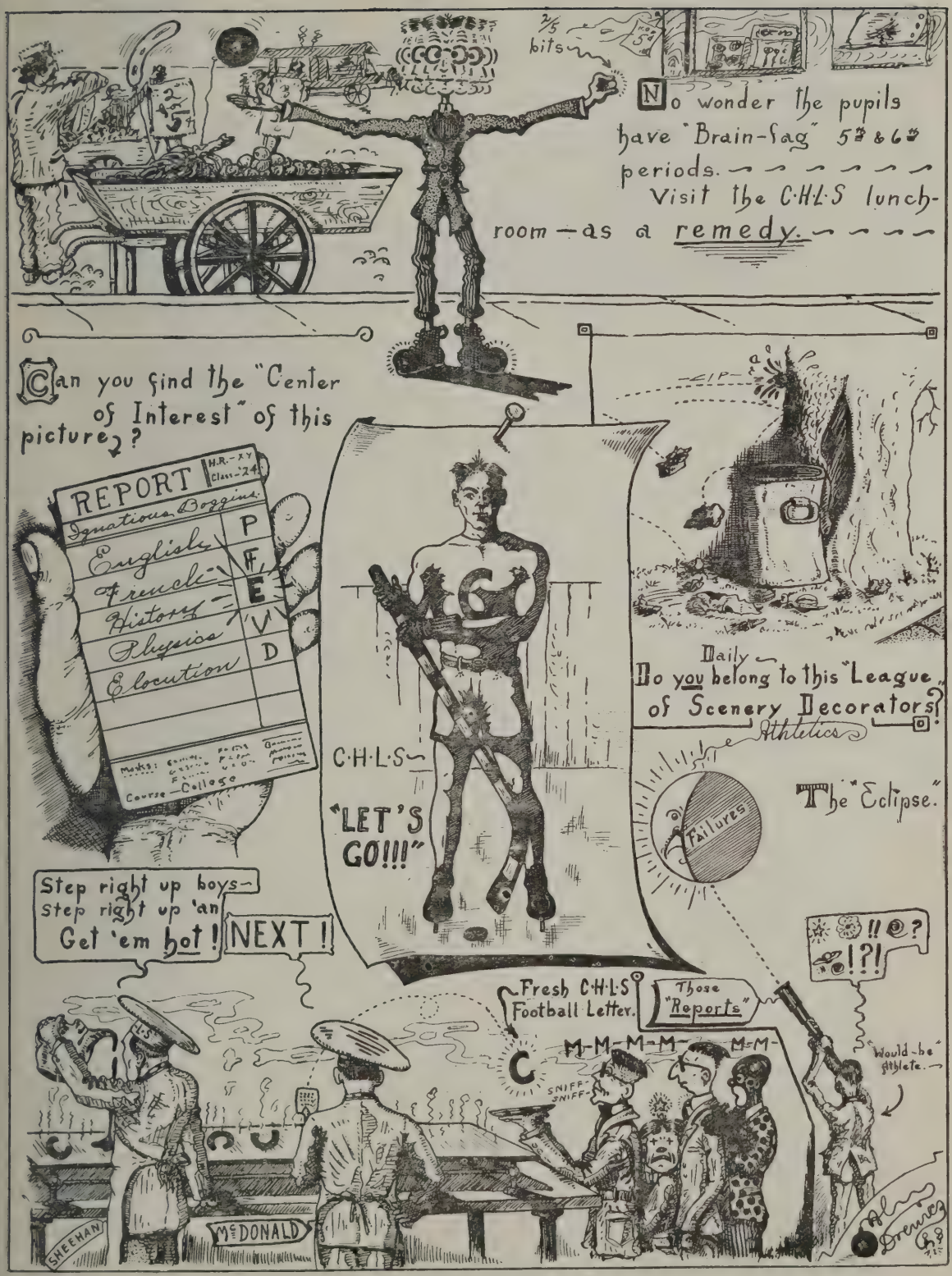
Miss Slade: "Oh, child!"

Mr. Sheehan: "Show your school spirit!"

Mr. Jacobs: "Now get this!"

Mr. Derry: "Now boys, move a'ong to your home rooms.

Miss Flanders: "According to Prof. Kittredge at Harvard."


2/5 bits
No wonder the pupils have "Brain-Sag" 5th & 6th periods.
Visit the C.H.L.S lunch-room — as a remedy.
Can you find the "Center of Interest" of this picture?
REPORT
H.R. — XY
Class — 24
Ignatious Boggins
English P
French F
History E
Physics V
Elocution D
Course — College
C.H.L.S
"LET'S GO!!!"
Daily
Do you belong to this "League of Scenery Decorators?
Athletics
Failures
The "Eclipse."
Step right up boys — Step right up 'an Get 'em hot!
NEXT!
!! ? !?!
Fresh C.H.L.S Football Letter.
Those "Reports"
M-M-M-M-M-M
SNIFF-SNIFF
Would-be Athlete.
SHEEHAN
McDONALD



LAS FIESTAS DE PASCUAS

CHARLES PENICK, '24.

Las fiestas de Pascuas comienzan el veinticuatro de diciembre y continúan hasta el seis de enero inclusivo en el mundo español. El seis de enero los Reyes Magos ofrecieron sus regalos a Jesús en el pesebre.

De la nochebuena todo el mundo empieza a expresarse uno al otro el deseo de que tenga felices pascuas. Una de las singularidades de las gentes españolas es dar saludos a todo el mundo sean conocimientos o no. El hombre latino dirá al potero, al cartero, al cualquiera hombre que se presenta.

La Nochebuena (Christmas Eve) la banquete de Navidad se sirve. Despues, la gente va en la calle y hace mucho ruido, algo como nuestra celebración del Fourth of July, hasta la Medianoche, cuando se celebra el servicio religioso que se llama Misa de Gallo (Cock Crow Mass) en las catedrales. No es extraordinario oír los hímnos españoles, y en América Latina se oye esta copea muy conocida—

Por Mendlesohn.

Oíd un son en alta esfera:
¡"En los cielos gloria a Dios,
Y al mortal paz en la tierra!"
Canta la celeste voz
Con los cielos alabemos
A Jesús que es nuestro bien,
Con el coro de Belén:
Canta la Celeste voz:
"En los cielos gloria a Dios."

NOTA: (La copla antedicha es una traducción de nuestro hímno, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing.")

También se canta esta canción de José Mohr—

NOCHE DE PAZ

¡Noche de paz, noche de amor!
Todo duerme en derredor.
Entre los astros que esparcen su luz,
Bella anunciando al niñito Jesús,
Bri.la la estrella de paz.

¡Noche de paz, noche de amor!
Oye humilde el fiel pastor
Coros celestes que anuncian salud,
Gracias y glorias en gran plentitud
Por nuestra bien redentor.

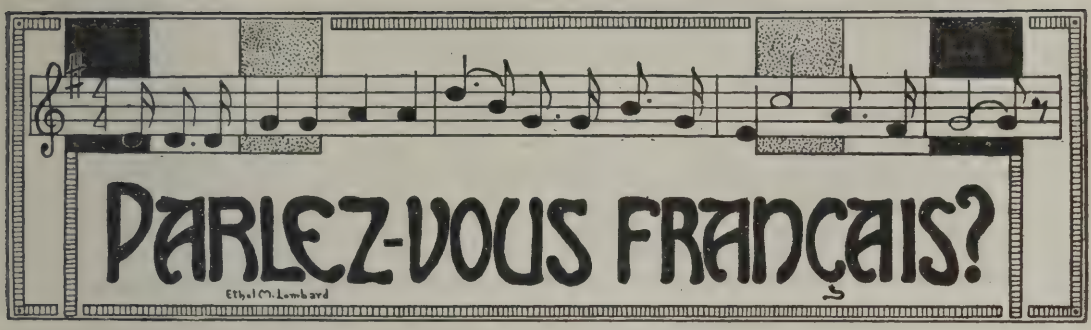
¡Noche de paz, noche de amor!
Ved que bello resplandor
Luce en el rostro del niño Jesús
En el pesebre de la Luz
Astro de eterno fulgor."

EL ANO NUEVO

Cuando acaba de dar las doce dela noche, el primero de enero comienza. En ese día nos sentimos animados de buena voluntad para todo el mundo, vemos todas las cosas de color de rosa. En ese dia cambiamos felicitaciones con nuestros amigos y conocidos, hacemos regalos a los ninos. En espana se da un aguinaldo o presente al sereno de la calle y a las personas que sirven en la casa.

En ese dia se saluda a los amigos y conocidos, on las felicitaciones: "¡Feliz año nuevo!"; "¡Un Año Nueve muy Feliz!"; "Un Prospero Año Nueve!"; "Salud y Felicidad!"; o "¡Salud y pesetas!" También es costumbre mandar tarjetas de felicitacion; en ellas se escribe: "Le deseo a Vd. unfeliz año nuevo." "Deseo un año muy feliz para Vd. y su estimada familia". Las tarjetas se contestan el mismo dia en que se reciben o en los primeros días del mes.

EL ECO.



LE NOUVEAU STADE DES ÉTUDIANTS A ÉTÉ INAUGURÉ

Le 6 mai a eu lieu, au nouveau stade du Paris-Université-Club, la grande réunion internationale universitaire athlétique tant attendue[1] par le monde estudiantin et par le monde sportif.

Deux cents étudiants étrangers, dont le célèbre Paddock, de l'Université de Californie, *recordman* du monde des 100 mètres, y prend part. De grandes fêtes, à Paris et à Versailles, avec des solennités sportives. Le dimanche soir, un feu d'artifice[2] et une retraite aux flambeaux[3] a eu lieu aux portes mêmes du stade.

Ce sera, on le sait, le plus grand stade de Paris. Entre le bois de Vincennes et le boulevard Poniatowski, de la porte Dorée à la porte de Charenton, il comprendra 14 hectares situés sur l'emplacement des fortifications.

Le stade englobe dès maintenant un terrain de *rugby* de dimensions réglementaires (144 mètres sur 100) entièrement gazonné. Une piste de course à pied, cordée de ciment armé, l'entoure. Elle a 500 mètres de long.

A côté du terrain de *rugby* 10 courts de tennis, dont un tennis d'honneur avec tribune pouvant contenir 10,000 personnes sont en voie d'aménagement.[4] Un terrain de pelote basque avec les deux murs réglementaires, de dimensions suffisantes pour qu'on y puisse jouer également à la longue paume,[5] est contigu au terrain de tennis. Il comporte également une tribune de même contenance.

Un vestiaire[6] tout monté va être apporté prochainement. Il contiendra une installation hydrothérapique et pourra servir à 300 athlètes à la fois. Un autre vestiaire, plus petit, sera aménagé sous les tribunes. Il y aura aussi un *grill-room* à l'usage des athlètes.

Un peu plus tard, vers septembre prochain, l'ensemble de ces installations sera complété par un stade sportif de moindres dimensions réservé aux enfants des écoles.

L'Université de France possédera alors un terrain de sports digne d'elle. Le stade actuellement réalisé a déjà fort bon aspect. On est en train d'y installer des tribunes et des plans inclinés où 30,000 spectateurs pourront prendre place. Des tribunes couvertes seront établies ensuite et le nombre des spectateurs pourra alors atteindre 45,000 sans difficulté.

(*Le Petit Journal*, Paris.)

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[1] (ÊTRE) TANT ATTENDU: so eagerly anticipated. [2] FEU D'ARTIFICE: fireworks. [3] RETRAITE AUX FLAMBEAUX: torchlight parade. [4] ÊTRE EN VOIE D'AMÉNAGEMENT: to be in the course of being arranged. [5] LONGUE PAUME: an old game, the precursor of racquet and the Basque "Pelote." [6] VESTIAIRE: dressing-rooms.

L'ORIGINE DE LA MARSEILLAISE

Le 20 avril, 1792 la France déclare la guerre à l'Autriche et à la Prusse. La proclamation en est faite solennellement à Strasbourg, le 24, par le maire chevauchant à travers les rues de la ville, suivi du Conseil municipal et précédé d'un piquet de troupes qui jouait un air à la mode, le "Ça ira." Cette ritournelle mesquine ne suffisait plus pour exprimer ce qui faisait ce jour-là battre tous les cœurs,

(Continued on page 26)



BASKETBALL

Basketball practice has started, girls! Have you signed up for it yet? The Sophomores and Juniors meet Wednesdays after school and the Freshmen and Seniors, Thursdays. Miss Brown is coaching them and she seems to think that there is some unusually good material this year, especially among the Freshmen. The teams will be chosen after the Christmas vacation. If you don't know how to play, but would like to learn, go down to the gym any afternoon and ask Jessie Wilkins, "Gertie" Sullivan or "Lolly" Wetmore to teach you. They are "sharks" at basketball, and if you know anything about the game after they have gotten through with you, the G. A. A. will award you for your intelligence. Seriously though, girls, we need your co-operation and if you don't care to play, support your class by going to the games. We need *your* help!

THANKSGIVING BASKETS

It is the habit of the G. A. A. to give baskets of food at Thanksgiving to needy people. A sum of money is taken from the treasury to pay for the meat, and the vegetables and fruit are donated by the members. This year, in accordance with that custom, three needy families were amply provided for, thanks to those who contributed so generously.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshman Party was held in the gymnasium December 8, at two o'clock. The Freshmen were asked to dress like women thirty-five years old or older, while the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors came as children between the ages of one and seven. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes, and there was a miscellaneous program. It turned out to be a very novel and laugh-provoking affair. To see those tall, dignified Seniors in rompers, and the little Freshies in their mothers' flowing gowns was well worth the price of admission.

The girl dance will take place some time in January. The exact date has not been decided upon as yet.

MEETING NOVEMBER 16

A large meeting was held in the gym, November 16 for the purpose of installing Elizabeth Gerould, the new president, and Barbara Southgate, the new executive officer.

Mildred Perkins opened and conducted the meeting until the president took the chair. Miss Brown gave a speech about school spirit and the purpose of the G. A. A. Barbara Southgate was then installed; after which, Elizabeth Gerould took the oath of office. The meeting was later adjourned and the Freshman initiation followed. Oh, what torture those poor little infants went through! If you don't believe it, ask them how they liked rolling a basketball across the gym with their noses.

However, the casualties merely amounted to a few broken eyeglasses, watch crystals, and bones (?). The Freshmen then received red buttons which they are to wear until the first of January as a signification of their initiation. The meeting closed with hearty cheers for Miss Brown and the G. A. A.



THE VALUE OF DEBATING

It is extremely fortunate that every year interest in high school debating increases. This shows that there is a growing tendency to make education an active force for fitting boys and girls for the duties and opportunities of citizenship. Our nation must draw its power of judgment from full and free discussions of matters of vital interest to the individual and to the State. Debating has proved to be a means of arousing interest in public questions when other methods have failed. A promised contest, where brain is to be matched against brain, as on the athletic field for the most part brawn meets brawn, moves the student to hard study quite beyond anything that could be brought about by the prodding and scolding of the Civics, History or English teacher. With such a spur to urge him on he delves more deeply into his subject, and reasons more closely than he otherwise would. He may experience for the first time the joy of really mastering the thing in hand. From the knowledge and experience thus gained comes an interest that usually lasts through life. If these things were the only benefit derived from debating it would well be worth the while, but this is not all. Debating helps to make the student open-minded, and instills in him realization of the fact that there are two sides to every story, and that the opinion of somebody else may be as good as his own. Knowing these things, no careful student of debating would flaunt his cock-sure views in the face of those who differ with him. Instead he would weigh their arguments with patience and fairness, and would listen courteously to any earnest, thoughtful speaker who really had something to say. He will not become associated with shallow, hasty reasoning and loose, empty speaking. He learns to come to a conclusion only after a careful weighing of facts. He insists of first-hand, exact information gathered from the best authorities on the respective subject, not evidence which has passed from mouth to mouth until its basis of truth is lost.

A false argument to a good debater's ear is like the shot of a gun close by. He detects the false argument immediately and prepares to attack it in his rebuttal. Good practice in rebuttal sharpens the wits and works for swift, clean, thinking. The training to reason clearly and orderly on a basis of fact, and to be able to judge when others are doing the same thing is of the greatest value. President Eliot, of Harvard, charges that there is among Americans evidence of an "absolute incapacity to form judgments on the presentation of facts and arguments". We have acquired a sad way of inaccurate thinking and slipshod speaking and of leaping at conclusions without sufficient evidence. The truth is obvious. It is time to call a halt to such harmful habits; that halt is called when our high school students turn seriously to debate, with its power to develop real mental fiber, its demand for virile, pointed speaking.

THE END OF AUTUMN

Look out upon this glorious world. Behold!
Autumn has turned the summer's green to gold,
Has brought to day the sunset's wondrous hue
With but the paint brush of the frozen dew.
How clear the air! How fresh and cool the breeze
That doffs that brilliant mantle of the trees!
Here falls a leaf, and there one flutters down.
How it doth vanish, that autumnal gown!
The trees in winter stand all cold and numb,
Praying with naked arms for spring to come.

Wilma Cannon, '25.



CAMBRIDGE 6, BROOKLINE 0

Cambridge Latin defeated Brookline High at Russell Field, 6-0. The game was a thriller all the way through but Cambridge seemed to have the upper hand. Cambridge lost the toss and kicked off to Brookline. The game see-sawed back and forth, neither team doing much of anything until the second quarter when, Joie O'Connell, aided by some wonderful interference, ran 95 yards for a touchdown on an off-tackle play.

Brookline seeing that it was impossible to penetrate the Latin School line or skirt the ends, resorted to forward passes which brought the ball into Latin School's territory. Carson, the speedy Brookline fullback, was the bright light in these plays. He threw the ball speedily and with remarkable accuracy, but the interception of one of these forwards by a Latin back stopped them. Brookline again received the ball again on the forty yard line. The forward passes were either grounded or caught. Carson, who had been shining for Brookline both throwing forwards and running the ends, attempted a drop-kick from the 50-yard line. It was a beautiful try, but fell short, about a foot under the cross-bar. From this point on Brookline was not dangerous and did not threaten the Cambridge goal.

Cambridge Latin played this game under a handicap and deserves a great deal of credit. It was minus the services of Capt. Casey, "Fudge" Murphy, Hugo Nelson and "Red" Finlayson. Despite the absence of these men Cambridge played good, steady, heads-up football.

"Joie" O'Connell, Ray Pearl, Don Kroell and Toothacher starred for Latin school while Capt. Kaplan, Carson and Daley featured for Brookline High.

The Line-Up

Cambridge Latin	*Brookline*
Moxham l. e.	r. e. Tuller
Rotman l. t.	r. t. Vachon
Cohen l. g.	r. g. Jerome
Murtagh c.	c. Tyler
Edmunds r. g.	l. g. Mercer
Toothacher r. t.	l. t. Kaplan
Kroell r. e.	l. e. Daley
Pearl q. b.	q. b. Hossley
Parker l. h. b.	r. h. b. McGuire
Kenney r. h. b.	l. h. b. McCarn
O'Connell f. b.	f. b. Carson

MEDFORD 28, CAMBRIDGE 0

Medford High swamped Cambridge Latin, 28-0 at the Fulton St. Playgrounds, Medford. Medford outclassed Latin in every department, both defensively and offensively. As this game was to decide the leadership of the league, there was more than an ordinary interest taken in this game and it was well attended by about 5000 fans.

Medford kicked to Latin who lost the ball on the first play, a forward being intercepted by Moore. Medford advanced the ball to Latin's twenty-yard line where Phelan was called back, supposedly to try a drop-kick. On the next play, he tossed a forward to Cunningham, who went over for a touchdown. Phelan kicked the goal.

Medford again kicked off and Latin tried to carry the ball down the field but could not do much against the Medford line. Medford gained a few yards but was forced to kick. The kick was poor and did not go far. Latin received the ball and marched to within the shadows of Medford's goal post but lost the ball here on downs. The half ended here.

Medford received the ball and aided by the end running of "Hank" Moore and the line plunging of "Bill" Leary managed to carry it the length of the field and push it over for a

second touchdown. The Latin School quarterback saw by this time that only desperate chances would win the game. He opened out and Latin began its desperate aerial attack. They began at their own 20-yard line and carried to Medford's 30 yard line. Here on the fourth down Murphy missed a twenty-five yard pass which would have no doubt resulted in a touchdown. Medford kicked to Latin's forty-yard line. Ellis intercepted a Latin forward pass and ran for a touchdown. Phelan kicked the goal.

Latin did nothing but throw forward passes for the remainder of the game. Towards the end of the game a substitute half-back on the Medford team intercepted a forward pass and ran for a touchdown. "Dick" Phelan kicked the goal.

Those who played well for Latin are Don Kroell, Rotman and Shaughnessy. "Hank" Moore, Leary and Capt. Murphy starred for Medford.

The Line-Up

Medford	*Cambridge*
Cunningham l. e.	r. e. Kroell
Baptiste l. t.	r. t. Pearl
Howe l. g.	r. g. Finlayson
Phelan c.	c. Murtagh
Nichols r. g.	l. g. Rotman
Murphy r. t.	l. t. Toothacher
Mander r. e.	l. e. Moxham
Ellis q. b.	q. b. Shaughnessy
Moore l. h. b.	l. h. b. O'Connell
Howell r. h. b.	r. h. b. Murphy
Leary f. b.	f. b. Kenney

EVERETT 14, LATIN 7

Before one of the biggest Thanksgiving Day crowds, Everett High defeated Cambridge Latin 14-7, mainly by the superb line plunging of "Eddie" Bond, the versatile Everett halfback.

Latin kicked to Everett and Bond ran the ball to the 30-yard line where he was downed by Rotman. Everett carried the ball right through Latin School's line but were forced to kick in midfield. Latin could do nothing so they elected to kick. Everett again marched and this time they did not stop until they had scored a touchdown. Bond kicked the goal.

In the second quarter the ball see-sawed back and forth on neutral ground until a blocked kick against Latin resulted in the second touchdown. The kick was blocked on the twenty-yard line and a few off-tackle runs by Bond and Giacobbi carried the ball over. After a few more plays the half ended.

Cambridge Latin kicked off to Everett who again tried to run the ends but were unsuccessful. A fierce tackle by "Nate" Rotman forced Giacobbi to fumble the ball and "Joie" O'Connell picked it up and ran for a touchdown. This seemed to stop Everett and encouraged Latin School who marched down to Everett's goal but lost the ball on the ten-yard line. Everett kicked out of danger. They exchanged punts and the quarter ended. It was now 14-7.

In the last quarter Cambridge Latin gained ground and again brought the ball into Everett's territory, but it lacked the punch to push it over. After an exchange of punts the Latin quarterback decided to throw forwards. These passes gained steadily and it looked as though Latin would push it over and tie the score. Latin School had the ball in Everett's territory when the game ended.

Hugo Nelson, Nate Rotman, Capt. Casey and "Willie" Cohen starred for Cambridge Latin.

"Eddie" Bond, Capt. "Bud" Terrio, Deering and Taylor starred for Everett High.

The Line-Up

Everett	*Cambridge*
Lownsherry l. e.	r. e. Kroell
Divenute l. t.	r. t. Pearl
Levine l. g.	r. g. Rotman
Connerry c.	c. Murtagh
Dorr r. g.	l. g. Finlayson
Deering r. t.	l. t. Toothacher
Terrio r. e. (capt.)	l. e. Moxham
Bond q. b.	q. b. Shaughnessy
Griffin l. h. b.	r. h. b. O'Connell
Giacobbi r. h. b.	l. h b. Casey (capt.)
Taylor f. b.	f. b. Nelson

CROSS-COUNTRY

On the whole the cross-country team has had a fairly successful season, having defeated Watertown, Boston University, '27, etc. Coach Smith had very few veterans to build this year's team around. The resignation of Capt. Murphy was a serious blow. "Fred" Meuse and "Joe" Maloney were the only veterans from last year, yet Coach Smith built a good team.

At present Coach Smith's hopes are running very high as every member of this year's team will be back again for another season.

The Review has written for this issue a few notes on each player of the 1923 football team.

Capt. "Ossie" Casey, in spite of his numerous injuries, played in most of the games. Although a small player, he consistently gained two or three yards and his tackling was of the fiercest nature as his opponents will verify.

Hugo Nelson was one of the leading signal-barkers in the schoolboy ranks. His work was a feature in all games.

"Fudge" Murphy's broken field running was sensational. He seemed to be a magnet drawing a number of forward passes into his arms.

"Nate" Rotman, the fiercest lineman in the Suburban League, was sure death to opposing line plungers. He is of All-Interscholastic calibre and deserves a great deal of credit.

"Joie" O'Connell could skirt an end successfully almost every time he attempted it. "Joie" was not down until he was firmly clasped in an opponent's arms.

Don Kroell, a newcomer in our midst, who readily showed Coach MacDonald that he was made of the stuff that real football men are made of. A sure ground gainer was the Kroell to Toothacher pass or vice-versa.

Ray Toothacher, a big fellow who broke up off-tackle plays time and time again. He ranks with the best schoolboy forward-passers in the state.

"Red" Finlayson was a big, rough fellow who could open a hole big enough "to drive a team" through. His defensive work was a treat.

"Ed" Murtagh ranked with the best pivot players in the league. His passing was of high order in every game.

Grant Moxham was one of the hardest tacklers on the team. His covering of punts was a feature in every game.

Ray Pearl was a tackle who, although he did not shine, always played a steady and consistent game.

"Red" Shaughnessy played quarterback the latter part of the season. He used the best of judgment in selecting his plays and could be depended upon to gain an end run.

"Willie" Cohen was a steady, dependable lineman who showed his worth in every game. He was a year on the defense.

"Ray" Parker was the big, plunging type of back who could gain two or three yards when it was needed.

"Stubby" Kenney was the best defensive back of the year. He was the battering ram of the team.

HOCKEY

Coach MacDonald called out the hockey team directly following the Thanksgiving vacation. He warned them to watch out for their studies first and secondly to be in good shape when the season opens. Capt. Hugo Nelson is very enthusiastic concerning the outlook of the team because of the wealth of experienced material that responded to his call. Besides himself, he has Roach, Becker, O'Connell and L. Fitzgerald as veterans. The promising newcomers are Ray Pearl, Toothacher, E. Fitzgerald, Kroell, King, Moxham, Murphy and Shaughnessy. The games at the Arena will be started shortly and the season will soon be in full sway.

CREW

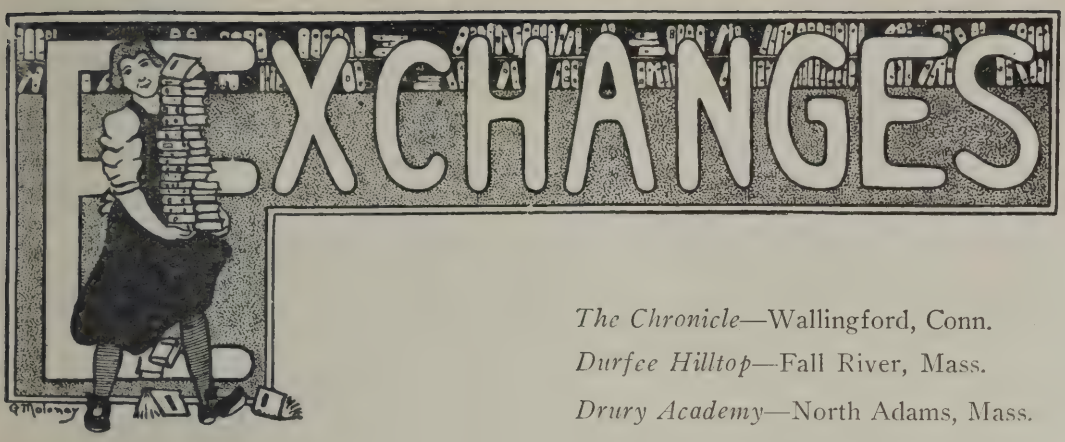
Despite the cold weather, about thirty crew candidates have been receiving weekly instructions on the fundamentals of rowing, both on the machine and in the shells. This early season practice should give our crews the advantage which preparatory schools have in the first races. Coach Jack Collier is very much encouraged to find, besides the veterans Finlayson, Winthrop, Hooker and Capt. Ganz, a wealth of material so many weeks before the hard work begins.

Efforts are being made to procure an "eight" to supplement the two smaller shells which are now in use. Should this prove successful, the opportunity of winning a crew letter would be extended to more men than in previous years, and the field of competition would be greatly enlarged.

Races for next spring are being arranged with the leading prep schools and with the support now being given, our crew should be able to uphold the prestige of our school.

RINDGE 33, LATIN 90

On Thanksgiving morning the Rindge cross-country team defeated Latin School's cross-country team by the score of 33-90. The first six men to finish were Rindge men. Capt. "Fred" Meuse of Latin was the first Latin man to finish.



And Christmas is here again! Isn't it a thrill? The Review staff have hung their stockings, so to speak, in expectancy of great stories, and material for the paper. We hope old Santa will fill the exchange stocking with a long list of exchanges. Our expectations are so tremendous that we've even obtained an out-size stocking!

Well, enough about our hopes. We all send the wish of a Merry Christmas and happy, satisfying New Year to you, meaning all teachers in all schools and all the pupils in all the schools.

Want to see our exchange list? We're delighted with it:—

The Argus—Gardner, Mass.

The Alphian—Owatowna, Mass.

The Academy Journal—Norwich, Conn.

The Aegis—Beverly, Mass.

The Briar—Rosebud, Montana.

The Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Me.

The Bowdoin Quill—Brunswick, Me.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

The Broadcast—Everett, Mass.

The Black and Red Review—Hannibal, Mo.

The Classical Gazette—Lynn, Mass.

The Chronicle—Wallingford, Conn.

Durfee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

Drury Academy—North Adams, Mass.

The Grotonian—Groten, Mass.

Gulf-Hi-Life—New Port Richy, Fla.

High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Hermonite—Mt. Hermon, N. H.

The Haskwell School Paper—Haswell, Col.

High School Tribune—Turlock, Cal.

"Inde"—Hanover, N. H.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Magna Vox—Charles City, Iowa.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona, Pa.

The Mountaineer—Butte, Mont.

The "News"—Dubuque, Iowa.

Our Dumb Animals—Boston, Mass.

The Orange and Blue—

The Orange and Black—Shickley, Neb.

Philips Exeter—Exeter, N. H.

The Spotlight—Chelsea, Vt.

The Sentinel—Leisenring, Pa.

The Recorder—Winchester, Mass.

The Red and Black—Newport, R. I.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Neb.

The X-Ray—Sacramento, Cal.

Our Opinion:

A very good Literary Department. Where are your jokes? The letters of the High School Boy in the Far East are interesting.

The High School Herald

Good Literary Department. Your exchange is scant.

The Grotonian

Very interesting Literary Department. Where are your jokes and exchanges?

The Aegis

Great Literary Department. The Art Section is worthy of encouragement.

The Briar

A good little paper.

The Alphian

A wide-awake paper.

The Durfee Hilltop

A keen paper! Let us congratulate you on having so remarkably fine a Head of the History Department.

The Academy Journal

A very good editorial, splendid stories, and clever limericks in the Joke Section. We like the cover! So artistic!

The Bowdoin Quill

"Society" was extremely well written, and presented a startling truth about society. We liked the poem "Lamentace".

The Quill

Fine exchange and Athletic Departments, too. The jokes and poems were exceptionally good. Why not have more stories?

(Continued from page 19)

le sentiment de la patrie en danger, et le grand souffle de la Liberté!

Le soir, le maire, Frédéric Dietrich, réunit en un banquet d'adieu, dans sa maison de la place de Broglie, les officiers qui allaient se séparer pour rejoindre leurs postes de combat. Tous étaient jeunes, pleins d'ardeur, d'activité, de généreux espoirs et de fortes résolutions devant la gravité des événements. Leurs noms? Broglie, d'Aiguillon, Duchatelet, Desaix... Rouget de Lisle. Ce jeune capitaine du génie en 1770 était devenu l'un des familiers du maire. Il rimait agréablement, composait des airs de musique pour ses romances, jouait du violon.

"Il faut un chant de guerre pour nos jeunes soldats" dit Dietrich. "Je vais proposer un prix pour le meilleur; qui donc va le composer?" Rouget de Lisle est tout désigné. L'on se sépare joyeusement, bien avant dans la nuit; le capitaine regagne son logis, la tête en feu, plein de l'idée qui vient de lui être donnée. Une flamme nouvelle l'envahit tout entier. Il saisit son archet et fait chanter son violon dans la nuit...

"Allons Enfants de la Patrie"...
c'est votre vision qui exalte le soldat poète...
"Amour sacré de la Patrie"...
c'est toi qui conduis la main du musicien; et la mélodie se déroule, et les paroles s'enchaînent...
"Aux armes citoyens"...
tous les Français entendront ce cri!... Et le célèbre refrain prend corps. À l'aube du 25 avril 1792, le chant immortel était né.

Rouget l'apporte à Dietrich, qui réunit aussitôt les amis de la veille. Sa femme compose un accompagnement que sa nièce joue au piano, et l'air nouveau, le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin, est chanté pour la première fois, aux acclamations émues de l'assistance. La musique de la garnison l'exécute, des colporteurs l'apportent à Marseille, d'où des volontaires, quittant en juin leur ville natale, vont le porter à Paris, le semant tout le long de la route. C'est ainsi qu'il devint le Chant des Marseillais.

(*Courrier Français de Mexico.*)

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Jan.	8.	Arlington at Cambridge.	
"	10.	B. C. High at Cambridge.	
"	12.	Harvard Freshman at Harvard.	
"	15.	Cambridge at Malden.	
"	16.	Harvard 2nd at Harvard.	
"	19.	Cambridge at Pomfret.	
"	22.	Cambridge at Melrose.	
"	24.	Cambridge at Boston Latin.	
Jan.	26.	Cambridge at Belmont.	
"	29.	Cambridge at Newton.	
"	30.	Cambridge at Andover.	
Feb.	5.	Stoneham at Cambridge.	
"	6.	Cambridge at Exeter.	
"	12.	Brookline at Cambridge.	
"	16.	Cambridge at St. John's, Danvers.	
"	19.	Cambridge at Rindge.	

Round Robin of First Four in League Standing at End of Year will be Played in the Arena for Championship

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

ATTENTION!

GRADUATES
AND OTHERS

The Class of 1923 will hold its Reunion Dance

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YOU ALL
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and A Very Happy
and Prosperous
New Year

XMAS SUGGESTIONS

1. A tuxedo for "Ossie" Casey.
2. A rattle for "Red" Finlayson.
3. A wheel-chair for "King" Hooker.
4. A new car for "Ted" Nolen.
5. Curling-tongs for "Bill" Rivinius.
6. A copy of "Life in Gay Paris" for Evelyn Frost.
7. A hockey team for Mr. McDonald.
8. A lollypop for Eleanor Holmes.
9. A Book of Etiquette for Jack Carr.
10. A few E's for the 5-year students.
11. An automobile to carry weekly (weakly) hikers for the K. B. club.
12. A nursing bottle for Don Howard.
13. An appreciative humorist for Imogene Garner.
14. A daily 8.29 express for Althea MacDonald.
15. Roosevelt's speech on "The Abuse of Property" for the statues in the hall.
16. A French sweetheart for Lawrence Plowman.
17. A pair of handcuffs for Lawrence Walsh.
18. A divan for the Review office.
19. A book on the art of wrestling for Bill Anderson.
20. A diploma for Irving Flax.
21. Some toys for Wellman Roys.

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School of Engineering



Class in Electrical Measurements Laboratory, Northeastern University

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3. Electrical Engineering
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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Cambridge High and Latin School who have included algebra to quadratics and Plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from $250 to $600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

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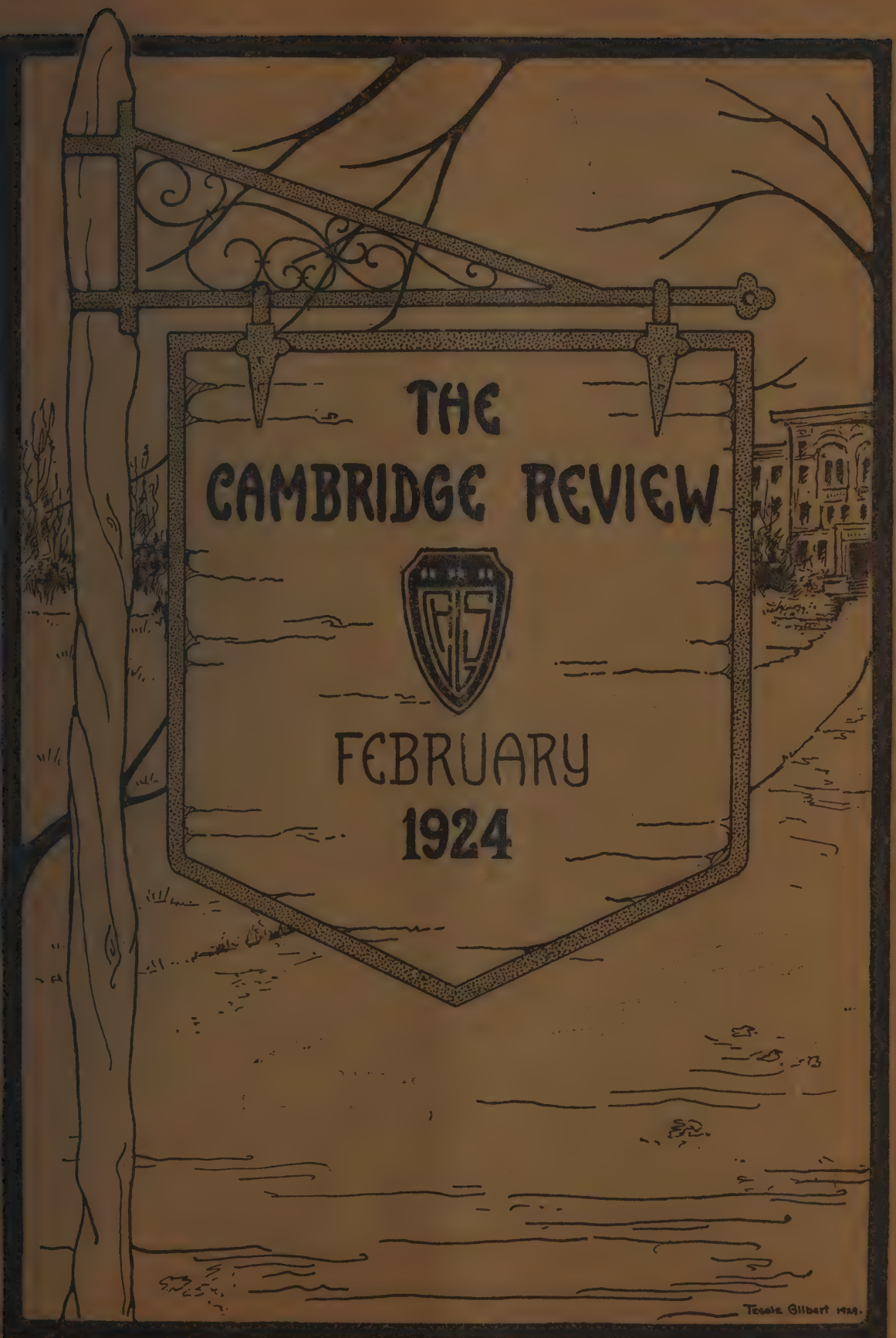
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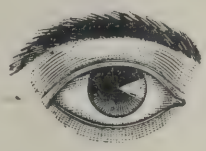
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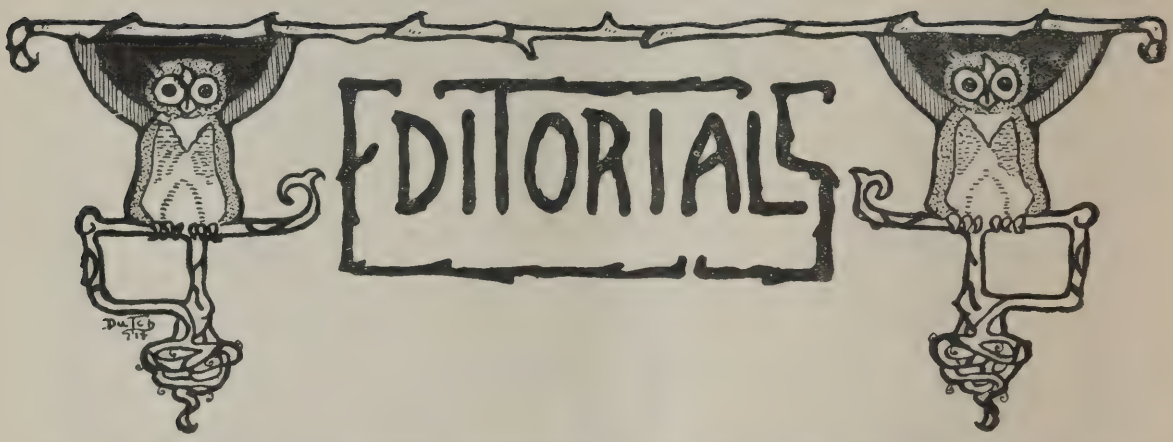
Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 38 Number 3

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Tessie '19 33 Gilbert



THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

"THE ROMANTIC AGE"

The Seniors of the Class of '24, following in the footsteps of talented previous classes, astounded their audience with the brilliant presentation of "The Romantic Age" at Brattle Hall, February 8 and 9.

Contrary to the opinion of many who thought that such a juvenile cast would be unable to grasp the real significance and romanticism of this production, the cast's conception and dramatization of the play were remarkable, soaring far above even the high standards which we who were convinced of their dramatic ability had set for them. The production was unblemished by the crudities and faults which characterize most amateur performances, and was a finished and polished drama reflecting the highest credit upon the ability and ingenuity of the performers.

But again, as in former years, we must turn with grateful hearts to our friend and coach, Miss Lillian R. Hartigan. Finding talent hidden where nobody else had sensed it, she drew it forth and with that infinite nicety of touch which graces her work, she transformed it into the dramatic soul of her cast. Little does the audience realize the hard work and nervous tension which Miss Hartigan undergoes in her untiring, unselfish preparation of a drama. Her constant devotion of time and energy to this activity has made it the outstanding annual event of the school, to be anticipated by graduates and members of the student body. The success of this year's drama is but an additional link in a long chain of previous triumphs.

Frances Sullivan, as the idealistic Melisande, made a charming, lovable heroine. Her soft, sweet voice was admirable, and her low, emotional tones, graceful poise and movements blended perfectly with the character. She is equally attractive as the dreaming princess searching for romantic happiness and as the disillusioned modern girl surrounded by the realities of life. Her interpretation of this part was one of the successes of the play.

William Beers, playing the part of Gervase did remarkably well. His, too, was a difficult part and might have at almost any time, been reduced to absurdity had not he played it as he did. A role which is at all removed from realistic and material view of life is particularly hard to play, and Beers deserves great credit for his understanding and complete mastery of the character. He portrays with equal ease the knight of the dim past and the modern gentleman.

Helen Richardson, in her impersonation of the eccentric Mrs. Knowle, did an excellent piece of work. Her voice and stage bearing were particularly adapted to the part. The appropriate expressions and movements, accompanying her words added greatly to the vividness of her portrayal of the character.

Mr. Knowle was perfectly played by Fred-

erick Cole. Cole lived in the part; his every gesture and speech was that of an English gentleman, well pleased with himself and the world in general. His witticisms were so cleverly directed and illustrated that the audience could not help appreciating them.

Fern Murray was delightful as Jane. She showed real dramatic ability in several places and her clear, expressive voice and clever interpretation were decided assets to the success of the play. Her scenes with Bobby and Melisande were particularly well executed and filled with real humor.

Burke Rivers starred in the role of Bobby, and his several proposals were very amusing; his embarrassment and consternation under the sting of Melisande's reproach were very realistic and he won the sympathy of the audience. He carried off the part of an Englishman with remarkable ability.

In Evelyn Frost, playing the part of Ern, we have a real actress. The part was a most difficult one, and might have been readily overdone, but constantly guided by discretion, she played it extremely well. Evelyn had to appear in rather a grotesque costume and play a very unnatural character, but she lost none of her self-possession, and carried off the laurels.

Antonio Serino, too, lived in his part. His bearing, speech, and gestures were all those of Gentleman Susan, and not one of them characteristic of Serino himself. His slight accent added a touch of realism to the character and lent beauty to his interpretation. Serino proved himself "one with the poets in spirit" in the significant way in which he quoted his lines. We feel that he is quite competent to play a much larger part.

Ruth Titus was an ideal maid. Her quiet, courteous manner and clear voice were well suited to the part. We wish that she might have had a longer part that she might have been better able to show her ability.

The one last exquisite touch which completed the charm of the play was the beautiful melody in Act II so well rendered by Donald Howard. Nothing could have enhanced the beauty of the woodland scene as did that simple love song.

With the material described above, moulded by the skilled hand of one so experienced in dramatic art as Miss Hartigan, what could have resulted but a marked success?

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES.

The contest for the music of the school ode began February 1st, and will close the end of the month. In the contest, the music in an envelope, is to be given to Mr. Whoriskey, and in another envelope the name and number of the participant to Mr. Bramball. The manuscript submitted must have no means of identification other than the number chosen, otherwise it will be thrown out. Those in charge reserve the right to reject any and all material submitted, provided it does not reach the standard required.

All students of the school are urged to take active part in the contest, so that we may have a school song which we will be proud to hand down to future classes.

The Senior assemblies have started, and soloists are being heard from time to time. At the assembly January 17, 1924, Martha Zapoloski played on the piano, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso", which was preceded by a brief sketch by Mr. Whoriskey on the character of Mendelssohn's numerous compositions.

On January 24, 1924, Dorothy Carroll played old-time songs on a musical saw, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Whoriskey. The saw used was an ordinary one, and the tones were produced by striking upon it. The sound resembled that of a whistle.

On January 31st, Fred Fay, a freshman, played on his 'cello, Braga's Angel Serenade, and was accompanied by his brother Edward on the piano.

At the (Thursday) chorus appreciation class January 31st, Maude Hingley played a piano solo, and Joseph Mangano, a violin solo.

The Glee Club is looking for new members for its contest with Rindge. First tenors, boys with unchanged voices, are especially wanted.

The Mandolin Club is now meeting Thursdays, after school. All students who play instruments which belong in this group are invited to join.

We are sorry to say that a member of the Review staff, David Rounds, has been forced to resign his position.

We wish to commend and thank him publicly for his good service in bettering this year's publication. This leaves the position of advertising manager vacant and any desiring to apply for this position may be interviewed at the Review office.

JUNIOR ELECTION.

On the fourteenth of last December, Mr. Cleveland called an assembly of the Junior class. He explained to them the rules that were to govern the election.

The next day those desiring offices began their petitioning, for each aspirant had to have at least sixty names on his list to be eligible.

On Wednesday, the nineteenth, the election was held in the Review Office, and the following officers were elected for this year.

President.....Edward Murtagh
Vice-President.....Russell Semple
Secretary.....John Fair
Treasurer.....Thomas Kenney

Pin Committee.

Barbara Adams
Anne Curtin
Evelyn Stokes

The election was closely contested. Murtagh, the President, defeated Gibson by only ten votes. More closely contested was the election of Treasurer Kenney, who came into office with only five votes to spare.

G. L. '25.

IVES BUSNELL.

It grieves us greatly to announce the death of Ives Busnell, a member of the class of 1923. Ives entered into school activities in a quiet, unpresuming yet energetic way so characteristic of him, always ready to work and help.

Few persons of his age have shown such a pronounced artistic ability, and great credit is due him for the success of the art departments of the '23 Review and Year Book.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to have been able to call Busnell a friend loved him for his earnestness, willingness and simple strength of character.

It seems almost unbelievable to us that Fate should have seen fit to take away this talented classmate upon the verge of entering an inevitably successful career.

WOODROW WILSON

Since the last issue of The Review appeared, an American of world-wide reputation has laid aside earthly cares. Woodrow Wilson was a man of extraordinary ability and remarkable strength of purpose. His loftiness of mind and character lifted him far above the petty sphere of self-seeking politicians. As chief executive of the United States, he acted as his conscience and sense of duty to the people directed, although often the opposition of political adversaries was almost overpowering.

Wilson took the helm of our Ship of State when the storm clouds of war were thickening and the dark, raging waters of political strife were harassing the vessel and impeding its progress. All through the tempest, even when the huge waves swept over the decks menacing the sacred craft, the pilot held to the course, directing the passage of his ship with that cool, confident air characteristic of his whole career, till he had weathered the storm and brought the Ship of State to rest in the harbor of world peace and national prosperity and quiescency.

Now a great soul has fled this earthly sphere to go to seek its resting-place far remote from all human strife and earthly grievences. Gone—yet never to be forgotten, chronicled on the pages of history—Woodrow Wilson a man for the Ages.

STUDY! STUDY! STUDY!

Our school year is now approximately half over; in another four months the summer vacation will stand waiting with outstretched arms to carry us far away from the horrors of dull books, home lessons and study rooms into the luxurious realms of leisure, to Nature's haunts and God's great out-of-doors.

Only four months to go; we are literally on the home stretch. Let's go, and wind up the year in good shape.

Think of those college boards which are looming up in the distance—not very distant either—just think of them and study on these long winter nights.

It won't be long before those warm spring days are upon us with their azure skies, soft balmy breezes and beautiful evenings; it is then that the student works under difficulties.

Don't put off till tomorrow what you can and ought to do today. Altogether now—study! study! study!

THE PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN.

The average practical business man looks upon art and drawing in his boy's or girl's life as a "frill", and he often wonders why educators don't get down to practical things in his child's education. But is drawing so unpracticable? Where does a man's house come from if not from a drawing? How would his clothes come into being if it were not from a pattern? His cigar has to be made by a machine made from a drawing. The furniture in his house has to be made from drawings. How would he ever have had a desk in his office if it were not for a drawing? Or a chair, or a pen, or a telephone, or his inkstand, or—well, let him name anything he likes in his office—except himself—and in every case he comes back to a drawing. The building in which he has his office; the trolley in which he rides; or his automobile; or the railroad car—each came from a drawing. Isn't it that we just don't understand or haven't thought about it, that we are apt to think of art or of drawing as a "frill". And yet in our public schools, what time is given to "drawing, art and all that sort of thing!" But what is more fundamental?

—Ladies' Home Journal.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

C. H. L. S. upon the recommendation of Mr. Cleveland and Miss Hartigan, has joined the Students' Repertory Theatre Association, an organization founded under the auspices of the Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Club, and whose purpose is to encourage the development of dramatic art in pub ic schools and to create an interest among the young people of today in better drama and literature. Most of the high schools in the vicinity of Boston are enrolled as members of this league. The voting membership of the association consists of members from each school—the principal, a teacher and a student. Representatives from our school are Mr. Cleveland, Miss Hartigan and Elizabeth Gerould.

Because of this movement it is now possible for pupils to witness any of the regular performances at the Copley Theatre at greatly reduced rates. Too, the various schools have opportunity to bring their dramatic productions before the public eye, for once a month, a high school cast has the privilege of appearing at the Copley Theatre.

The Winthrop High cast, staging "Grumpy," was the first to appear; the play was well rendered and its reception by the audience extremely gratifying. C. H. L. S. followed, presenting its senior drama, "The Romantic Age," with equal success.

The Mandolin Club has been recently organized and fifteen veteran "strummers" reported. At the first meeting, elections were held and the following officers were elected for the year: Michael Portanova, President; Beatrice MacDonald, Vice-President; Stanley Gauz, Treasurer and Leroy Anderson, Secretary. "Jack" Leahy was selected as leader and "Bob" Swezey is acting in the capacity of publicity manager. With these "live wires" on the job a very successful year is confidently expected.

The Class of '22, having viewed the great success with which the ably-managed '23 dance met, ran a dance at Beech St. Bungalow on Friady evening, February first. About fifty-five couples attended and the affair was extremely well conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall, Misses Hartigan, McElroy, Morton and mothers of several of the committee members acted as a reception committee.

The Cambridge Latin Hi-"Y" Club has started its year with a flourish.

On November 30, it entertained nine tentative candidates for membership with bowling, swimming and talks by members of clubs in other cities. After the meeting refreshments were served.

On December 14, the Initiation and Induction Ceremonies were held. The new members, Ray Pearl, David Rounds, Sperry Shea, Don Tiffany, George Larson, Donald Whittemore, Hugo Nelson, Arthur Thompson, Robert Davis, Don Kroell, Jim Conger, Grant Moxham and Raymond Toothaker were taken in amidst much hilarity.

Together with the Rindge Hi-"Y" the club held a Christmas party for 28 kiddies from the Cambridge Welfare Union, on December 21. The kiddies were entertained by a magician, stories by Mr. Wardle, Santa Claus, a Christmas Tree and enjoyed refreshments.

A basketball team was organized and held its first practise, December 27.

The K. B. Club ran its Annual Dance, Sat., Feb. 16. The girls and their escorts were taken out to Newton in sleighs and a dancing party was enjoyed till late in the evening. The dance was determined one of the best in years.

LATIN V OUTING.

On January 18, in the auditorium of the High School of Practical Arts, Roxbury, under the auspices of the Classical Club of Greater Boston, Mr. Derry and his fifth-year Latin class saw the interesting spectacle of Spartacus in the motion-picture! Yes, there he was with his lady-love Narona, his sister Idamia, his friend Artemon, his enemy Noricus, and his consul and conquerer, fat Crassus, all in six reels. The picture gave an interesting idea of Rome, about 73-71 B. C. The Romans always feared a slave uprising, and that was why Spartacus so quickly terrified the people when he defied Crassus and fled to the hills around Vesuvius. This film was photographed on the spots where the original events took place, nearly 2,000 years ago. One quite noticeable anachronism was the "marcel" in the heroine's hair; but, on the other hand, there is one thing for which we should be thankful: the producers did not put Jack Dempsey or Douglas Fairbanks in the hero's part, but chose instead one who, perhaps resembled more an ancient Roman, Signor Mario Ausonia. The only criticism that could be made of his acting was that he ogled too much the fair Narona.

One defect in the projection of the film last Saturday, was that the impoverished city of Boston could not afford a new clutch for the motion picture projector, and therefore, the film had to be stopped, whenever an exciting event was about to occur, and be wound. This was explained to the audience, and sympathy was asked for the operator by Mr. Perkins, a prominent Latin teacher in Dorchester High School.

Latin V was well represented at the production, if not in quantity, yet certainly in quality. Mr. Derry, Frederick William Lorenzen, and William Hill Greene were the only ones who were sufficiently interested in the fate of Spartacus to take tickets for the performance. William Hill Greene.

DOWN EAST.

I

The "Hannah Ellis" was old and rotten. No one could deny it. Built in the nineties, she was once a swift and beautiful schooner; but hard use during the world war had killed her spirit and made her a leaky old hulk, with open seams. No longer could she prance on her course, before a fresh nor'wester, her stem cutting the great blue Atlantic into two flying white streams. No longer did her white sails and shiny hull reflect themselves in the water on a calm day, like a yacht. No longer did she outsail racing yachts, when their course was the same. She was broken. A drudging tub, she had to be pumped out twice a day, and, when they hoisted her dirty sails and sent her patched-up hull crawling through the water, leaks oozed through her open seams.

Captain Solomon Slocum, her skipper, known only as "Cap'n Sol", walked down to the wharf and looked at the "Ellis". He thought of the days of her prime, and then looked at her now. He said, "Look at her! She is a broken vessel! Why? Because those beastly Germans must kick up a fight, and make us work our hides off to live! And then they work *her*, until she, the swiftest vessel on the coast in '99, becomes a vessel with a broken back! Whenever those steamboat men see her, they jeer at me—about her! Curse them all! But let 'em say what they may. She's still the best schooner on the coast."

Then he climbed aboard, shouting, "Ahoy, Obed! We're goin' down to Cherryfield termorrer. You jest step up to the store and git some grub fer the trip."

Obed Parker, old and rheumatic, climbed groaning and squeaking up the companionway, saying "All right, Sol, if we kin git down to Cherryfield without visitin' Dave Jones we'll be blamed lucky, I'm thinkin', but money's money and we ain't related to Rockyfeller. Load o' staves, be it?"

"Wal, I don'no, Obed. You see we hain't exactly got a cargo yit, but Jabez Conary, down to Scallop's Nub, got a good load down there, so I guess we can. Y' see them steamboat fellers can't git up Narraguagus Passage. She's only three fathom deep at full tide."

"D'ye think *we* kin, Sol? Y'know we draw seventeen feet, and the tidal currents are very strong thereabouts."

"What's ailin' ye, Obed? Of course we can. You must be gittin' nervous as ye git on in years. Run up to the store, like a good boy, and git that there grub."

So Obed, wheezing and groaning, toddled off to the store.

It was rather curious, but Sol always used this mode of address for his mate, although he was only seventy-eight years of age, and

Obed was seventy-six. Sixty years before this time, both had run away to sea, and ever since they had sailed the world over together. At present they could not get cargoes. Merchants would not risk their cargoes in the "Hannah Ellis", and Sol and Obed had to live on what they earned by going out in her tender and fishing. That is, Sol fished, and Obed *bailed,* for she was as bad as the schooner itself.

II

Before dawn next day, while the village was sleeping, the moon alone witnessed the departure of the pride of the nineties. "Cap'n Sol" let down the tender, and tying her nose on to the schooner's stern, vainly essayed to make the cumbersome pile of rusty iron in the tender respond to his operations on it. By the time that Obed had untied the vessel and manned the pumps, a terrible bark came forth from the junk heap, and not long after, with a series of barks and a corresponding series of convulsive shakes, the tender's nose plowed into the schooner's stern, and pushed the old "Ellis", shaking as if with palsy, out into the river. This, I am sure, must have caused the moon to make a remark. In fact, we have evidence that it said "The pride of '99 is fallen. The 'Ellis' is on the edge of the grave. God he'p her. Heaven knows that she will need it." And with these remarks it gave place to the sun.

III

While the schooner jarred her way towards the open sea, with Sol at the wheel, Obed prepared their frugal breakfast. The cabin was in extremely poor shape. The smoke from the stove, which was falling to pieces, filled the cabin, and the walls were blackened by years of similar smoke. The berths, filled with ragged bedding, were far from comfortable, and the table, in the middle of the cabin, was so rickety that in a sea way they had to hold it as they ate to keep it from falling to pieces. Their clothing was hung on hooks about the wall, and in a corner was a pail in which they washed. Water was kept in a couple of hogsheads just forward of the cabin. Wood for the stove was piled in a box near it, and as the vessel rolled the wood rattled in the box. Provisions were kept in a big locker astern, and just above it the ship's compass was suspended in gimbals. This and an "Old Farmer's Almanac", hung by it, constituted the schooner's whole navigating equipment.

When breakfast was ready Obed relieved Sol at the wheel, and the latter went to his meal. This consisted of some pie, which few would have recognized, and some black fluid, more like bilge water than coffee. Finishing, Sol went on deck and took the wheel, while Obed ate his meal. They were rounding the fairway buoy at Bass Harbor.

On Obed's return, observing a slight breeze from the sou'west, Sol said "Let's get the lowers on her, Obed," and leaving the old vessel to steer herself they hoisted the mains'l and fores'l, and then Sol returned to the wheel. Obed hoisted the jibs, and then went aloft, with difficulty because the rigging was as poor as everything else, to set the tops'l. Coming down, he started to pump her out. They were now passing Baker's Isle Light, and an hour afterward passed Petit Manan. At dusk they turned around the spindle on the Brown Cow, and took in sail. In an hour they entered Addison Point Harbor, the staccato bark of the motor changing curiously the quiet of the night. But soon the motor was stopped, and the chain rolled through the hawse-hole, and the night was quiet. That age-old schooner never lay at anchor in Addison Point Harbor again, but Sol and Obed slept all too unconscious, and worried not.

IV

When Sol got up Obed had already prepared their breakfast and eaten his portion. After eating, they went on deck. A dense fog had come in, so that from the wheel they could not see the foremast, and on top of the easterly swell (caused by a severe storm of about a week before) was considerable chop, and this chop was increasing rapidly in a fresh easterly wind.

"Pretty risky, gittin' up thet there channel, Sol. Are you goin' to try it?" said the *mate.*

"Of course I am," replied Sol. "Can't afford to lose any time in port. But I won't carry any sail, Obed, she won't mind her helm well, if I do. Now, you go forward and hoist anchor. Then keep a good watch-out. Wait a minute—here's the horn. Keep her goin'. If you want me to steer to starboard, give her two blasts— to port, three."

Then Sol, with the usual difficulty, started the engine, and the schooner nosed her way out of the harbor, giving them just a brief glimpse of the lighthouse at the entrance. Now they were surrounded by the thick, white fog, and as the vessel plunged from her perch on top of a huge wave they knew that they might at any moment crash on some reef, and break to pieces. But they did not, for Sol,

with the unerring instinct of an experienced pilot, "smelt" his way into the channel, and every once in a while a buoy, looking like a great stick, would go past them. The ebb tide made matters worse, because, as it swung around some island, it would hit the vessel abeam, bearing it sideways some few feet.

Obed, hanging on to her fore-shrouds, would every once in a while let out a great, piercing howl through the fog. Heaven help them, if some other vessel came down the narrow channel! Obed strained his eyes, but he saw only the water and fog, until suddenly a buoy came out of the fog. It was Can Buoy No. 5. That was the one marking Grindstone Ledge. He seized the horn and blew it twice. There was no response. She kept straight ahead. In agony he blew again. Sol heard it not. Still he blew, and still no response, and at that moment, as the vessel was on top of the wave, he saw a black rock in its trough. His heart fell as the vessel sank down towards the rock. Then she hit. The shock tore her in two, and a second later she broke up. Obed had been killed by the foremast, and Sol was in the water. He looked at the vessel, his pride, and having seen her extermination he wept, and, forgetting to swim, sank. Thus both master and vessel passed away.

Next morning, as the sun rose, the lightkeeper on Petit Manan turned out the lantern, and then his eye caught a floating spar. He knew it to be the mainmast of the "Ellis", and as he descended the spiral staircase he shuddered. "The 'Ellis' was a good vessel", he said, "and she was once a swift one, but the hand of the Lord was upon her." That was all.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

David Rounds, '25.

The great house was perfectly silent. My host and the other guests were at the theatre, and the servants were out. For I was spending the week-end with the Gilmans in their beautiful old country home, and under the pretence of being tired, had demurred from accompanying the party. I wanted to be by myself. I had heard of the Gilmans' wonderful library, and had seized this chance to peruse, unrestrained, books which I could not find time to read elsewhere, and at other times.

I gazed, enchanted, into the dimly lighted library. My eyes rested gratefully upon the dark, massive furniture, the high, narrow casement windows between huge, black walnut bookcases entirely encircling the room, upon highly polished floors covered with Oriental rugs of mysterious patterns. I went in and selected a book, and sank down into a deep, restful easy chair beside the large fire place. The room was dark except for this corner, which was illuminated by a table-lamp at my elbow. I replenished the dying fire and began to read . . .

Eleven o'clock. I had read some hours, enraptured. The untended fire had sunk down; had become a glowing mass. The wind had risen, and was sweeping around the house seeking an entrance. Outside, the sky was pitch black. Unseen clouds, of whose presence I was aware by the absence of the stars, were being swept across the sky by the wind. I watched, and saw the frightened moon reveal herself for a few moments and then disappear behind the clouds again, flying, yet getting nowhere. Indeed, this was the hour for Poe. I found "The Fall of the House of Usher", and settled back in my chair. What marvellous powers of description Poe had! How he could, by inserting a suggestive word here and there, bring his reader to the desired mental attitude, by such words, in this case, as "dull", "oppressive", "insufferable gloom". I became oblivious to everything save my book; I lived the part of the man who had been urgently requested to visit an old friend of his at the old and mysterious House of Usher. I was gasping at hearing "a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound", when gradually the fact penetrated my consciousness that such a sound *was* being made. A shiver rolled up my back, leaving a trail of gooseflesh behind it, and stiffened my hair. I laid my book aside and listened for the sound to come again. It came. It started in a low, somehow metallic moan. It rose to a shriek, and echoed through the library. Was that a human voice? I knew I must investigate, but what a trial it was! I almost fainted at hearing a premonitory rasping sound, as of a chain being dragged across the floor, and was much relieved when it terminated in a loud Bong! which informed me that it was a quarter after eleven. In the hall I listened, shuddering

The sound seemed to come from outside the front door. I stealthily proceeded as far as that and, gathering up all my courage, flung open the door. Instantly the cry stopped, and the wind rushed in. But nobody was there. I closed the door again, and almost immediately the sound rose from nothing to a hopeless, wavering, scream.

Have you ever had the feeling that some one unseen is watching you? I had that feeling just then. I whirled about and saw—or did I see?—an indistinct face peering through one of the library windows. An instant and the thing, whatever it might be, was gone.

Then courage abandoned me. I stood in a cold sweat, beads of perspiration gathering on my brow. What was the meaning of these sinister things? I went to my chair, sat down, and buried my face in my hands, trying to think.

I do not know how long I remained in that attitude, but finally that same sense that had warned me before told me that there was somebody behind me, watching me. I turned slowly around. O marvellous Poe! Or *was* I dreaming? For there, in the center of the room, stood an extremely tall and thin figure, regarding me fixedly with abnormally pale blue eyes. The apparition was completely covered by a large black overcoat which revealed only his hands, apparently clasped behind his back, and his chalky white face, partly obscured by a decrepit slouch hat, partly by the upturned collar of his overcoat.

I stared, speechless, but he finally broke the silence in a manner that completely shattered my abused nerves. He intoned in a sepulchral voice: "This house belongs to me!" I sank back into my chair. Some unconquerable fear prevented me from laying hands upon the stranger. He seemed so spectral—and then, he might have a revolver behind his back.

"Yes! This house belongs—*to me!* My father owned it. These people are"—he hissed the word—"impostors!"

He continued in his terrible voice; he told me how, as a child, he had played happily about the house; how the Gilmons (he always referred to them as "these people) had illegally obtained possession of the estate; how he had been driven to the street.

Gradually, it seemed to me, a haze was filling the room, partly obscuring the mysterious stranger. There seemed to be a taint in the air. I sneezed. Suddenly I saw a long, lean flame creep into the room from the hall.

"Fire!" I shouted idiotically forgetting that we two were the only ones in the house. I dashed to the front door to ring the nearest fire alarm. Even as I reached the door, I heard again the terrible scream that had so mystified me earlier in the evening. *And it came from the library!*

By the time the whole fire department had arrived and the fire which had not done much damage, had been put out, the stranger had naturally disappeared. His story was later proved, of course, to be entirely untrue. But whence he came and where he went remain as much a mystery to me now as then, although I have followed up every possible clue to his identity. He was clearly an incendiary maniac, and for all I know—and for all you know—he may be—but no! Impossible!

INDIAN VENGEANCE.

James S. Jennison.

If you should go today to the town of Little Eagle, in Southern Montana, you would not be there long before you would hear the story of the revenge of Little Eagle. It is a tradition of the town and from it the town derives its name. Therefore, I will try to relate to you as closely as possible the story as it was told to me.

Joshua Brown, a wealthy bachelor, owned all of the land that now comprises Little Eagle, and some that borders to it. On his immense plantation lived many settlers amongst whom were a few Indians. For years he ruled these people as an autocrat and being a hard, cruel man, he was hated by his tenants. The white people were not subjected to so much cruelty as the Indians, for obvious reasons. Consequently, the whites put up no resistance but the Indians rebelled and all but three quitted the plantation and migrated farther north.

The three Indians who remained were Moon-Face and his sons, Little Eagle and Sun-Eye. Moon-Face was a shriveled up old man about ninety years old. Little Eagle was a well-built, powerful man, but short in stature, hence his name. He was about twenty-six years of age, while Sun-Eye, his brother, was about thirteen. The duties of these: Little Eagle with the assistance of Sun-

Eye, hunted for game in the large forests adjourning the plantation, and Moon-Face dressed the meat, thus obtained, for Brown's larder.

For three years this family of three bore all the abuse which Brown had previously accorded to the Indians who had vacated his plantation. During the following winter, Brown gained the enmity of Little Eagle. It was this way: Moon-Face was finding it harder each year to perform his task and this winter especially because it was the severest that the West had ever seen. He was taken ill one day, and when Little Eagle returned with Sun-Eye at dusk, he found his father in a critical condition. This state of affairs soon reached the ears of Brown, and he came to investigate.

When Brown entered the cabin of Little Eagle, he found Moon-Face lying on his blanket in a corner with Sun-Eye squatting beside him. Little Eagle was not there. Brown was as gruff and overbearing as usual. After talking a short while, he flew into a rage at the slowness of Moon-Face. While in this rage, he kicked Moon-Face, hitting him in the heart. The force of the blow killed the Indian instantly. Sun-Eye realizing in a flash what had been done, sprang at Brown with a knife. But Brown was quicker, and drawing his pistol, fired instantly and Sun-Eye fell to the floor dead. With a look at the scene of his crime, Brown quickly left the cabin.

When Little Eagle returned, he beheld a horrible sight. The old man was lying in the corner dead and Sun-Eye was lying in the middle of the floor; his head in a pool of blood. No one knows how Little Eagle received this blow or how he discovered that Brown was the perpetrator of this revolting crime. It is probable that Brown left some tell-tale evidence which enabled Little Eagle to discover him, but that is pure guesswork and the only known fact is that Little Eagle discovered Brown's guilt by means peculiar to his race. That day Little Eagle disappeared.

Three days later a sudden thaw set in and by the fifth day the settlers were able to begin work on the cabin in which Brown intended to house the mercenaries which he had hired to protect himself from the wrath of the settlers.

One day while inspecting the work of his tenants, he came upon a man dozing off to sleep. This infuriated Brown. He awoke the man with a kick and launched a volley of curses and epithets at him. The poor fellow tried to argue, which only made Brown angrier and he began to strike the unfortunate man. Now Brown was a powerful brute and caused the man to call out, thus attracting the attention of all the workers within ear-shot.

The man resenting Brown's blows snatched for a rifle which was lying near him. But Brown seeing his intention, moved quickly and ground his heel on the man's hand as he was picking up the rifle. The man screamed and Brown lifted his foot. Then Brown, having taken the gun, was about to give it to one of his hirelings, when the man leaped at him. Brown, however, met him with a blow and knocked him down. The man rose again and Brown raised his rifle to shoot, when suddenly a shot rang out and Brown fell dead.

His men, all but one who stayed to care for his body, gave chase to the figure of an Indian, which was seen fleeing into the woods. As might be surmised the Indian was Little Eagle. Brown's hirelings failed to capture him and to this day no one knows what became of Little Eagle, the liberator of the founders of the town which bears his name.

SIR BEDIVERE AWAKES.

And when the ship carrying Arthur had passed out of his sight, Sir Bedivere turned away. He went straightway to an old cavern situated in the midst of a dense wood. Soon the sleepy atmosphere of the place made him drowsy, and he fell asleep.

Some time afterward a noise awakened him from his sound sleep. The cave was pitch dark; the entrance could not be discerned in the gloom. He rubbed his eyes; his eyebrows were thick and bushy and hung down into his eyes. What was the meaning of this? In like manner he found that his hair had grown very long and that a ponderous beard weighed down his chin. His armor and sword were corroded with rust; his clothing was in shreds. Could his senses be playing a joke upon him. He sprang to his feet; but his limbs were slow to obey the impulse of his mind. Sure'y he had slept a long time. The noise which had awakened him now sounded again. He went to the side of the cave from which it came

and listened. Someone was burrowing his way through the ground! In a flash it all seemed to come to him. His enemies had shut him up in the cave while he was asleep, and now they were tunneling below. He had seized upon their plan; he would thwart it!

Scarce had he conceived this idea when the sound of digging seemed to come much nearer. A pick broke through; a shaft of light followed it. Sir Bedivere hid as best he could and awaited the approach of the foe. Soon the side of the cave was broken in. And what a sight met Bedivere's eyes. No knights clad in flashing armor were here but strange-looking men in blue shirts who were with sleeves rolled up and in overalls, leaning on their shovels while they wiped the sweat from their faces with gaudy handkerchiefs. What attacking party was this? Surely they must be peasants and such as he had never seen before. It would not do to fight with them! (though in truth he had no weapon to fight with); they were beneath his notice.

So he came out and began to walk past them toward as he thought) the outer world. At seeing him, the men dropped their shovels and stared with open mouths. Considering this a sign of disrespect, Sir Bedivere cried:

"Avaunt thee, varlets. Darest thou to confront a Knight of the Round Table in this unseemly manner?"

The men looked at each other and tapped their foreheads.

"Aw, go on", said one of the men, "I thought you were Napoleon".

Now, Sir Bedivere did not know who Napoleon was, for he had been sleeping while the Corsican fought his battles, so he ignored the remark and walked on. How his fears were awakened when he found that a subway was being built; how he was consigned to an asylum as a lunatic; how he escaped and procured a suit of armor at an antique shop; and how he dashed through the congestion of Trafalgar Square on a black horse clad in these accoutrements; are none of my story. Nor are the adventures which preceded his arrest; the gloom which he underwent when he found himself fifteen centuries out of his time—a forlorn person in a forlorn world—the trial scene in which a kindly old gentleman who was interested in the case attained his acquittal of importhere. When I saw him last, he seemed happy and well in Alfred Tennyson's library, recounting tales of the good old days when knighthood was in flower. And Tennyson was listening attentively taking occasional notes and thinking of the "Idylls of the King", which he would write from these stories.

HIS TIME.

Harold P. Dow, '26

Ralph had always been rather weak in Latin. He had flunked it his freshman year and had just passed it his sophomore year. Now he was a junior, a full fledged junior but still weak in Latin. He was eighteen, and although not really sensitive about his age, did so dislike to have Bruce, his chum, remind him of the fact. Bruce was two years younger than his friend but much brighter. The two boys took Latin in the same room and consequently Bruce heard all of his friend's mistakes, which were many.

One day after class Bruce said to his chum, "why is it Ralph, that you can never seem to translate when Miss Widener calls on you? I think if you would study real hard for a while you could get high marks in Latin."

"I hardly think so," replied Ralph, "Latin is naturally my poor study although in the first place I don't think I was ever meant to be a student anyway, judging from my marks. Maybe some day, though, my time will come when I shall have a change for the better. My average for the last two years doesn't excel 'F' and here you have an average of about 'E' ".

"Oh well", said Bruce, and he quickly changed the subject.

During the next month Ralph tried to put to practical use the advice of his chum about studying, but he found that he knew no more about certain words after studying them all evening than as if he hadn't studied them at all.

Meanwhile, "E's" and "G's" were being recorded for Bruce thick and fast in all subjects.

One afternoon as the boys were passing

through the corridor on their way home, Bruce spied a notice concerning the prize of a scholarship for the best essay on "Chemistry and its relation to Health". He stopped Ralph and read it thoroughly after which he said, "there's a chance for you Ralph, to show your talent besides going through college free".

"If I should ever win a scholarship like that it would be in a dream," replied Ralph, "but joking aside, why don't you send in an essay. You know you received a "G" in chemistry last year and your English is beyond criticism".

"I would like to try for that", said Bruce, half to himself and half to Ralph. "I think I will".

That evening Ralph thought the matter over. Why shouldn't he try for it as well as anyone? He had received a "G" in chemistry also and his English was fair. Why was it that just because he was rather stupid in some subjects, Latin for instance, that Bruce should always hold the same opinion of him in other things? He would show Bruce that he could do something anyway. He would try for the scholarship.

In the next few weeks the boys were busy most of the time. Bruce grew quite enthusiastic over his essay and therefore said but little to Ralph. Ralph, on the other hand, spent most of his time reading up on the subject of "Chemistry and its relation to Health". The essay was due in two weeks and the scholarship was to go to the one who wrote the best essay which would be marked both for English and for the technical part of the composition. Ralph had said nothing to Bruce about his trying for the scholarship as he thought he would be ridiculed too much.

At the end of the two weeks the essays were passed in to the head of the department of Chemistry. The days that followed were filled with anticipation and the excitement of those who had written essays waiting to hear the result of the contest.

At last the anticipated day came. The seniors and those who had written essays were assembled in the school hall. The principal stood upon the stage and motioned for silence. "We are gathered here", he began, "as you all know, for the purpose of awarding the scholarship to the winner of the contest. I wish to say before giving the prize that the winner deserves special credit as his composition contains no grammatical errors and as the technical part of the essay is perfect. The winner of the scholarship is Ralph B. Haines." Before the principal could go on, applause broke out over the audience. "Will Mr. Haines step forward please," continued the principal, "and receive the prize."

As Ralph stepped forward he was conscious of a triumphant feeling in his heart. This at least, he thought, would renew the opinion of him by Bruce.

Just think, he, Ralph B. Haines, eighteen years old and a junior having an average of "F" and winning in a scholarship contest in which hundreds of others competed, especially Bruce, with an average of "E". Was it true? He must be dreaming. But a slap on the back just assured him that he wasn't.

"Congratulations, Ralph, old boy," said Bruce, "evidently your time has come".

"Yes," replied Ralph, "my time *has* come."

WHO?

What makes the stars come out at night?
Who gives the moon its beaming light?
Where do the trees their beauty get?
What makes the morning grasses wet?

Who gives the sun the power to shine?
Who counts the beat for Father Time?
Who gave the birds the right to sing?
Who forms the clouds through which they wing?

Who gives the flowers wild their hue?
Who paints the lake's soft eyes of blue?
Who sends the lightning o'er the sky?
And makes the thunder follow nigh?

What makes the gentle breezes blow?
Who gives the mountain streams their flow?
Who makes the year of seasons four?
That spring to life from earthen core?

Why wonder ye who know the answer
Those things not made by idle chancer,
But moulded long with lordly hand
By God,—the maker of all land.

Olga Sears.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'22

This was clipped from Uncle Dudley's column in the Globe:

Harvard intends to begin basking for three years of supreme satisfaction in the brilliancy radiated by Isadore Zarakov, late of Exeter, long of Cambridge, and member of the Class of 1927.

This young man is no mere athlete of the type which requiries constant attention from tutors in order to maintain scholastic standing. Mr. Zarakov's record indicates that he has brains in his head as well as in his heels. And to his many talents is added a natural modesty which completes his charm.

Zarakov of Harvard is symbolic of what unthinking folk call America's educational problem. What Zarakov of Harvard really means is the success of the traditional American attitude of providing educational opportunities for those who seek them.

Harlan Allaid is now studying at Tech.

Hester E. Presho started training Jan. 1, at the Brightlook Hospital, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Lois Henderson is now editing a page of advertising in the *Worcester Evening Post*, Worcester, Mass.

Constance MacKinnon and Helen Lorenzon are at Miss Leslie's School.

Alice Lockhart is at the Museum School of Art.

Barbara Brown, Helen Burbank, and Marion Quigley are at the New School of Design.

Dorothy Woodrow is at Bryant and Stratton Business School.

Fred Tweedie and Joseph Battaglia are at Harvard.

Margaret Hughes and Thelma Sundlie are at Normal Art School.

Helen Morse was married last summer to Lloyd Elmer, who is a graduate of the University of Minneapolis, and has his M. A. from Tech. They are living in Brooklyn, New York.

'23

Ruth Dennehy is at Boston University Secretarial School.

Mollie Fishman is a Freshman at Simmons College.

Evelyn Andelman is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

Doris Kaulback is at Miss Leslie's School.

Regina Grenier is the "baby" of Jackson College. She is going to complete her course in three years and then enter Radcliffe.

George Glasheen and Paul Mather each won $400.00 in prizes for scholarship at Phillips Exeter Academy. The latter also won honors in Greek.

Winifred Doyle and Rose Kechejian are at the Fisher Business School.

Bessie Valentine, Alma Blinn, and Helen McNabb are at Radcliffe.

George Forbes and Nina Herman are working at the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Beatrice Hooley, former President of the G. A. A., is now at Boston University.

Laura McGregor is attending North Adams Normal School.

'21

Edith Gustafson went out to Los Angeles last June, and is spending a year there. She is expected back in Cambridge next summer.

Katherine Bradley graduated from Salem Normal last year and is now teaching the first grade at the Boardman Primary School, Cambridge.

Elizabeth Worcester and Helen Coolidge were Radcliffe delegates to the Student Volunteer Conference at Indianapolis, Indiana, December 28 to January 2. Six thousand students from the United States and Canada discussed and heard discussed problems of today—war, race, missions, student life, and work.

Margaret Hadley is one of the popular Sophomores at Mt. Holyoke.

Marion McAllister is assistant at the Boardman School Kindergarten.

Karl Genthner is a junior at the Normal Art School.

Helen Fowler is at Simmons College.

Doris Nutman is a Senior at the New School of Design, Boston.

Helen Farrell, who was married early last spring, has a baby girl named Audrey.

Caroline Humphreys, a member of the 1921 drama cast, is studying dramatics at the Threshold Playhouse in New York City.

Bradford Nichols is singing with the Harvard Glee Club; among others at Harvard are Gardner Cox, Maynard Lawrence, and Arthur O'Connor.

Barbara Barton is studying in Paris. She is specializing in French in order to teach it.

Dorothy G. Rand spent her first year out of C. H. L. S. studying in Paris. She is now in her Sophomore year at Smith.

Gwendolyn Fox is engaged to Charles Larson of Dorchester.

'20

Pauline Goodrich and Viola Marsh will graduate from the Mass. Normal Art School this year.

Gunhild Nelson is doing secretarial work at Chase and Company, Boston.

Margaret McNeil is doing secretarial work at the Baudette and Graham Company, Boston.

Eva Cashman was married to Frederick Woodruff of Boston, September, 1922. On October 24, 1923, baby Frederick, Jr., was born. They are living in Brookline.

Richard Chamberlin is a Senior at Harvard this year, and was one of our graduates who made the Glee Club.

Anna Dallinger is secretary of the Dramatic Association at Smith, and a member of Alpha.

Harriet Lane is working under the "Special Honor System", is a member of the Press Board and of the Smith College Glee Club, and has been taken into Alpha.

'19

Joseph Kozlowsky has been unanimously elected by Boston College football players to captain the 1924 eleven at University Heights. He works part time on the *Boston Traveler,* covering Boston College news.

Edna E. Hunnewell graduated from Boston University last June, and she is now teaching in the high school at Epping, New Hampshire.

Florence Kaulback is a bookkeeper for Clark and Peak, Cambridge.

Varney Mosher is assistant manager and cashier at the office of the Albert H. Curtis Company, general agents for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Barbara Nolen has returned to Smith, having spent her junior year at Radcliffe, and last summer in England. She is on Press Board.

John Giles and Glenn Bramble are Freshman at Harvard Law School.

Clifton Kellogg is a Senior at Dartmouth.

Jack Collier and Dorothy Googins played the leading parts in the Harvard Dramatic Club play, "The Liar".

Orpha Kilbourn is doing settlement work at New Bedford, Mass.

'18

Elsie Smith this fall married William Beattie of Somerville.

Marion Waters is teaching English at the Franklin High School, Franklin, Mass.

Edna McNamara is a Senior in the Voice Department at the Conservatory of Music.

'16

Albert C. Sandus, Jr., graduated from Tufts Dental School in June, 1920. In 1917 and 1918, he was the New England intercollegiate sprint champion. He has practised dentistry in New Jersey for the last three years, but is now permanently located at 550 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge. Dr. Sandus sends regards to his teachers and friends, especially Mr. Bramhall.

'15

Annie Scott is a plate reader at Ginn and Company. Most of the books published by that company have gone through Annie's hands in one stage of their printing.

Clara Smith is doing secretarial work in the Foreign Department of the Second National Bank, Boston.

Inez R. Churchill and George Long of North Cambridge, announced their engagement January ninth. They will be married in September. Miss Churchill has been running a very successful catering business since she left school.

'14

Robert Ralston Cawley is teaching English at Princeton. Graduated from Harvard, obt. Fellowship, travelled, studied at Museum—at the Lorbourne, Paris—Shakespeare—and at Berlin.



LOST AND FOUND.

My Buster Brown Collar, finder please return to "Mickey" Oliver.

Lost—A space in typing.—Mary Murphy.

Lost—The way to fool my teachers when I haven't prepared my lessons. Finder please return to Francis Lawrence.

Lost—My power to translate Latin.—Hugo Nelson.

P. S. He never had it.

Lost—A stop watch.—J. J. Sheehan.

Lost—At a fire, my heart.—Ray Pearl.

(Who to?)

Mr. Cain's hair. No reward, it's gone forever.—Paul Bearer.

Did you subscribe to the Review or do you borrow your neighbor's?

WANTED.

Wanted, more good class notes.—John Apple.

Wanted. A horse to start my car.—Ted Nolen.

Wanted. A cheer leader to help the Seniors "meow" together on assembly morning.

Wanted. The ability to concentrate on my Civics lesson.—Stella Andren.

Wanted. A way to grow tall.—"Squirts" Larsen and Coyne.

An escalator to carry us up to the third floor.—"Jo" Harrison, "Barb" Brigham.

A way to make Mr. Downey smile.—Class of 1927.

Support C. H. L. S. activities.

More "ads" for these columns.—Yours truly.

Bill: "If germs come from Germany and parasites from Paris, what comes from Ireland?"

Jim: "Search me."

Bill: "Mike Crobes."

To Keep You Guessing.

When did Washington first take a carriage?
When he took a hack (at the cherry tree).

When does a public speaker steal?
When he takes the floor.

Why should you ride a mule if you want to get rich?

Because you are no sooner on than you are better off.

At the Chinese Restaurant.

"I'd like to try the new dish they're all talking about," began an important looking person. "Bring me a double portion of Mah Jong."

1924-1927.

'24. A student who knows, and knows that he knows, is master. Of course he is a Senior.

'25. A student who knows, and does not know that he knows, needs a teacher, for he is a Junior.

'26. A student who does know and knows that he does not know, needs sympathy for he is a Sophomore.

'27. A student (?) who does not know and does not know that he does not know is lost, for he is a Freshman.

Mr. F.: "Wall, what is the answer?"
Somebody: "Six."
Mr. F.: "How many Walls are there in the room?"
Casey: "Four, sir."

Mr. S.: "You know why you aren't red-headed?"
Murphy: "No, I don't sir."
Mr. S.: "Well, ivory won't rust."

When is a sailor not a sailor?
When he's aboard.

Fresh.: "How can I overcome a sleep-walking habit?"
Soph.: "Sprinkle tacks on the floor."

Senior: "Do you know where Everett is?"
Freshie: "No, I've been looking for him myself."

Fred Scully made a New Year's resolution to write better but, when he had finished it he couldn't read what he had written.

In Latin II.

Miss M.: "What sequence does this show?"
Hilliard: "Sequence of tenses."

In Ancient History.

Teacher: "Where was Caesar killed?"
Pupil: "Page 34."

Mother, to her loudly lamenting son: "What's the matter, dear?"
Sonny: "Pa hit his finger with the hammer."
Mother: "You shouldn't cry about that, you should laugh."
Sonny: "I-I-I did."

"When may a pocket be empty and still have something in it?" queried a Senior.
"Don't know," replied P. G.
"When there's a hole in it, stupid."

Teacher: "What's a geyser?"
Pupil: "A waterfall going up."

Oh! Henry!

Can I hold your palm olive?
Not on your life buoy.
Gosh! lux against me.—Ex.

One Shark: "Gee! German marks are very low."
Two Sharks: "No lower than mine."—Ex.

Sergeant to colored sentry: "If anything moves, you shoot."
Sentry: "Yas, suh, an' if anythin' shoots, ah moves."—Ex.

Ed: "Don't you think she has affectionate eyes?"
Ted: "What makes you think so?"
Ed: "They are always looking at each other."

Of all sports, swimming is the cleanest.

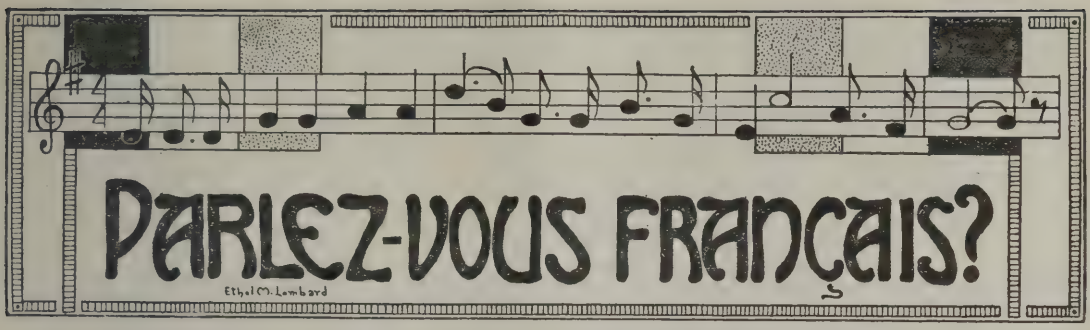
"Ma, Jimmie Smith is awfully deceitful."
"In what way?"
"Well, sometimes he washes his face twice a week."
"What has that to do with it?"
"Well, the teacher thinks he looks pale and lets him go home."

"Why is it that you're always at the bottom of the class, son?"
Johnny: "It doesn't matter, Dad, they teach the same things at both ends."

"I am a self-made man, sir, I began life as a barefoot boy."
"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

FOR SALE.

My football sweater (in bad condition).—"Checkering" Cohen.
My football reputation, also a pair of ankle supporters.—"Ankle" McGowan.
All the teachers in C. H. L. S. See "The Student Committee."
For Sale. Bargain! All my books. Never been used.—"Jim" Harrington.
My flunk notices.—"Buster" Rawlins.
For Sale! A good hockey team.—Mr. McDonald.
A crib, apply—Murdock Finlayson (Swede)
Extra copies of the Review.—See Sam Winthrop.



LES ECOLES FRANÇAISES

Quelques heures au Lycée Victor Duruy à Paris

Voulez-vous que nous suivions, pendant toute une journée, la fille du Président de la République, Mademoiselle Marthe Millerand, qui est élève au Lycée[1] Victor Duruy?

Nous la choisissons à dessein[2], nous n'en faisons pas mystère, justement parce qu'il est édifiant de voir, dans une démocratie, la fille du premier représentant de la nation rechercher l'éducation publique comme la meilleure.

Nous voyons donc la petite Marthe Millerand (elle n'a que quatorze ans) arriver au lycée vers huit heures et demie du matin. Elle n'y vient pas seule: on la conduit. On accompagne de même plus de la moitié des élèves, car il n'est pas encore très admis[3] chez nous qu'une jeune fille de moins de dix-huit ans circule librement dans les rues. Le matin, ce sont généralement les domestiques qui accompagnent les enfants, mais c'est souvent aussi le père qui ne craint pas de faire un long détour en se rendant à son bureau.

Naturellement M. Millerand ne se dérange pas. En revanche Madame Millerand se dérange[4] et rien n'illustre mieux l'intimité française entre les mères et les filles que de la voir très souvent venir elle-même, à onze heures et demie, chercher sa fille.

Marthe Millerand arrive à huit heures vingt-cinq, très exactement, car la cloche sonne à la demie[5]. Toutes les jeunes filles s'éparpillent alors dans les vestiaires[6] où elles déposent chapeaux et manteaux pour prendre leur tablier de classe. Car nous continuons à croire aux tabliers d'autrefois, qui préservent la robe, qui dissimulent aimablement les différences, parfois très grandes, de la toilette et qui prolongent l'enfance et la jeunesse. Ce sont des tabliers clairs, bis[7] ou roses; on est forcé de les laver souvent, on n'ose pas les tacher d'encre. Quand on les voit flotter dans les vestiaires, après les heures de classe, ils donnent vraiment une très charmante idée du caractère soigné et raisonnable de l'éducation française.

C'est maintenant l'heure d'entrer en classe. Il n'y a pas tous les jours de rentrée solennelle qui réunisse toutes les élèves. Nous possédons bien, à cet usage, une fort jolie salle décorée de fresques mais elle est trop petite. À peine[8] peut-elle contenir quatre-cents élèves debout et le lycée en compte treize-cents aujourd'hui. Les rentrées générales ne groupent donc plus que quelques classes et elles deviennent de moins en moins fréquentes. Le temps de s'installer, au milieu du bruit puis une élève, une sorte de monitrice élue par ses compagnes, fait l'appel[9]. Cet appel va permettre de signaler les absences et aussi de punir les retards. Car chaque retard se paie automatiquement d'une mauvaise note, et cinq mauvaises notes[10], au bout du mois, privent du tableau d'honneur.

[1] LYCÉE: *établissement d'études secondaires de l'État, s'étend sur une suite de douze années de l'âge de 5 ans environ à 16–17 ou 18 ans. Les lycées en France sont internes ou externes et préparent au baccalauréat des lettres et des sciences; le 1er lycée ou établissement libre a été fondé à Paris en 1787.* [2] À DESSEIN: purposely. [3] ÊTRE ADMIS: to be accepted, to be approved of. [4] SE DÉRANGER: to take the trouble. [5] À LA DEMIE (*heure*): (here) at half past eight. [6] S'ÉPARPILLER DANS LES VESTIAIRES: *aller chacun de son côté prendre ses effets dans son vestiaire respectif* (cloakroom), [7] BIS: brown, of the color of bread. [8] À PEINE: hardly. [9] FAIRE L'APPEL: to call the roll. [10] MAUVAISE NOTE: a bad mark; in many schools, the fact of being repeatedly late subjects the pupils to a severe punishment, sometimes, even to being expelled from school.

(Continued in the next issue of the Review)



LA CONDUCTA AMERICANA Y NUESTRA "JAZZ"

Le gusta a Espana

CHARLES PENICK, '24

España tiene necesidad de un Cristóbal Colon comercial conforme al minstro Morse, embajador a la España.

"El español," el dice, "es el más benévolo del mundo, el más cortés, el más atento, el más prudente. Cualquier americano que viaja a Europa y no va a España dija de ver al país más agradable de continento."

España es un país que espera verse descubierta. Dejo hay desarollo industrial en gran escala y ella tiene una candal abundante: pero hay en todas partes muchas oportunidades, especialmente para el americano. A los Españoles les gustan los americanos. Unos creen que "Yes, we have no bananas" es el hímno nacional de los Estados.

El Rey Alfonso y la Reina Victoria son muy populares con la gente; el nueve "premier" don Fernando Primo de Rivera le gusta mucho a la gente española.

Barcelona, la Pittsburgh de España tiene una población de unos 800,000 o más. Está más límpia que nuestra Pittsburgh. No hay carbón bituminoso, se usa motor hidráulico para dar vueltas a maquinas.

Nos dice el embajador que Madrid, la capital de la nación, es indescriptiblemente pintoresca y tiene más de setecientos periódicos. El "Premier" Rivera, el "Mussolini" de España se pasa por las calles sin guardias, no tiene miedo de la gente.

La jerigonza* norteamericana les gusta también como los habitos, los costumbres y los caracteristicos americanos.

Por ultimo España volverá a venir a la luz y esa parte del mundo latino se colocará con las naciones primeras del mundo.

*NOTA: Jerigonza norteamericana—American slang.

Todos los dias y de todos puntos es muy necesario que nosotros, los norteamericanos, sepamos mas de la América Latina. El nuevo mundo latino se despierta! Gracias a la Unión Panamericana la América del Sur y la América del Norte se dan un apreton de manos. El idioma español está logrando en las escuelas de nuestro país, el frances, el aleman; las paredes se estan cayendo.

LA POBLACIÓN DE SUD AMERICA

La población es una mezcla general de razas. En Méjico predominan los indios, los mulatos; en Columbia, Ecuador, la Argentina, el Peru, el Bolivia, los mulatos, mestigos y indios. Pero como dice aquella mezcla de razas, característica de los pueblos hispanoamericanos no distingeran en manera alguno su unidad porque la mezcla de tres razas africanas, indias, y españolas en cuatro siglos se ha llevado a cabo de manera uniforme en toda la América española y no se presenta como un producto gentil casi uniforme del golfo de Méjico al estrecho de Magallanes. De esta uniformidad resuelta que sus interés son comunes en el campo espiritual parejo en general su desarollo e indintico su destino.

(Continued on page 26)

BUGHOUSE FABLES.

We'll now have an intermission of five minutes so that the powder-puff devotees may powder their noses – a very much approved practice, you know





Daily English-class tragedy.–

The Sewing-Class as a "Relief Center."

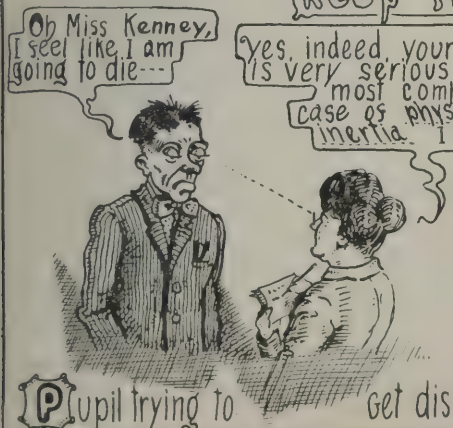




Puzzle:

In which direction is the door?

A little suggestion of how to keep from talking in corridors.





The 8:28 Express

Pupil trying to get dismissed.

A. Drewicz '24



Freshman Party.

The annual Freshman Party of the G. A. A., was certainly a screaming success. The fetching costumes were attractive as well as funny. Although I must say, the babies were a bit sophisticated-looking with their powdered noses.

The children frolicked in the gym for awhile, and after the grand march, we went up to the assembly hall where we witnessed a delightful entertainment. The program was as follows:

I

The Officers' Band played a selection which, although a bit noisy, was as good as could be expected considering that tin pans are not the most musical instruments in the world.

II

Regina Grenier, last year's president, awarded the prizes for the best costumes. Leah Leahy and Mary Corcoran, both Sophomores, were considered the best babies, and Ethel Barron and Lorraine Langley, Freshmen, received prizes for the best old ladies' costumes.

III

The third number brought down the house, so to speak.

The curtain rises (?), a girl dressed in an old-fashioned hoop skirt is reciting that well-known poem, *Barbara Freitchie.* She finishes one stanza, when another young lady enters in a ridiculous costume and proceeds to spout that same ancient and honorable reading. She is soon followed, at intervals, by five more feminine figures donned in outlandish attires, and they all display their knowledge on the same subject, until each in turn has finished her recital. Curtain.

IV

The Olsen Sisters then sang a very clever duet, called *I've Got the Baby Sister Blues.*

V

This was followed by a very pretty dance by Florence Devine.

VI

A Tale of Woe was a "shad" pantomine act, showing how a little boy and girl stole a green peach and ate it. After suffering untold agony, they died, and the gravestones were set before our eyes.

VII

We were then suddenly brought back to some familiar scenes of C. H. L. S., and the audience was asked to tell what was wrong in each picture. They were:

1. Eating in the corridors.
2. Unnecessary waste of chalk.
3. Irregular gym costumes.

VIII

The mannequin act was quite a novelty and very well done.

IX

The duet by Eileen Connors and Eda Frein also deserved much praise.

X

Last but not least was that thrilling drama, *King Nut-I-Am,* which was cleverly acted by a talented cast.

After this concluding number, we retired to the gym, where we refreshed ourselves with ice cream and lollypops. We danced until five-thirty, and then started on our way home, satisfied that this year's Freshman Party was one of the most successful ever given by the G. A. A.

Christmas Meeting.

At the Christmas Meeting, which was held in the hall, December 21, the members were entertained by the presentation of Dickens' *Christmas Carol.* Great credit is due to the cast, which included, Lillian Pearson, Frances Donovan, Carrie Perkins, Lorraine Langley, Goldie Fram, Margery Gerould, Florence Monroe, Bernadette Carney, Mary Callahan, Mary Landary, Elizabeth Gilbert and Edith Kettell. After the play, Christmas songs were sung until Santa Claur appeared on the scene and distributed lollypops. The meeting closed with cheers and hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas.



With the New Year, debating in the Cambridge High and Latin School has made a fresh and rejuvenated start. A debate with the Somerville High School Debating team, will be held in Latin School hall, February 18, 1924, at 8.00. The subject will be; Resolved: "That the United States should join the World Court". Cambridge will uphold the affirmative and Somerville the negative in this debate. Prospective debates may also be arranged with Brookline, Arlington, Malden, Newton, and Belmont. We intend to finish up Rindge in the same style as we did last year, so don't forget to support your team when the time arrives.

On January 16, 1924, trials for the Somerville debate were held in Room 4. Due to the interest spread about the school by Miss Hartigan, Mr. Donahue, the debating council and many students, the trials were a decided success. Competition ran so high among the twenty-five contestants that the judges, Miss Sharkey, Mr. Ingève and Mr. Donahue were considerably overworked. After careful deliberation the following team was picked:

Louis Barron,' 24
Stanley Ganz, '24
Walter McLaughlin, '24
Roy Lamson, Jr., '25) alternates
Fred Cole, '24)

We are sorry to say that Fred Cole will be unable to execute his position because of the pressing work of the Senior Drama Cast, of which he is a member. The rest of the material was so good that a second team was also formed. This team will compete at a later date. It need not be said that this team looks like one of the best in the history of the school. With your backing we shall expect the best.

Underclass debating has also gained a decided impetus. On the 11th of January, the first of a series of debates between the Freshmen and Sophomores was instituted. The Freshman team composed of

Samuel Fishman*
Marshall Andelman
Hyman Buller,

defeated the Sophomore team consisting of

Henry Adelson*
Leo Sullivan
Saul Andelman

* Rubuttal Speaker.

The winning team upheld the affirmative of the following questions: Resolved, "That the City of Cambridge should establish a junior high school. The freshmen showed that a junior high school was needed to bridge the gap between grammar school and high school. The Sophomores then presented the arguments that the present grammar school system is so highly developed as to abolish the necessity for a junior high school. Thus the contest waged on, until in the final balance it was found that the arguments of the affirmative slightly outweighed those of the negative.

R. L., '25.



CAMBRIDGE, 6; BELMONT, 1.

In a Greater Boston Interscholastic League game, Cambridge Latin defeated Belmont High, 6-1.

The first period was hotly contested. Belmont scored first when Secor drove the puck past Leon Fitzgerald. Belmont maintained this lead until Capt. Nelson scored the tying goal.

In the second period, Belmont seemed to weaken and Latin scored four goals. Shortly after the beginning of the second period O'Connell took a pass from Nelson and scored easily. Mahoney, on some brilliant stickwork, scored twice. Just before the whistle blew, ending the second period, Gibson shot from the center of the ice and scored.

In the last period, Coach MacDonald tried out his second team for a while. Later when the first team had returned to the game, Capt. Nelson again scored, making a total of six.

The Summary.

Cambridge Latin	*Belmont*
Joyce l. w.	r. w. Secor
Clancy	Rosenberg
Crowley	
Bacon	
Pearl	
O'Connell c.	c. Whitney
Mahoney	Thomas
Groden	
Poirier	
Becker r. w.	l. w. White
Roach	J. Foster
Temple	
N. Fitzgerald	
Nelson l. d.	r. d. I. Foster
Clancy	
Pearl r. d.	l. d. Hawkes
Gibson	Fayles
Boland	
L. Fitzgerald g.	g. Grady
E. Fitzgerald	Fanel

Score: Cambridge, 6; Belmont, 1. Goals: Nelson 2, Mahoney 2, O'Connell, Gibson and Secor.

MELROSE, 6; CAMBRIDGE, 0.

Melrose High after a very unsuccessful beginning, having lost two games, turned around and walloped Cambridge Latin, 6 0. The passing of the Cambridge team was lacking but for the sensational goal-tending of Leon Fitzgerald, the score would have been much greater.

The pass work of Melrose was very good and the puck was kept in the vicinity of the Cantabs goal throughout the game.

Although Melrose had the better of the first period by a wide margin, they managed to score but once. In this period Cambridge had a very good defense, but they lacked the initiative to push the puck in the cage.

The second period, it was the same story. Cambridge held Melrose to one goal, because of some wonderful goal-tending on the part of Fitzgerald.

In the final chapter, Cambridge let up on the defensive work and tried to tie the score. Their neglect of the defensive work was very costly, Melrose scoring four times, making a total of six.

Leon Fitzgerald, Capt. Nelson, and Gibson, played well for Latin, while Doucette, Ripley, and Kimball were the stars.

The Summary.

Melrose	*Cambridge*
Ripley l. w.	r. w. Roach
Flint	
Lloyd c.	c. Mahoney
Bavier	O'Connell
Coburn	

Doucette r. w.	l. w. Joyce
Sanford	Bacon
Shaw l. d.	r. d. Gibson
Burns	Pearl
Doucette r. d.	l. d. Nelson
McGinley	
Kimball g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Melrose 6, Cambridge 0. Goals made by Doucette, 2; Ripley, 2; Sanford, Lloyd. Referee, Gaffney. Time—three 15-m. periods.

HARVARD FRESHMAN, 8; CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 1.

The fast Harvard '27 team defeated Cambridge Latin 8-1 at the Boston Arena. The collegians were too fast for the schoolboys and as a result piled up eight points.

CAMBRIDGE, 2; POMFRET, 2.

Cambridge Latin and Pomfret Academy battled to a tie. Four overtime periods were played and neither team could cage the necessary goal to dissolve the tie.

The first period was Pomfret's by a wide margin and one goal was scored against Cambridge Latin.

The cantabs on account of a long train ride did not find themselves until the second period when by some nice team work two goals were scored which put them in the lead.

The third period was a hot one as Pomfret was determined to tie it up and Cambridge Latin was just as determined that they wouldn't. Near the end of the period a long angular shot slipped by Fitzgerald for the tying count.

After four overtime periods the ice became soft and slushy, so the game was called off.

The boys who played well for Latin are: Nelson, Gibson, Mahoney, Roach and O'Connell.

Cabot, Perkins and Sumner starred for Pomfret.

The Summary.

Cambridge Latin	*Pomfret*
Roach r. w.	l. w. (capt.) Cabot
Becker	c. Stratton
Mahoney c.	Howe
O'Connell	
Nelson	
Joyce l. w.	r. w. Perkins
Pearl	
Mahoney	
Gibson l. d.	r. d. Sumner
Pearl	Nichols
Nelson (capt.) r. d.	l. d. Blake
E. Fitzgerald g.	g. Tyler
L. Fitzgerald	

Goals: O'Connell, Roach, Cabot, Sumner.

NEWTON 35; LATIN, 27.

The Cambridge Latin swimming team lost a hotly contested meet to Newton High School. Prior to this meet Latin's team had been together but once. The feature events of the meet were the 100 yards, 40 yards, and 160 yards relay. Latin won the relay handily.

The Summary.

20 yards—Hooker, (Latin), Foster, (Newton), Wesgate, (Newton.

40 yards—Phelps, (Newton), Clarke, (Newton), Murtagh, (Latin).

100 yards—Kenney, (Latin), Phelps, (Newton), Clarke, (Newton).

200 yards — Perry, (Newton), Patterson, (Newton), Kenney, (Latin).

Diving—Greer, (Latin), Patterson, (Newton), Hooker, (Latin).

Plunge—Alexander, (Newton), Hammond, (Newton), Barber, (Latin).

160 yard Relay—Won by Cambridge Latin. Hooker, Greer, Kenney, Murtagh, (Latin), vs., Perry, Alexander, Patterson, Phelps, (Newton).

The Cambridge Latin swimming team defeated Boston English swimming team 40-22, at the Cambridge "Y".

Relay Race—Won by Cambridge, (Hooker, Greer, Kenney, Murtagh).

20 yards—Hooker, (C.), Ferguson, (E.), Sullivan, (E.)

40 yards—M. Ullman, (E.), Greer, (C.), Murtagh, (C.)

100 yards—Kenney, (C.), M. Ullman, (E.), Murtagh, (C.)

200 yards—Kenney, (C.), Fair, (C.), V. Ullman, (E.)

Plunge—Bornstein, (E.), Barber, (C.), Rubin, (E.), distance 55 ft.

SWIMMING.

After much deliberation, it was decided to form a swimming team. Don Greer was elected captain and Thomas Kenney, manager. There are about thirty candidates and the prospects look good. The following veterans reported: Capt. Greer, Hooker, Murtagh, Fair, Dudley, Stevens, Barber and Kenney.

"RAY" PEARL FOOTBALL CAPTAIN FOR 1924.

As a result of a meeting of the letter-men of the 1923 football team, Raymond Pearl was unanimously chosen to lead the 1924 football team. "Ray" played tackle this past season, and although not a brilliant performer, he was in there every minute giving everything that was in him.

The prospects for next year look good, as eight of the first eleven will return for another season.

THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

The junior and senior boys gathered in the assembly hall where they were addressed by Mr. Bramhall, in regard to the election of the Athletic Council for the coming year. He read the names of the letter winners in the various sports of the past year. These boys were eligible to represent the sport in which they participated as a member of this Council. The election followed the meeting and the results were very popular among the students. The results were as follows:

In Football: Eddie Casey, Captain of last year's team was elected by a popular vote to represent his team. This is his third year as a member of this Council.

In Hockey: Hugo Nelson was elected as the representative of the disc chasers.

In Baseball: Raymond Pearl was awarded the honor of representing the baseball team.

In Crew: Murdock Finlayson was chosen by the majority of seventy votes over his nearest rival for the honor of being a member of the council.

In Track: John Murphy received the honor in this line of sport.

The entire student body wishes to congratulate the officers and hope that they will act accordingly in the matters that are brought before them, as regards to the awarding of letters and also determining of the eligibility of the players.

E. J. C.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

"Fred" Meuse, who captained the 1923 cross-country team, was re-elected to captain the 1924 harriers. Meuse was a steady, reliable runner this past season and always finished up among the leaders. He is very enthusiastic concerning the outlook for next year's team, as every member of this year's team will be back again next year.

TRACK.

On Monday, January 14th, Coach John Sheehan called out the track candidates. About 58 boys responded and have been working out daily under the careful instruction of Coach Sheehan and Capt. Murphy. The Tech. track has been secured and many of the boys are expected to develop into very capable performers. The team will be built around Hilliard, King and Capt. Murphy. The most promising candidates are Meuse, Maloney, Wood, McArdle, Traynor, Powers, Lenon, and Hall. Hall, who recently transferred from Huntington School, will be a valuable addition to the team as he can hold his own with the majority of runners in Greater Boston. Hilliard will care for the dashes and King will be our able representative in the 300 yard run. Murphy who finished second in the State 1000 yard run last year will again compete in that event and will give the other schoolboys a good deal of trouble.

Under the guidance of Mr. Sheehan, a man who is well drilled in the fundamentals of track, the team is expected to round into shape and make a name for C. H. L. S.

(Continued from page 20)

SUS INDUSTRIAS Y COMERCIO

Por supuesto, la agricultura viene en primero. Especialmente el cultivo de maíz después vienen café, cacao, vanilla, y tabaco. Azucar es un producto del sur de la América, refiero a Cuba y Puerto Rico especialmente. El comercio se pone mejor a mejor. El canal de Panama ha dado a Sud América el mundo. Por el aquellas paises tienen relaciones con las naciones de la costa occidental: con los Estados Unidos Y con Europa.



We have quite a long list of exchanges,—around eighty or more, I think. However, it is with exchanges as with things in life: the more one has the more one wants. Therefore, "gentle readers", take a hint.

We certainly have enjoyed the exchanges. They have been an inspiration to us. Naturally, they're very broadening, and, of course, broadening is what is demanded of us in a world teeming with new theories, and inventions, etc.

Have you ever pondered to what degree one's eyes are responsible for what knowledge one may have? On thinking, you'll see their tremendous importance in helping you acquire an education. Of course your mind absorbs what is placed before its agents, the eyes. Very well, here's where the exchanges shine, for a broadening influence on school papers they can't be beaten. They lead on to greater literary achievements. Try them on your eyes!

"Look us over."

The Alphian—Pillsbury Academy, Owatonna, Minn.

The Agnes Irwin—Agnes Irwin School, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Briar—Rosebud, Mont.

The Bowdoin Quill—Brunswick, Me.

The Broadcast—Jamaica Plain H. S., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Boston University News—Boston, Mass.

The Cestrian—Chester H. S., S. C.

The Carribean—Cristobal, Canal Zone.

The Durf ee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Easterner—Eastern H. S., Washington, D. C.

The Grotonian—Groton, Mass.

Gulf Hi-Life—New Port Richey, Fla.

The Gleaner—Pawtucket H. S., Pawtucket, R. I.

The Haskwell School Paper—Haswell, Col.

High School Tribune—Turlock, Cal.

Inde—Hanover H. S., Hanover, N. H.

The Imp—Brighton H. S., Boston, Mass.

Kayhitems—Ketchikan, Alaska.

The Megaphone—Franklin, Mass.

The Mountain Echo—Altoona H. S., Altoona, Pa.

The Mountainer—Butte H. S., Butte, Mont.

The Mirror—Dedham H. S., Dedham, Mass.

The News—Dubuque, Iowa.

The Orange and Blue—Shickley, Neb.

Philips Exeter—Exeter, N. H.

The Spotlight—Valley Junction, Vt.

The Shorewood Ripples—Shorewood, Wis.

The Unquity Echo—Milton H. S., Milton, Mass.

The Tauntonian—Taunton H. S., Taunton, Mass.

The Tech Owl—East Pittsburg, Pa.

The Voice—Concord H. S., Concord, Mass.

The Recorder—Winchester, Mass.

The Red and Black—Rogers H. S., Newport, R. I.

The Royon Record—Youngstown, Ohio.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Neb.

The Wilkes-Barre—Wilkes-Barre H. S., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Quill—Parkersburg, W. Va.

Criticisms:

The Bowdoin Orient
An alert paper. Congratulations on so high a percentage on the Red Cross Roll Call.

The Black and Red
A good paper. Avery clever Exchange Department.

The Mountainer
A dandy! Good editorials. The idea of the vocational congress is very fine. Your paper shows plenty of wit.

The Willow Messenger
Glad to see public speaking so well encouraged. Haven't you any exchange list?

The Broadcast
Your paper is well named. It's good enough to be broadcasted all over. So well rounded.

Shorewood Ripples
It's a rippler all right. Can't you expand it with an exchange department, and stories? The school spirit is admirable.

The Tech Owl
An extremely clever paper. We admire your wit and pep. The Editorial was splendid. Your cover is très artistique!

The "Inde"
A dandy paper. Extremely well-rounded. A fine alumni department.

The Tattler
One hundred per cent! "Books I Have Read" was a clever idea.

The Lynn Classical Gazette
Fine Literary Department. The poems were very good. We reveled in your joke section.

Gulf Hi-Life
A keen paper. Can you strengthen your exchange? Your jokes are certainly mirth-provoking.

A Few Bouquets For Us:

Gulf Hi-Life—One of our very best exchanges. We like you, to be brief. Your literary department is good.

The "Inde"—Very good paper.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

The Mountainer

I kicked the skunk as I went by,
He was incensed—and so am I.

The Cestrian

Farmer: "That hoss knows as much as I do."

Neighbor: "Well, don't tell anyone, you might want to sell him some day."

Exchange

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"School be hanged, I'm going to bed!"

Exchange

A little tulle
A yard of silk,
A little of skin
As white as milk
A little strap—
How dare she breathe!
A little cough—
"Good evening, Eve!"

Meeting, January 11.

(G. A. A. continued)

A meeting was held in the Science Lecture Hall, January 11, to announce that the Girl Dance would be held January 25, and to urge the girls to attend the basketball games.

This year basketball will be played with nine girls on each team. The temporary Freshman and Sophomore teams will play some match games and judges from outside, will pick the players for the final teams. The captains of these teams are: Freshman, Leila Campbell, Catherine Corcoran, Agnes Frost, and Catherine McCormick; Sophomores, Margery Gerould and Rose Trocaro. As yet there are no Junior or Senior teams but before the final match games it is hoped that there will be a team representing each class.

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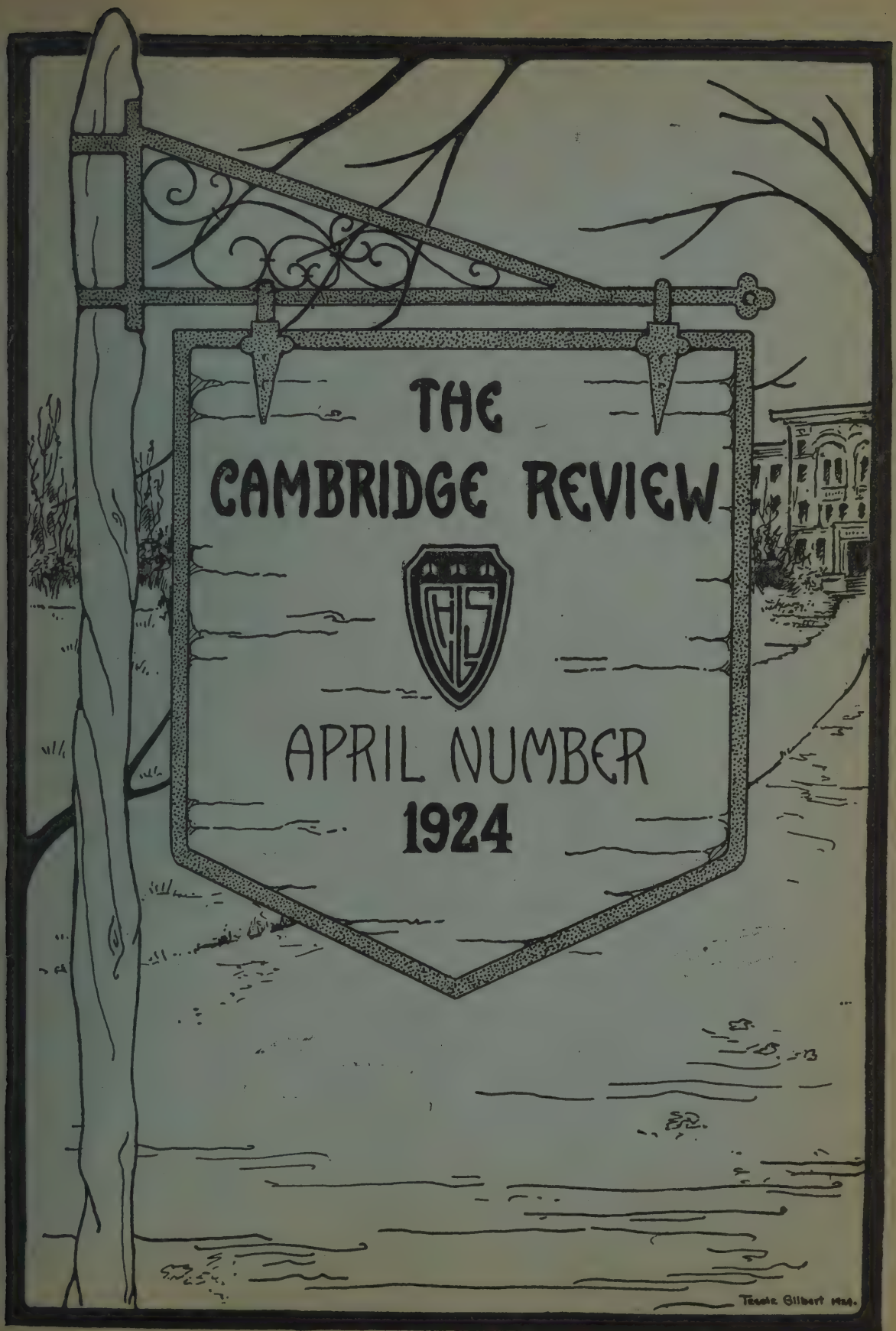
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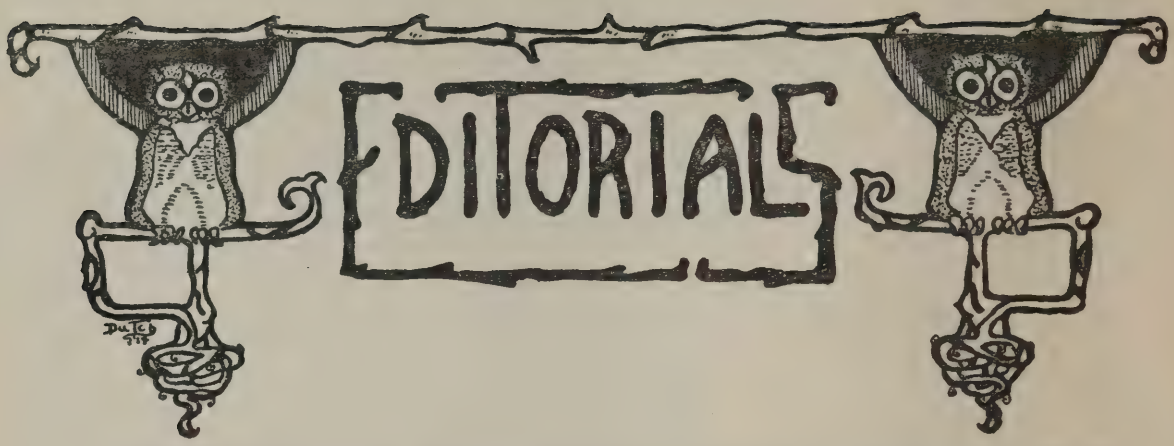
Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 38 Number 4

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Hard work, strength of purpose, vim, confidence and ambition are the tools employed in "digging" for success. Why not equip ourselves with these implements now when the process of evacuation is scarcely underway.

Life is but a game and one extremely hard to play well.

Would we try to baseball or football or even Mah Jong without first looking into the fundamental rules of the game. Of coure not! In the same way, one should study life and should develop his faculties in order to meet the requirements of worldly success.

The popular criticism of the pupils of today is that they lack ambition and that they waste so much valuable time which might be used profitably in some instructive or productive activity.

Many of us must admit this failing. There is but one cure. All of us have ambitions which we some day hope to fulfill; ambitions which call for the highest and best traits in us. We must keep these ultimate purposes of our lives constantly before us, and work consistently to attain them.

If we but pattern our lives after those of people whose careers we admire—people who have made the world a better place for their having lived in it—if we but utilize our spare moments ever keeping our visions fixed upon ambitions yet to be attained glowing with lasting brilliancy far beyond the feeble rays of petty pleasures and vanities, success is inevitable. Remember—Hitch your wagon to a star.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

A "Home Economics Club" has been organized in the school, under the management of Miss Mabel Harrington. At its first meeting, which was held on February 13, the following officers were elected: Miss Helen Anderson, President; Miss Alice Guertin, Secretary; Miss Anna Bresnan, Treasurer. The meetings will be held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The purpose of this club is to create a greater interest in the home in general. It is planned that the members of this club visit different manufacturers and inspect their plants and merchandise. They also expect to have food sales.

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Do we realize how much our advertisers mean to us. If it were not for the advertisers in this magazine we could not afford to publish the Review.

Just glance at the cost of the last issue. The bill for the last publication was two hundred dollars. One hundred thirty-five dollars of this came from subscriptions, and the remainder from the advertising. Students, do you know that you pay fifteen cents for a Review that costs us almost twenty-three cents?

Now that you see how much the advertising means to your school magazine, you should patronize your advertisers. Read over the ads. Really, they are interesting. Then go to these stores that have helped make it possible to publish this book.

Some advertisers have said there is no advertising value in the Review, and some have even gone so far as to offer us money but refused to take an ad. The Review does not want charity. Make this magazine profitable to the advertisers. You can't patronize them too much.

S. W.

THE CHESS CLUB

This year the Chess Club, which was instituted in this school two years ago, has taken on a new lease of life. Although it was organized rather late in the year, it has a fairly full schedule for the rest of this year.

The Club has joined a Chess League, Rindge, Somerville, and Brookline being the other members. The league has made a schedule by which we play two matches with each of the members. We have also arranged games with the Harvard and Tech Freshmen, and Boston Latin School.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

The following soloists have performed before the Senior Class at the Thursday Assemblies: Felicia Zapolski played one of Beethoven's compositions for pianoforte; Olga Sears improvised a piece which represented the various moods of the ocean; Donald Howard gave two vocal numbers, "On the Road to Mandalay," and "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride," accompanied on the piano by Leroy Anderson; Jeannette Rockwood rendered a violin solo.

The Director of Music wishes to announce the winner of the prize offered by the Music Department for words for a school ode. The poem, written by Barbara Birkhoff of the Junior Class, was selected by the judges as the best.

ALMA MATER

Oh Alma Mater, teacher, friend,
Our staunch supporter to the end,
Now here we sing with jubilee
Some fervent praises owed to thee.
Thy praises for the lessons taught,
For wisdom from our folly wrought,
For earnest aid in every need
And hearty help towards better deed.
For teaching us to win and lose,
And in them both a grace infuse,
So for these things we sing to thee
Our praises with great jubilee.

After the end of contest for the music on March 31, 1924, the judges will announce the successful competitor for the musical setting.

The orchestra is helping out at school activities by furnishing the music, playing at the debate with Somerville and the Durrell Cup Debate.

By error, the names of the authors of two stories were omitted in the last issue of the Review. Lionel P. Marks was the author of "Down East," and Theodore Walcott of "Sir Bedivere Awakes."

The Mandolin Club is holding rehearsals the seventh period Thursdays in the hall. All who play instruments belonging to this group are invited to join.

Leroy Anderson.

TO MARJORIE

You are a star in the desert night
High in the velvet sky;
You are a shadow of candle flame—
The moon when the dawn is nigh.
You are a cloud in the rainbow west
When the sun is sinking low,—
A field of poppies, the vesper bell,
Lights seen thro' whirling Snow.
You're April rain on the window pane,
March winds in a grove of pine.
You are every beautiful thing I love,
O, little daughter o' mine.

Alice Vautrinot.

D 236



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT: Etching

THE UNIVERSITY PRINTS
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REMBRANDT VAN RIJN. 1606—1669
DUTCH SCHOOL

"To be misunderstood is the penalty of genius."

Certainly this saying was thoroughly applicable to Rembrandt. The great Dutch master was so completely wrapped up in his art, and so absorbed in developing a technique of his own, that his calm indifference to the conventions of society, and to the accepted methods of artistic treatment caused him to be regarded by some of his contemporaries as no less than a heretic in art. Because Rembrandt broke from tradition and gave his

originality full play, he was regarded with little less than horror. As every true artist should, Rembrandt loved his work and in it he found his pleasure and his reward.

Rembrandt's work as an artist is represented by something over five hundred paintings, almost three hundred etchings, and about fifteen hundred drawings.

LIFE

Rembrandt Harmenzoon Van Ryn was born in Leyden, Holland, about 1606. His father, Harmen Gerritzoon, was a respectable, if not distinguished burgher; and followed the trade of a miller, at which business he seems to have acquired a considerable fortune. It was not until early in the seventeenth century that permanent surnames become common among Dutchmen. The method in vogue was to give the child a Christian name and for a surname he was given his father's Christian name with the Dutch "zoon" added, hence Rembrandt was called Harmenzoon, or son of Harmen. Some years later the father, in accordance with the growing fashion of the time, began calling himself Van Ryn—of the Rhine—and naturally Rembrandt signed himself this way in later years.

There is much disagreement as to Rembrandt's birthplace. Some say that he was born in a mill near the walls of the city but it seems more likely that his birthplace was the house pointed out in Wordeinde Street. Rembrandt was the eighth of nine children, only one of which was a girl.

Rembrandt's older brothers had all entered upon commercial careers, but Harmen decided to make of Rembrandt a man of letters and learning. Accordingly, he was put in school with a view to sending him to the University of Leyden. It seems that he was removed from school as he showed no inclination toward his studies. Here again we find disagreement, some people claiming that he actually was enrolled at the University. This would seem quite probable as Rembrandt's name was actually entered in the Album Studiosorum of the University. The record, translated is as follows,—"May 20, 1620, Rembrandt, son of Harmen of Leyden, aged 14, in the faculty of Letters, living with his parents."

Certain it is, that in his youth the young man was taken from school and entered the studio of a painter, van Swanenburch, where he remained three years. Even at this early age we read that he attracted the notice of the critics. After leaving this teacher he entered the studio of Lastman, who was an artist of no mean ability. The young artist remained here only six months. After leaving Lastman, Rembrandt settled down with a brother artist to a period of intense study. He remained in Leyden for some years, during which he made many portraits of his mother and of himself. In 1632 he was receiving so many commissions that he removed to Amsterdam where he set up a studio of his own. He was successful from the start, and received commission after commission from the most distinguished men of the town, and it is said that other artists began to show his influence in their canvasses. In 1634 he married Saskia Uylenborch, the Saskia of so many of his etchings. His marriage seemed to have made little difference in his way of living. Although he now had a wife to introduce he never went into society which was so ready to receive him. Moreover, Saskia seems to have been content to remain at home in the company of her husband, and to sit for him hour after hour. Of Saskia's five children, only one, Titus, lived beyond infancy, and Saskia, herself, went to the tomb in 1642 after but eight years of married life.

The ten years which ended with Saskia's death may be said to have been the most successful years of Rembrandt's life.

In later years we find him in the company of a young woman called Hendrickje Stoffels. but as to whether the two were ever married we can only conjecture. Although Rembrandt painted Hendrickje so much that her countenance is quite as familiar as is Rembrandt's, there is no known painting of the two together. This was probably out of respect to Saskia's memory.

As a business man, Rembrandt completely failed and in 1657 he was declared bankrupt and his house, his collection, everything was swept away.

As time went on the artist's pictures brought lower and lower prices until just before his death he was living in practical obscurity.

Hendrickje died, apparently about 1664 and Rembrandt was left alone again. In 1668, Titus, his now grown son, married, but unfortunately Titus lived less than a year. Rembrandt himself did not long survive his son. He died in 1669 and was laid to rest in the church at Amsterdam.

THE "OAKLAND EXPRESS" ROBBERY

Harold Dow

Bruce Clifford was a tall, broadshouldered, manly chap of seventeen years. His father had recently been killed in a railroad accident so that Bruce now had to support his mother and sister on the small income of a mail clerk.

His duty was to sort the mail on the "Oakland Express" in the afternoon and night so consequently he had to snatch as many hours of sleep as he could in the baggage car.

He had only held his position for a month, but his efficiency in swiftly sorting the mail and throwing it in the right bags won for him the favor and confidence of the chief clerk with the chance of increasing his salary.

Lately, there had been several mail robberies on the trains but by good luck the train Bruce was on had not been held up. The robberies seemed to have no effect on Bruce whatsoever. Whether he was a fatalist and believed that fate had planned his life and if the train was to be held up nothing could prevent it, or whether he gave no thought to the matter at all, it is hard to tell.

Anyway, he kept on working just as hard as usual thinking all the time of his mother and sister; of the day when he would buy a large white house for them where they would live in perfect contentment. Little did he realize what a large part fate plays in our lives.

It was expected that during the next month the mail trains would be filled to their capacities with Christmas gifts and money of great value. Bruce, since he had been working only a month, had not been on the train in any special period of rush or importance, but he was told by the chief clerk to keep a watchful eye on the mail car at all times so that no stranger might quietly jump in and help himself to anything of value.

One cold night Bruce was sorting the mail as usual whistling to himself all the while. The chief clerk and his assistant were also distributing mail in the right places, and everything was quiet save the constant flap, flap of the letters as they landed in the bags and Bruce's soft whistling.

"Sounds like a bad night out," drawled the chief clerk.

"Yes," replied Bruce, "I guess no mail robber will want to try anything tonight."

"He'll be afraid of getting his hands cold," put in the assistant, who, no matter how gloomy the surroundings were, would always find something to joke about.

As they chatted in this manner, no one was conscious of the two figures on the top of the train over their heads. Swiftly and quietly they worked. A rope ladder was fastened firmly on the top of the train and let down over the side. One man quickly climbed down this and while the train was going at approximately sixty-five miles an hour, lifted the bar, which extended across the door, up and off with the toe of his shoe and began kicking the door.

"Wonder what that is?" asked the chief.

"Probably only the wind," answered Bruce, who was afraid of nothing.

But the chief clerk knew from experience that it wasn't the wind; but he didn't know what it was.

"Guess I'll open the door and see, anyway," he said and quickly unlocked and opened the sliding door.

With one bound the man on the ladder landed on the chief clerk with such force that it knocked the wind out of him.

"Now put 'em up and keep quiet," said the robber.

But Bruce, quick to perceive the danger, sprang at him and a fierce tussle ensued.

Bruce, being much lighter and smaller, although very wiry and muscular, was soon overpowered and with a great twist he was pushed out the door and fell down.

When he revived, he found himself on a sandy beach and surmised that he had been thrown from the train when it was going over the trestle which he saw above. Luckily, he was not hurt much, and when he studied the surroundings more closely he saw that he was about an eighth of a mile from a telegraph way station for use in case of accident to the trestle. An idea quickly crossed his mind. He ran as fast as he could to the station and bursting in sat at the telegraph key. Having had some experience in the Morse code when he was younger he quickly sent the following: "Mail robbers on coming train—hold." He hoped this would reach the next station, which was about five miles away before the train arrived there. Then he leaned back and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the chief clerk and a number of other men were around him.

"Good work, Bruce, old boy," said the chief. "If you hadn't telegraphed, we might still be going and all the valuables might have been stolen. But, as your message was received in time, the train stopped and those rascals were put in jail.

By this time one of the other men stepped up and said, "My boy, I am one of the officials of the mail department and I wish to tell you that you did something tonight that hardly anyone else would have thought of. As a result I am going to raise your position and pay so that you can support your mother and sister comfortably in the future.

Bruce now had become fully awakened and replied, "I am very glad that I was able to be of service in capturing the robbers, but I hope that I will not have to experience the same fortune again. You are very kind indeed, to raise my position and pay, and I cannot thank you enough."

"Well," said the chief clerk, "are you ready to be taken home? An auto is waiting outside, and I'll assure you that it can get to the next station as quickly as the train did."

As Bruce settled back in the touring car he smiled and said to himself, "at last I can buy a large white house so that my mother and sister can live comfortably hereafter.

Finis.

HAVING PATIENCE

Ethel W. Spence.

"Mother, oh, mother," sobbing, Marion rushed upstairs to receive condolence from her mother.

"Yes, dear, right here," called Mrs. Culverwell, anxiously wondering what was the trouble with her usually quiet daughter.

"Mother, you know today is my twentieth birthday, and—and—Robert pro-o-mised me a s-surprise, and I ha-half expected——;" sobbing convulsively she tried to tell her mother, but that wise person well knew what was troubling her handsome daughter.

"Yes, I understand," said Mrs. Culverwell, as she stroked Marion's dark hair.

"We-e-l-l, he sent me a box, with nothing in it but perfectly blank paper, cut to fit and packed in carefully. I'm so angry, the idea of playing a horrid trick like that on my birthday!"

"Maybe there was a reason for it and the next time you see him he will explain," quietly replied the mother as she tried to comfort Marion.

"You may be sure I shall never ask. If Robert Wright explains, he will have to do it with no help from me," indignantly replied Marion.

Two or three weeks passed. Marion saw Robert many times but no explanation was given.

"Have patience, my child. Robert is not the kind to play pranks with no object," said Mrs. Culverwell, and Marion, knowing it to be so, settled down to the trying task of waiting.

In a short time, Robert went away but did not give any reason for his move. Before going, he called on Marion. After talking about common-place things for a while, he arose to go. At the door he parted with her saying,

"I will be back before long. If I think of you the time will fly.

* * * * *

Time rolled on. Weeks turned to months and months turned to years, but still no word came from Robert. Following her mother's wise words, Marion passed through life happily, waiting for the day when her patience would be rewarded.

Many suitors plied their cause but were turned away by the sweetfaced girl who pitied them, but still waited for an explanation from Robert.

Her mother slowly grew more infirm and helpless, but Marion sang as she cleaned and dusted. Every afternoon she carefully tidied the speckless parlor in case of Robert's return.

The day came when she saw the first streak of silver in her dark hair. She touched it reverently and said,

"You are the first symbol of my patience but I feel that the day is not far away when my patience will be rewarded."

Three days later, as she was doing her daily tasks, the doorbell rang. Her heart jumped as she hastily went to the door and opened it.

"Why-why-Robert, come right in. Where have you been all these long years?"

"Have they seemed long to you? They don't seem to have had any effect on you except to enhance your beauty."

"You have not changed very much, but tell me what you have been doing, and where you were, and-and-why you w-went." The last was very timidly spoken, indeed.

I've been ranching out west and wanted to see the city again and see y—er—my friends again. But do you not know why I left?"

"No, mother and I have often wondered why you left so abruptly."

A long silence followed which was broken by Robert.

"There must be some mistake. Do you remember the box I sent you on your twentieth birthday?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I have loved it all these years."

Robert rose quickly, saying: "Please find it and take all the paper out. There is a false bottom and underneath is a letter. Read it, then call me at the D—— Hotel, and answer it."

Hurriedly Marion went upstairs and took the box from the drawer where it had lain. Carefully she removed the bottom and found a faded but still legible letter.

She reverently opened it and blushed at what met her eyes. About an hour later the telephone rang in Robert's room and a soft voice said, "Robert, it was just as mother said, patience will always be rewarded. Just to think it was my fault all the time!"

"Well, what is the reply, tell me quickly, for I have waited twenty long years."

Faintly the answer came, "C-come and f-f-i-ind out."

The spectacled clerk at the desk was suddenly aroused at the appearance of a short, bald, and very much excited old man.

"Say, young fellow, where is there a taxi—well why don't—you answerafterwaitingtwentyyearstobestoppedfor—thewantofataxihurry!

After the hurricane had departed the clerk said to the gumchewing telephone girl,

"Huh, another guy gone daffy. He's sure got the dough, tho. Wonder what the excitement was, huh?"

"Dunno."

WU LEE'S VICTORY

Marguerite Gerhard.

Through the gloom of the poorly lighted streets of Canton, Wu Lee made his way cautiously to Ming Tue's home. Glancing about carefully, he entered a long, narrow hallway until finally at the other end he came to a door upon which he knocked lightly three times. He waited a few minutes while the slide in the door was being pushed aside carefully and Ming Tue's eyes came into view. She opened the door and he entered asking if all were well. Ming Tue put her finger across his lips and led him into another room.

"My father now consults with Chi Ling," Ming Tue said brokenly. "I will not marry him, but I am afraid . . ."

Wu Lee interrupted her saying, "Do not be afraid—he cannot harm you. I will kill him first."

"Oh, do not, do not," implored Ming Tue, "my father will not let you live if he finds out."

"He will not find out. I will be careful," slowly answered Wu Lee. "I will go tonight when the Baron goes and watch him every step. When I get a chance, I will—."

"Stop, stop," cried Ming Tue, "do not say more. I will marry him, but I cannot let you do that. Think what might happen."

"Ah," broke in Wu Lee, "you do not love me, you love the Baron; you love Chi Ling. Very well, I will go. I will not kill him now. But remember, I will come when you need me."

Ming Tue clung to him trying to hold him back, but his manly will was set, and nothing could move it. He pushed Ming Tue gently aside and went out into the gloom.

Ming Tue, weeping, threw herself into a chair, and there her father found her several hours later, when the Baron had gone.

Wong Tue, a strong, sturdy man, with a will of iron, roused his daughter, saying, "Stop, my child, what would the Baron say if he found you thus."

Ming Tue did not answer. Her father bent over her and told her that she must go to bed. At last she arose with a look of despair in her eyes.

"Yes, my child," continued her father, "it is better so, you will have all you want, and my business will be better when I can use the Baron's money."

"Are you selling me for money, father? I do not love Chi Ling. I cannot marry him because I love Wu Lee"

"Stop," shouted her father. "Do not mention his name again or he shall die. He has no money to give."

"I do not want money," retorted Ming Tue as she left the room.

II

"I shall have her now," said the Baron to himself on his way home. "She is very pretty, yes, even beautiful, and will serve me well. Wong Tue will do anything for money."

Upon his arrival at home he found Wu Lee awaiting him.

"I am Wu Lee," he said quietly. " I have come to tell you that I love Ming Tue, that she is mine, and you can not have her." He drew a knife from his side as he said this. "You know you have no right to her, you do not love her. You are only buying her. Say that you will sign this paper or this knife shall go through you."

Wu Lee made a threatening gesture, the fire in his eyes was terrible. He looked like a monstrous giant towering over the cowardly form of the Baron.

"I'll sign or do anything you wish if you will only spare my life," gasped the frightened Baron. "You may have Ming Tue."

"Promise," said Wu Lee, "That you will go tomorrow to her father and give up all claim."

"I promise," said the Baron.

Wu Lee departed allowing a goodnight to drift back over his shoulder to the Baron. The next day the Baron went again to see Wong Tue.

"I have come," he said, "To tell you that I do not want you to force Ming Tue to marry me because she does not love me."

"Ming Tue will do as I say," replied her father coldly.

Just at that moment Wu Lee and Ming Tue, who had escaped to a nearby parsonage and had been married, entered the room.

"Ming Tue is now my bride," announced Wu Lee quietly.

The Baron then came forward to meet them and gave them his blessing. The father, seeing this, was surprised, but gave them his blessing too.

Happily Wu Lee and his bride left the room and went to their new home.

THE TRUTH OF SHAKESPEARE'S "CAESAR"

Theodore Walcott, '24

It seems that in Shakespeare's Caesar the facts have been somewhat garbled. The play has become so well known that people are inclined to accept it as founded on fact. But looking at things from a more commonplace point of view than the Elizabethian, we conjecture that the following must really have happened.

In 44 B. C., Caesar, realizing that his greatness in history must come as a statesman rather than as a soldier, worked incessantly to lay a firm foundation for the empire, sometimes without eating for long periods of time. It was at one of these times, at about the middle of March, that hunger tore him from the mountain of official business that encumbered him. Rushing into the Forum, he burst into the bakeshop of Trebonius. What would he have? Anything. Now, an eastern delicacy had been recently introduced from Syria. It was called the doughnut. Trebonius said that it was the food of kings, and he had been at great expense in introducing it. Despite this the Romans had viewed it with suspicion, but Trebonius said that all it needed was a trial. Here was opportunity! He would give Caesar doughnuts; Caesar would go into ecstacies over them; and Trebonius would be rich!

Caesar snatched the bag of doughnuts, threw down some change, and rushed out. One doughnut disappeared, closely followed by a second. Then Caesar felt a sinking sensation, his feet flew out from under him; he fell heavily. What was the cause of this strange malady? Perhaps Caesar's irregular hours of eating were responsible. Perhaps Trebonius was not sufficiently schooled in his trade to make Syrian dishes. Perhaps (perish the thought) the flour had not been sifted. Whatever the cause, Brutus, happening along and believing himself something of a physician, diagnosed the case as a compound attack of acute indigestion. He knelt beside the fallen ruler, now writhing in dying paroxysms of the disease. He looked into the bag. The fateful doughnut.

"How many did you eat, Caesar?" questioned Brutus.

And then those immortal words:

"Et tu, Brute!"

We never could figure out why Shakespeare spelled it that way, for according to our elementary ideas of spelling it should be:

"Ate two, brute!"

Now we understand more clearly what poet's license is.

A FRIEND OF OUR FAMILY

Edna Desillier.

Although she has been in this country for the last fifty years, her thoughts are always of dear old Alsace-Lorraine. On summer evenings, we used to find great pleasure in listening to the stories that she told about the German soldiers when they invaded Alsace-Lorraine. She is a little woman with snow-white hair and clear, blue eyes. Her greatest happiness is when she is doing some act of kindness or helping a tired mother. When one enters her spotless home, he can easily see that not one duty or task is left unfinished. When she is tired, she seems more lovable, because her eyes are so blue and bright.

Julie, the little old lady who is a friend of our family, lives in the most picturesque spot of the town of Greenfield, New Hampshire. The house stands on a hill with fields and meadows on one side and a stretch of pine trees on the other. On a clear day, one can see the White Mountains and a large lake that looks beautiful, sparkling in the sunlight. Although the yellow house is small, it is made comfortable by the little lady, who fills it with sunshine every day in the year. A windmill which stands several feet above the house completes our picture as we travel around the bend of the state road.

As the growing season in that part of the state is very short, Julie has only a small bed of roses that bloom during July and August. The prettiest spot of all is an arch that is covered with wild grape vines. It is here, that Julie told us this story of long ago.

"In the summer of 1870, the Germans had successfully captured Alsace-Lorraine and were on their way to Paris. My home being one of the fortunate houses of the village had escaped the firing of the German guns. While the guns roared, I stayed in the cellar of my little home. I had to place mattresses against the windows so as to deaden the tremendous sound of the guns and also to keep my children from fear. My husband had left us so as to guard the City of Paris from destruction.

"The only act of unkindness, which was really selfish, that the German soldiers did to my little family was when they refused to let me dig my vegetable garden. Early in the spring, I had planted this garden, which supplied my family with a yearly supply of vegetables. After the invasion, my garden was ready to yield its crops. I was forbidden by the soldiers to touch the vegetables, because they wanted them for their own use.

"Under the cover of darkness, my little boy went out into the garden and gathered enough vegetables for a few days. Although I was disobeying orders, I had to do it in order to keep myself and children from starving until the war was settled."

After telling this particular story, Julie remains in silence. Her face always has a look of longing and sadness which causes her listeners to wonder. I have always desired to ask her of what she was thinking; but never seemed to have the courage. Perhaps she is thinking of the hardships and loneliness she had after the war without her husband, or possibly of other things that she has never told to us.

A SPRING MOOD

By Arnold K. Borden, '24

I.

Sequestered, pensive, in a pilgrimage
Of thought, but yesterday I breathed the chill,
Frosty breath of autumn, saw the rage
Of storm-choked winter's blast that bleached the hill
In snow and deep in robes of studded jewel
Did lay the world to rest in gentle sleep.
O thou that ever changes! Round eternal!
Thou, O March, that blow and weep
O'er winter's tomb, with thee again to life I leap.

II.

Let snow dissolve in rain and dripping dew
O'er peeping bud and leafing rosary
And, melting, filigree the cloud's anew.
That bird-land symphony of song that freely
Falls in showers of sweetest melody
Bring back, awake the bee long-slumbering
To flowers deluged with honey, fresh and canny,
And strike the note that in my soul will spring
A stream of music tuned to thy rejuvenating.

ALUMNI NOTES

1923

Mildred Bryant is at the Cambridge Gas Light Company.

Ernest Touchette is working at the Atlantic and Pacific storehouses, Cambridge.

Michael Maiella is studying language and music in Italy. He has a contract to play the clarinet with one of the best bands in the Neapolitan state. He hopes to return to America, after two years' stay in his native land.

Dorothy McNabb is working at the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

Alma Temple is at the Y. M. C. A., Cambridge. She intends to go to Jackson College.

Annabel Donahue is working at the Y. M. C. A. in Boston.

Jean Patton is a stenographer at the Boston Woven Hose.

1922

Luther Macnair is rowing on Harvard's first Sophomore boat.

Mae Galvin is a Sophomore at Smith College.

Katharine Lynch is at F. E. Nelson Co., Cambridge, as cashier and stenographer.

1921

Eleanor Fuller has recently been taken into the Studio and Art Department Clubs at Smith. Her engagement to Frederick W. Greer, M. I. T., 1925, was announced in June.

George Malloney is at the Museum School of Art.

Mildred Peterson is in training at the Nyack Missionary School, Nyack, N. Y.

Edna Ross is working at the Guaranty Trust Company, Cambridge.

Barbara Priest is now a Junior at Smith College.

Gladys Salander is working at the Puritan Iron Works, Boston.

Dorothy Bradley is a stenographer at the Johnson Educator Cracker Company, Cambridge.

Burleigh Hillman is a teller at the Manufacturers' National Bank, Kendall Square, Cambridge.

Irving Tisdale is at Boston University.

Dorothy Pevear is taking the secretarial course at Boston University.

1920

Irene Ashman is at the Bursar's Office, Harvard University.

Lillian Gay is engaged to Gregory Cooper of the 1921 class.

Elizabeth Waters is at Framingham Normal School.

Ethel Tansey is teaching at the Gore School, Cambridge.

Frances Burnham is one of the art editors for the Senior Class Book at Smith.

Roger V. Pugh is on the business board of the *Harvard Lampoon.*

Louise O'Connor is private secretary to Paul O'Sullivan, a wool broker.

Marion Gans is working in the Widener Library.

Isabell Robbins was married to Mr. Ralph Samuel Wheeler, May 9, 1923.

Leo May is at Tufts College.

1919

Annie Wetmore is teaching in the first grade at the Russell School.

Charles Touchette has toured the United States twice as an accompanist to Madame May Peterson of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and will start out again in the spring.

Marion Smith is teaching at the Boardman School.

Viola Bradley is stenographer at Decatur, Hopkins Company, Boston.

Esther Murphy is teaching at the Kelly School.

Clare Wait is a member of the Smith College Glee Club.

Helen Hudson is engaged to Walton Allen of New York.

Helen Moran is now a Junior at Radcliffe.

Mary Twomey graduated from Boston University in June, and is now teaching in Whitman.

Rose Rosencranz is studying piano at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Frances MacDonald is in training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Roxbury.

1918

Inez Stingel was married this fall to Arthur E. Sandberg of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Margaret Thompson is engaged to Russell Z. Johnson, a graduate of Trinity College and Harvard Law School.

Gladys Johnston is a bookkeeper at the Julian d'Este Company, Boston.

Anna Biggane is teaching gymnastics in Baltimore, Maryland.

Evelyn Richardson is married to Herbert Ross White.

Joseph Nesson is now practicing dentistry in Boston.



NEW YORK

La sed de la población neoyorkina es asombrosa y en verano se manifiesta en el consumo de aguas carbónicas, helados, bebidas de mil combinaciones y cervezas. Gracias que el abasto iguala a la demanda. Es fenomenal!

Tomemos, por ejemplo, los helados. Que esta población gaste $90,000 en un día por helados es más que fabuloso! Si esa masa se convirtiese en ladrillos podría fabricarse un edificio colosal. Si se licuase llenaría el espacioso edificio del Acuario.

Para gaseosas el gasto de un solo día asciende a $600,000. En números redondos esto significa la toma de 12,000,000 vasos vaciados en un día de verano.

Y esta sed indescribible debe ser la misma en todo el país; lo prueban los cálculos de nuestros estadistas que fijan en $320,000,000 el dinero gastado en gaseosas en los Estados Unidos el año pasado. Con los $25,000,000 gastados en goma de mascar en el año pasado, podrían construirse dos puentes como el colosal Queensboro Bridge de Nueva York.

Cada 52 segundos llega un tren a Nueva York.

Cada 13 minutos se registra un casamiento.

Cada 42 minutos cuatro casas de comercio empiezan negocios.

Cada 51 minutos se erige un nuevo edificio.

350 nuevos ciudadanos llegan diariamente a fijar su residencia en la ciudad.

4 forasteros vienen a la ciudad cada segundo.

Cada 6 minutos nace un niño.

30 escrituras y 27 hipotecas se registran cada hora de un día de trabajo.

Por término medio 9,000 personas cruzan diatiamente los corredores del hotel más grande.

7,500 personas están ocupadas diariamente en un edificio—el Metropolitan Building.

300,000 personas pasan diariamente por las secciones de mayor negocio de Broadway.

Más de 1,000,000 de emigrantes desembarcan anualmente.

A cada hombre, mujer y niño se le conceden 105 galones de agua todos los días. En las tiendas de tabacos y los puestos de tabaco de los hoteles se regalan diariamente 11,000,000 fósforos.

En las centrales telefónicas se sirven 586,000 llamadas cada hora.

Hay 1,090 iglesias de todas denominaciones.

Para el mantenimiento de las casas de beneficencia se gastan anualmente $2,500,000.

Ocurren dos incendios cada hora—con todo, las pérdidas anuales por incendios no exceden de $5,000,000.



(Continued from February number)

Marthe Millerand est élève de deuxième année, section C[11]. Les jeunes filles ont, dans cette classe, de treize à quatorze ans et déjà une année d'enseignement secondaire derrière elles. Tous les cours qu'elles suivent à cet âge-là sont obligatoires et se distribuent ainsi: cinq heures de français, par semaine—cela comprend la littérature et la grammaire — trois heures d'anglais ou d'allemand, deux heures d'histoire générale et de géographie. Voilà pour les Lettres. Les Sciences occupent deux heures pour les Mathématiques, deux heures de Sciences physiques et naturelles, une heure d'Hygiène. Ajoutez-y le dessin, la couture, la gymnastique, le solfège[12] et vous arrivez au total respectable de vingt-quatre heures par semaine, ce qui donne à peu près cinq heures par jour puisque le dimanche et le jeudi sont entièrement libres. Les heures, chez nous, sont de soixante minutes et chacune d'elles suppose dans la semaine quelque travail de préparation. Chaque semaine, en effet, les élèves ont à remettre une composition française ou tout au moins un plan de composition, un devoir[13] de grammaire, un devoir d'anglais, plusieurs problèmes et une carte de géographie. Elles ont à apprendre un nombre correspondant de leçons dont beaucoup de textes classiques: du Corneille, du Molière, du Bossuet qu'elles doivent savoir par cœur.

Elles ne peuvent guère finir ce travail sans y consacrer environ trois heures par jour. Cinq et trois font huit. Si vous songez maintenant que toutes ces jeunes filles de quatorze ans étudient leur piano une heure par jour, vous voyez qu'il ne reste rien de la journée ou à peu près rien pour les jeux et les sports.

Car nos élèves ne se reposent vraiment que le jeudi après-midi et le dimanche. Les autres jours, elles n'ont comme exercice physique, en dehors des cours de Gymnastique, qu'un petit quart d'heure de récréation le matin, entre le second et le troisième cours et la promenade forcée qu'elles font quatre fois par jour du lycée jusqu'à leur maison. Cette promenade. c'est leur salut[14], car elles marchent souvent de la sorte une heure ou plus tous les jours et elles prennent l'air pendant ce temps-là.

Les internes disposent[15] d'un tennis et de plusieurs croquets mais d'une façon générale, rien dans la vie d'un lycée de filles en France ne rappelle les grands jeux en commun de l'Angleterre ou de l'Amérique.

Nos jeunes filles trouvent ailleurs leurs plaisirs. Elles causent, souvent trop. Ces petites élèves, si timides pour répondre à une interrogation ou pour parler en public, sont souvent dans le privé d'un bavardage étourdissant[16]. La plupart de nos mauvaises notes ne portent pas d'autre motif: "Bavarde pendant les cours." Marthe Millerand, parfaite élève à tous autres égards, est très bavarde. Leur plus grand plaisir, après la causerie libre, c'est la libre lecture. Si chargées de be-

[11] SECTION C.: *les 12 années de lycée sont réparties en 3 cycles; chaque cycle en sections A, B, C, et D., selon les degrés.* [12] SOLFÈGE: *étude du chant.* [13] DEVOIR: written exercise. [14] SALUT: *ici, dans le sens de santé;* salvation (in regard to health). [15] DISPOSER DE: to have at one's disposal. [16] D'UN BAVARDAGE ÉTOURDISSANT: *parlant toutes à la fois, à tue-tête.*

(Continued in the next issue of the Review)



GIRL DANCE

The girl dance took place in the gym, Friday evening, January 25. The girls wore light dresses, and the "boys" wore knickers. The music was furnished by the Wetmore Orchestra, although dancing was the main attraction, "Lally" Wetmore's brother seemed to receive a good deal of attention.

The matrons were Miss Miles, Miss Russell, Miss Willoughby and Miss Townsend.

BOY DANCE

This year's boy dance, held in the gym, February 21, proved to be one of the prettiest parties ever conducted by the G. A. A. The gym was brightly decorated with Harvard Red. The dainty red lights cast a cozy glow over the gym, filling it with a homelike atmosphere.

The dance features were a Paul Jones and an elimination dance. The latter was won by Hortense Wetherbee and Bill Ravinius, who both received prizes.

Refreshments were served by Sophomores who were attractively attired in black dresses, dainty white aprons and caps.

The party ended about quarter of twelve, and I'm sure I could truthfully add that a good time was had by all.

SWIMMING

Swimming practises are being held twice a week at the Y. M. C. A. tank. The regular practise is on Saturday mornings, from 9 to 11, but there is an opportunity for those who cannot go to it to receive coaching Thursday evening.

Attendance as well as proficiency will be considered in the qualifications for the teams, and so far, the Freshman class has had the best attendance.

The class teams will be picked about the first of May. The ultimatum of the swimming is an Interclass meet to be held early in June, and medals will be awarded to the winning team.

BASKETBALL

As the Juniors and Seniors were unable to form teams, the Inter-Class Championship was played between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Regardless of this, however, the games were exciting and the teams were well matched.

From the start to the finish of the first game, both Freshmen and Sophomores were out for each other's "scalps". The game was unusually snappy, but unfortunately the end was tragic. After two fast overtime periods had been played, and the Sophomores had won by a score of 22 to 17, there was some dispute about the score so the game was considered practise.

The following day, February 14, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 17 to 11, in the one overtime period. Either from over confidence on the part of the Freshman or from better endurance on the part of their opponents, the Freshmen lost the first official game, a well-played one although there was a noticeable lack of team work.

With a "do or die" expression of determination written on their faces, the Freshmen overcame their worthy opponents by a score of 8 to 5 in the second official game of the series. It was a regular time game.

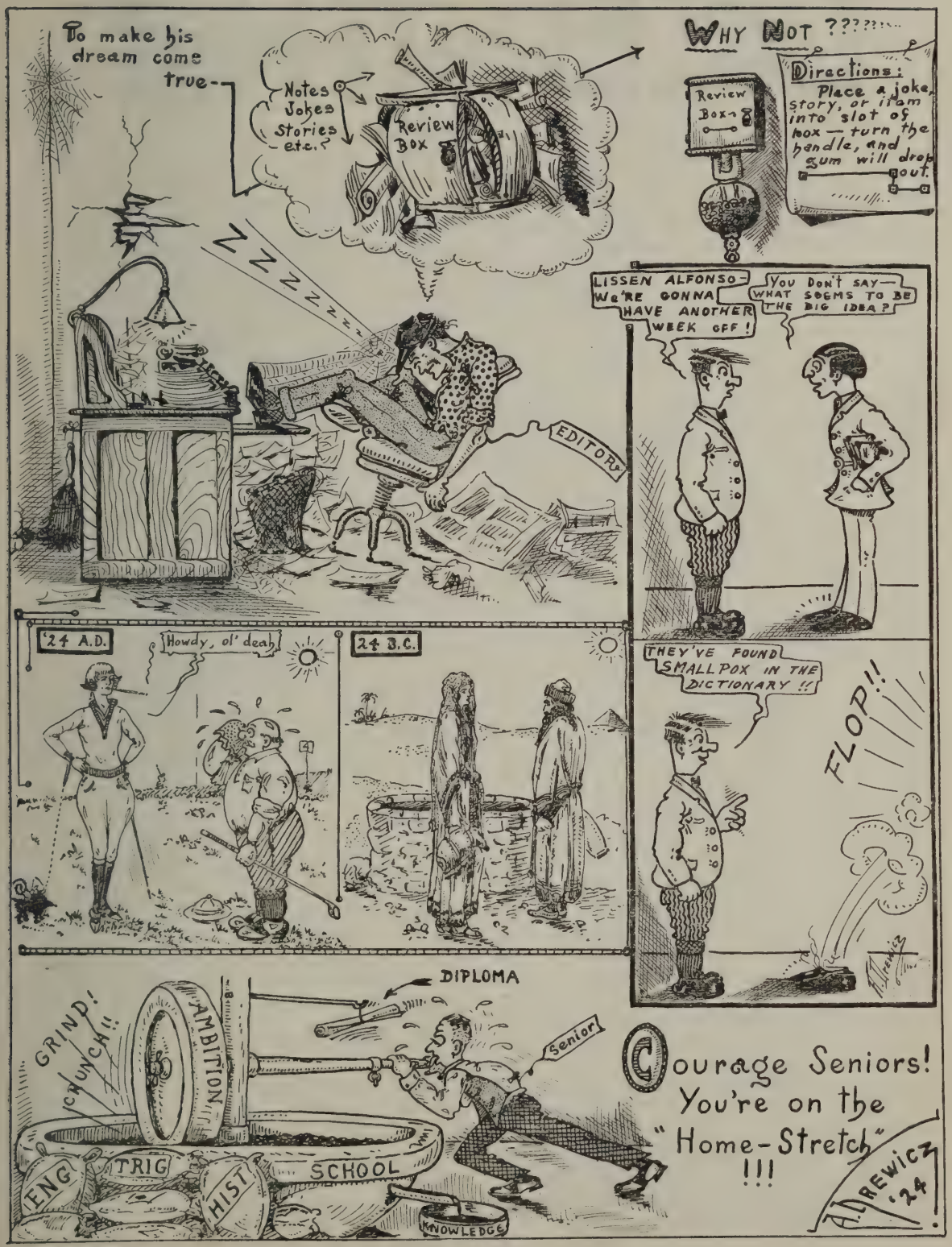
In the third and final "rubber" game, the playing was ragged and unfinished. However, the game was far from dull and the first quarter ended with the score standing 4 to 2 in favor of the Sophomores, the second quarter 4 to 4, and the third quarter 4 to 4. The audience was keyed to the highest pitch. With a minute left to play, a Freshman forward shot the ball through the basket, leaving the final score, 6 to 4, and the Freshman Class Champions.

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Baseball practice will begin the first week in April. There will be a team representing each class, if possible.

As soon as the courts are ready there will be a tennis tournament.

About the middle of April, a track team will be organized. The following events will be taken up, high jump, standing broad jump, running broad jump, shot-put, sprints and hurdling.


To make his dream come true—
Notes Jokes Stories etc.?
Review Box
ZZZZzzz
EDITOR
WHY NOT ???????
Review Box
Directions:
Place a joke, story, or item into slot of box — turn the handle, and gum will drop out.
LISSEN ALFONSO— WE'RE GONNA HAVE ANOTHER WEEK OFF!
YOU DON'T SAY— WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE BIG IDEA?
'24 A.D.
Howdy, ol' deah
24 B.C.
THEY'VE FOUND SMALLPOX IN THE DICTIONARY !!
FLOP!!
DIPLOMA
GRIND!
CRUNCH!!
AMBITION
Senior
ENG
TRIG
HIST
SCHOOL
KNOWLEDGE
Courage Seniors! You're on the "Home-Stretch" !!!
A. DREWICZ '24



C. H. L. S. vs. SOMERVILLE

On February 18, 1924, at eight o'clock in the Latin School Hall a debate between the debating teams from our school and Somerville, was held. Before quarter of eight our hall was crowded, with standing space only, by the many people who were anxious to see the two schools matched in a contest very different from the contests between the two schools in football, baseball, hockey and track. After some very fine selections by the C. H. L. S. orchestra, under the direction of Mr. John B. Whoriskey, the debate was formally opened by Mr. Cleveland, our own headmaster, who introduced the chairman, Mr. John Avery, headmaster of the Somerville High School. Mr. Avery read the rules of the contest and expressed his pleasure in presiding over such a debate. Basil Mills of Somerville began the constructive speech of the affirmative on the question. Resolved: "That the United States should become a member of the permanent court of international justice." After outlining in brief the case of the affirmative, he proceeded to deliver his constructive speech in a very clear style, which seemed to favorably impress his audience. Walter McLaughlin, a member of Durrell and Rindge teams was the first speaker for the negative. He took up in detail the many dangers which would befall the U. S. if she joined the World Court and put his argument over in such a forceful manner that the audience was swayed completely over to the negative. Milton Dupertuis, the second speaker for the affirmative continued the argument of his colleague and presented a very logical speech. The second speaker for the negative was Louis Barron, former member of the Durrell Team. Barron had very fine arguments showing further dangers of our adherence to the World Court. The constructive speeches of the affirmative were concluded by Thomas Kennedy, the mainstay of the Somerville team. In a sparkling display of oratory, Kennedy showed that it was our moral obligation to Europe to join the World Court. He delivered his well-prepared speech in a very forceful way and concluded the case of the affirmative with a favorable impression on the audience. The final speaker for the negative was Roy Lamson, Jr., a member of the Durrell and Rindge teams. In a few opening remarks, which cooled the case of the affirmative, Lamson began his constructive speech. He conclusively showed that the World Court cannot give justice, and that it is against our principles of democracy to become a member of such an institution. He delivered his speech with such oratorical force and clear logic that the audience was for the final time swayed to the views of the negative. A ten-minute intermission then followed for the preparation of the rebuttal. During this time the C. H. L. S. orchestra again entertained delightfully with many numbers in response to many encores. The first rebuttal speaker, Walter McLaughlin, delivered an excellent refutation before his favorable audience. Near the end of his rebuttal, McLaughlin had so swayed the audience that they were not turned away again. McLaughlin delivered one of his best rebuttals, completely blanking the case of the affirmative, and set a record for rebuttal speaking which is hard to beat. Basil Mills, the rebuttalist of the affirmative then presented the final efforts of the Somerville Team. His reasoning was clear but not sufficient to dislodge from its solid foundation the case of the negative.

After the votes were collected from the judges, Newell C. Maynard, Professor of Public Speaking at Tufts, Hon. Edw. A. Counihan, special justice of Eastern District Middlesex County, Professor W. H. J. Kennedy, Dean of the Boston Normal School, the decision was announced quickly by Chairman Avery that the negative had won. The negative then congratulated the affirmative for the strong case they had offered and the program was closed by final selections from the orchestra.

Both teams deserve much credit for their extensive research work on the subject. The finished work of the teams was due in no small degree to the excellent coaching of Mr. De Celles of Somerville for his team and to the strenuous efforts of Mr. Edward C. Donahue and Miss Hartigan for the Cambridge team.

INTER CLASS DEBATING

On the 18th of January, the second of the series of three debates between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, was won by the Sophomores who upheld the affirmative of the question. Resolved: "That the United States should adopt the disarmament policy". The Sophomore team was composed of:

	Freshman Team
David Dudley	Hyman Buller*
Henry Adelson	Donald Richardson
Leo Sullivan	Samuel Fishman

* Rebuttalist.

After much discussion, the judges, Miss I. McCaffey, Mr. J. Sheehan, and Mr. L. Fugère, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

On January 25th, the final debate between the Freshmen and the Sophomores was won by the Freshmen on the question, Resolved: "That the bonus bill shall be enacted."

The Freshmen team was composed of:

	Sophomore Team
Hyman Buller*	Leo S. Sullivan
Joseph Tierney	Joseph Callahan
Samuel Wishman	William Flynn

ANNUAL DURRELL PRIZE DEBATE

On the evening of March 21, 1924, one of the best Durrell Prize Debates ever held in the history of the Cambridge High and Latin School took place in the School Hall. The members of the teams were:

Affirmative	Negative
Wilfred B. Nightingale, '24	
	Roy Lamson, Jr., '25
Theodore Walcott, '24	
	Frederick Lorenzen, '24
*Walter H. McLaughlin, '24	
	Robert Swezey, '23

* Rebuttal Speakers

Alternates

Charles J. Good, '25 Henry Adelson, '26

The High and Latin school orchestra opened the program by many musical selections before a capacity audience. Mr. Cleveland, the presiding officer, then made afew introductory remarks after which he read the question: Resolved: "That immigration should be further restricted for a period of ten years." (By agreement, restrictions to be 2% of 1910 Census.)

The first speaker of the affirmative, Wilfred B. Nightingale opened the affirmative case with a clearly delivered speech showing the evils of immigration today. Bill's speech was well prepared and accurately delivered. The negative case was introduced by Roy Lamson. Jr., a member of the team which defeated Somerville. He went right to the point by showing that the present law of restricted immigration and the law upon which the teams had agreed to debate were inadequate to serve the needs of the country and also that to restrict immigration further is against the principles of this country. His forceful, logical speech laid the cornerstone upon which the case of the negative was built up. The second speaker of the negative, Theodore Walcott, showed that foreign assimilation because of its slowness was detrimental to the country. His speech was put over clearly but not too forcefully. The next speaker of the affirmative, Frederick Lorenzen, showed vrey forcefully that immigration in a large volume is a necessity to the social and economic welfare of the United States. His very logical speech, delivered in a most convincing style added great strength to the negative case. The concluding speaker of the affirmative, Walter McLaughlin, began his speech with many humorous remarks, some of which were appreciated by the audience; he showed very clearly and forcefully that further restriction is needed in order to protect American labor. "Bob" Swezey concluded the case of the negative by showing that it is our moral obligation to Europe, in not further restricting immigration. He drew the audience to his view very quickly and continued to hold their interest. He also presented a composite plan of selective immigration which is backed by many prominent authorities.

A ten-minute intermission for preparation of the rebuttal after which both teams filed in and took their positions. The first rebuttal speaker was Roy Lamson, Jr., who presented a rebuttal backed by many statistics and proof. He left the audience a very favorable impression of the whole negative case. The final rebuttal speaker, Walter McLaughlin, proved himself quite a comedian. He endeavored to refute the case of the negative by making it appear humorous. He comically imitated the third speaker of the negative and drew many

(Continued on page 24)



CAMBRIDGE 4, BOSTON LATIN 1

The Cambridge High and Latin School hockey players experienced no difficulty in downing the Boston Latin team. The Cantabs were too fast for the Boston boys and as a result, scored at will.

The first period, Latin School started in and scored two goals. The Boston boys could not withstand the passing game of the Cantabs and consequently Latin scored freely during the game.

The second team players finished out the game for Cambridge and scored one goal in each of the last two periods.

Boston Latin's lone tally was made in the final chapter when Neil, on a sensational piece of stickwork, caged the disc.

Capt. Nelson, Roach and Mahoney, played well for Cambridge Latin, while Neil turned in the best exhibition for Boston Latin.

The Summary

Cambridge	*Boston*
Mahoney l. w.	r. w. Foster
Joyce	Avery
O'Connell c.	c. Neil
Roach r. w.	l. w. Tucker
Becker	Minton
Nelson r. d. (capt.)	l. d. Fusoni
Clancy	Bruen
Gibson l. d.	r. d. Martin
Pearl	Donahy
L. Fitzgerald g.	g. Lyons

Score: Cambridge Latin, 4; Boston Latin 1. Goals made by Nelson 2, Roach, Mahoney and Neil. Time—three 12-m. periods.

ARLINGTON 3, CAMBRIDGE 2

After leading Arlington by two goals, for two periods, Cambridge Latin was forced to taste defeat when two long shots from center ice manged to get by Leon Fitzgerald. Cambridge Latin never should have lost this game but carelessness in allowing opponents to shoot from center ice cost them the game.

The first period was Latin's by far; outskating their opponents and checking back effectively, they managed to score once. In this period "Joie" O'Connell, on a nifty piece of stickwork, eluded the entire Arlington team and caged the disc. There was no further scoring in this period.

In the second period it was the same story, Latin holding the upper hand throughout. In this period Nelson carried the puck down behind the Arlington goal and passed to O'Connell who snapped in the puck before the goaltender could set himself.

In the final period the Cambridge team must have taken a brief rest. The results of this rest were tragic for Cambridge, the Arlington pucksters scoring three times, putting them in the lead. Only one of these goals was earned, the other two being long shots which should have been stopped by the defence. Cambridge made a desperate attempt to lock the score but were repulsed. Were it not for the desperate defensive tactics of the Arlington points and the superb exhibition of goaltending, Cambridge would have undoubtedly tied the score and eventually won.

"Joie" O'Connell, Nelson and Gibson, starred for Cambridge Latin while Scanlon and Nazro turned in creditable performances for Arlington.

The Summary

Arlington	*Cambridge*
Nazro l. w.	r. w. Roach
Hamm	Becker
Buckley c.	c. O'Connell
Cook	
O'Neil r. w.	l. w. Mahoney
Donnelly	Joyce
Hutchinson l. d.	r. d. Nelson
Scanlan r. d.	l. d. Gibson
Goodwin g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Arlington, 3; Cambridge High and Latin School 2. Goals: O'Connell 2, Scanlan, Nazro 2. Time—three 12-m. periods.

BROWN & NICHOLS 1, CAMBRIDGE 0

In one of the fastest schoolboy games ever seen at the Arena, Brown & Nichols put aside Cambridge Latin 1-0. As this game decided the championship of the University City, there was indeed much cause for the speed and dash which distinguished this game.

The first period was thrilling and the style of passwork offered by both teams was indeed a treat for the privileged few who were permitted to witness this contest. Time and time again both teams, respectively, carried the puck to the opposing defense, only to be thwarted by some clever work by the points.

The private school boys had a slight edge in the second session and took advantage of the minor mistakes made by the Cantabs. Smith, center ice man for B. & N., carried the puck down the ice, drew the Cantabs defense out, and passed to Bowe, who was uncovered. The usual result from a slight mistake, a goal which spelt disaster.

In the final chapter, Cambridge made a noteworthy attempt to retrieve themselves, but were unsuccessful. The lone tally was enough to defeat them.

The Summary

B. & N.	*Cambridge*
Andres l. w.	r. w. Roach
Childs	Becker
Smith c.	c. O'Connell
Walker	Temple
Whitney r. w.	l. w. Gibson
Tower	Joyce
Russ	
Bowe l. d.	r. d. Nelson
	Pearl
Sherman r. d.	l. d. Gibson
Tutein g.	Clancy
	g. Fitzgerald

Score—Browne & Nichols 1, Cambridge 0. Goal—Bowe. Referee—"Doc" Mooney. Time—three 12 m. periods.

CAMBRIDGE 2, BROOKLINE 0

Cambridge High and Latin School, because of very good passing work and laudable defensive work, defeated Brookline High School 2-0. The Cantabs' defense was impregnable and the manner in which they withstood the attack of the Brookline forwards is indeed worthy of praise.

Although the Cantabs did not pile up a high score, they held the upper hand throughout the contest. After seeing the futile attempts of Brookline players to penetrate the Cantabs defense, there was no doubt as to whom would be victorious.

In the first period Cambridge scored once on some brilliant team work by O'Connell and Mahoney. Mahoney took possession of the puck in the vicinity of his own goal and proceeded to carry it up to the opponent's territory. About midway up the ice he passed to O'Connell at his right, who carried the puck to the Brookline goal and drew out the defence. With the defence out, he passed back to Mahoney who had no difficulty in denting the draperies.

This good work continued all through the game and in the last period Mahoney, on a brilliant piece of stickwork, again caged the disc.

Besides Mahoney and O'Connell, Capt. Nelson and Gibson, the Cambridge defense, displayed a superior brand of hockey.

"Bob" Hall and Murray played well for Brookline.

The Summary

Cambridge Latin	*Brookline*
Roach r. w.	l. w. Hall
Becker	
O'Connell c.	c. Murray
Mahoney l. w.	r. w. Kent
Joyce	
Nelson (Capt.) r. d.	l. d. Shapiro
Gibson l. d.	r. d. Bouchette
Clancy	
Fitzgerald g.	g. Fallon

Score—Cambridge Latin 2, Brookline 0. Goals—Mahoney 2. Time—three 15 m. periods. Referee—"Doc" Mooney.

STONEHAM 4, HIGH & LATIN 1

Stoneham High defeated Cambridge at the Boston Arena 4-1. Cambridge Latins' usual pass work was lacking while that of Stoneham was very much in evidence. Without doubt, Stoneham has the best passing game of any team in the Greater Boston Interscholastic League. When they attack, they do three abreast and work in perfect unison.

In the opening chapter Stoneham scored twice. First on a pass-out from Duplin to Kingsley. Duplin carried the puck behind the Cambridge goal and passed to Kingsley who

was uncovered. This oversight on the part of the Cambridge defense in leaving this man uncovered paved the way for three more scores and took all the courage out of the Latin school team.

Directly after this goal, Duplin gained possession of the puck and because of his enormous speed capacity, was able to score for Stoneham.

Roach of Cambridge received a passout from Nelson and score.

It now looked as though the contest would be a close race but this did not last long for Stoneham scored twice in the last two periods.

Duplin, Fallon and Kingsley played well for Stoneham, while Roach, Gibson and Nelson starred for Latin School.

Summary

Stoneham	*Cambridge*
Fallon (capt.) l. w.	r. w. Roach
Duplin c.	c. O'Connell
Kingsley r. w.	l. w. Mahoney
Masi l. d.	r. d. (capt.) Nelson
Robertson r. d.	l. d. Gibson
Frazier g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Stoneham, 4; Cambridge, 1. Goals: Duplin 2, Kingsley, Fallon, Roach. Time—three 15-m. periods.

CAMBRIDGE 1, RINDGE 0

The High and Latin School hockey team defeated Rindge Technical School, 1-0, at the Boston Arena. It was a bitter struggle all through the contest and even though the Rindge boys were outskated, they put up a stiff brand of hockey. The only thing that prevented High and Latin from scoring oftener was the brilliant work of Flaherty, in the Rindge goal.

The first period was decidedly Latin's; forcing the play and showing more fight than Rindge. About the middle of the opening period, Roach received a passout from Gibson and scored the only goal.

In the second period, Rindge showed more fight and made a staunch but fruitless attempt to tie the score. This period was about even.

Rindge sent five men down the ice the last period and, but for the superior work by Latin's defense, would have undoubtedly tied the score.

Roach, Capt. Nelson and O'Connell played well for Cambridge, while Sweeney, Dyson and Capt. Flaherty excelled for Rindge.

Summary

Rindge	*Cambridge*
Roach l. w.	r. w. Roach
Kelley	Becker
Sweeney c.	c. O'Connell
Dyson r. w.	l. w. Mahoney
Johnson	Joyce
Poehler r. d.	l. d. Gibson
Dunphy l. d.	r. d. Capt. Nelson
Flaherty (capt.) g.	g. Fitzgerald

Score: Cambridge 1, Rindge 0. Goal: Roach. Time—three 15-m. periods. Referee: "Doc." Mooney.

MELROSE 4, CAMBRIDGE 3

The Melrose High School hockey team defeated Cambridge High and Latin School 4-3, at the Boston Arena. The winner of this game was to participate in the finals for the championship, so there was much cause for a heated contest. Both teams displayed very good defensive tactics, while Cambridge Latins' passing game was superior to that of Melrose. The majority of Melrose goals were a result of fine individual work.

In the first period Melrose scored twice. The first was a result of a passout from Burns to Ripley, who caged the disc. Burns again took possession of the puck and after weaving his way through the entire Cambridge team, scored again for Melrose. In this same period Capt. Nelson received a pass from Mahoney and drew first blood for Cambridge.

Ripley received the puck in the vicinity of his own goal and by some clever stickwork, made the score three in favor of Melrose.

Cambridge Latin came out in the last period with the "do or die" spirit and attempted to tie the score. Gibson and Nelson went down with the puck and after passing back and and forth to each other, Gibson caged the puck. After about ten minutes of the final chapter had passed, Gibson again captured the puck and scored on a wonderful angle shot. This tied the score and excited both teams.

McGinley of Melrose, was put off and Melrose experienced a difficult two minutes until he returned. Just before the period close McGinley took the puck and on a brilliant piece of individual work scored for Melrose and won the game.

Gibson, Nelson and O'Connell starred for Cambridge, while McGinley and Ripley excelled for Melrose.

Cambridge	*Melrose*
Roach r. w.	l. w. Ripley
O'Connell c.	c. Lloyd
Mahoney l. w.	r. w. Sanford
Gibson l. d.	r. d. Burns
Nelson r. d.	l. d. McGinley
Fitzgerald g.	g. Kimball

HOCKEY (1923-1924)

On the whole the 1923-24 hockey team had a fairly successful season and its creditable showing should be appreciated in view of the fact that the practises were irregular. A lack of freezing weather and too much snow prevented any opportunity for practice. The Boston Arena was available only once or twice during the year, and this can be attributed to the generosity of Harvard College in allowing our boys to obtain a little practice in the time allotted to Harvard.

Such being the case, Coach MacDonald could not be expected to produce a championship outfit but rather merits considerable praise for the showing of the team.

The outlook for next year's team is very good as "Sid" Roach is the only veteran to graduate. Roach has played two years at right wing and has developed into a very commendable player.

MALDEN 27, CAMBRIDGE 26

The Cambridge High and Latin School swimming team journeyed to Malden, minus two of its veterans, and lost the closest meet ever staged at the Malden "Y".

The Summary

160 yard relay—Won by Malden, (Chisholm, Baum, Vanetaud, Hardy) vs. Cambridge (Barber, Dudley, Bagitur and Fair).

40 yards—Kenney (C), Greer (C), Hardy (M).

100 yards—Kenney (C), Greer (C), Hardy (M).

200 yards—Kenney (C), Pierce (M), Appleton (M).

Diving—Pierce (M), Bauer (M), Greer (C).

Plunge—Irving (M), Barber (C), G. Sullivan (M). Distance, 60 ft.

CAMBRIDGE 46, B. C. H. 16

The Cambridge High and Latin School swimming team defeated Boston College High School 46-16. Cambridge won the relay handily.

The Summary

160 yard relay—Won by Cambridge Latin, (Hooker, Greer, Kenney and Murtagh. Second, Boston College High.

20 yard—Doyle (B. C. H.), Hooker (C), O'Leary (B. C. H.)

40 yards—Doyle (B. C. H.), Fair (C), Sullivan (B. C. H.)

100 yard—Kenney (C), Greer (C), Doyle (B. C. H.)

200 yards—Kenney (C), Fair (C), Chamberlain (B. C. H.)

Diving—Greer (C), Higgins (B. C. H.), McNaly (B. C. H.)

Plunge—Barber (C), 55 ft.; Dabney (C), 53 ft.; Sullivan (B. C. H.), 51 ft.

CAMBRIDGE 45, RINDGE 14

The Cambridge High and Latin School swimming team swamped Rindge Tech in a dual meet at the Cambridge "Y". Cambridge High and Latin took every first place. The feature event was the 100 yards.

The Summary

Relay, 160 yards—Won by Cambridge Latin (Hooker, Greer, Kenney, Murtagh). Second, Rindge Tech (Hardy, Conant, St. Clair, Anthony).

20 yards—Hooker (C), St. Clair (R), Hardy (R).

40 yards—Greer (C), Murtagh (C), St. Clair (R).

Diving—Greer (C), Anthony (R), Hardy (R).

Plunge—Barber (C), 52 ft.; Sambowski (R), 51 ft.; Dabney (C).

100 yards—Kenney (C), Murtagh (C), Anthony (R).

200 yards—Kenney (C), Fair (C), McKelvie (R).

TECH FRESH 34, CAMBRIDGE 20

The Cambridge High and Latin School swimming team was forced to bow to the superior swimming of the Tech. yearlings.

The Summary

160 yard relay—Won by Tech. Fresh. (Higgins, Weis, Armstrong, Campbell). Second—Cambridge (Barber, Dudley, Bagitur, Fair).
40 yards—Campbell (T), Kenney (C), Armstrong (T).
100 yards—Armstrong (T), Campbell (T), Kenney (C).
200 yards—Higgins (T), Fair (C), Weis (T).
Diving—Greer (C), Higgins (T), Weis (T).
Plunge—Dabney (C), 55 ft.; Barber (C), 53 ft.; Weis (T), 49 ft.

CREW

The fall practice and an early start this year has made it possible for Coach Collier to cut his squad to a workable one unusually early this season. A few of the promising men who are left on the squad are: Murtagh, Don Kroell, "Jim" Conger, Thornton Sykes, Beers, Ryan, Richard Grover, Greene and Bacon, besides last year's regulars. Mr. Collier hopes to be able to find a suitable man from this new material to stroke the crew so that he may leave Finlayson, Hooker and Capt. Ganz in the positions to which they are accustomed.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has definitely decided to withdraw the use of their boathouses from schoolboy crews. Harvard helped greatly by offering the Newell Boathouse for machine work and the crews hope to establish themselves in another boathouse as soon as real work on the river is held. The season starts with a race at Pomfret on May 3, for the first and second crews.

BASEBALL

About sixty boys answered Coach MacDonald's call for baseball candidates. Mr. MacDonald rendered a short address on the fundamentals of baseball. As a final warning, he advised them all to brush up their studies so as to be in good standing when the season opens.

Mr. MacDonald, although not predicting a championship team, is very enthusiastic concerning the outlook for the coming season. Besides Capt. Cronin, he has O'Connell, Pearl, Clancy, Kerr and Kelleher from last year's nine.

The promising catchers are Genaro, Cook, Finstein and Levins. Wtih Clancy and Pearl, the pitching department will be one of the strongest in years. Preparations are being made for the opening game April 19, at Russell Field.

(DEBATING — continued from page 19)

laughs from the audience. Near the end of his speech he started to disprove by facts the negative case ending his speech with the phrase, "America for Americans." He delivered his speech in a clearly enunciated manner with good force and emphasis. Mr. John J. Mahoney, Professor of Education at introduced and presented the inter-class Harvard and Boston Universities, was then medals for excellence in under-class debating to William Flynn, Henry Adelson, Leo Sullivan, Joseph Callahan. Mr. Mahoney quickly read the decision of the judges that the affirmative had won. The cups, gifts of Harold Durrell, '01, were then presented to the winning team. It can easily be said that this debate was one of the most hotly contested, best attended, best prepared, best coached and most interesting in the history of the school.

R. L., '25.



Diner—"How's the chicken, today?"
Waitress—"Oh, I'm pretty good. How's yourself?"

When first he went to see her,
He showed a timid heart
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.
But when their love grew warmer
And they learned just how to kiss,
They knocked out all the spaces,
Andsatupcloselikethis.

Heard in Corridor.

Freshman: "I know where you got that necktie."
Sophomore: "Where?"
Freshman: "Around your neck."

Bolshi: "Want to go on a sleighing party?"
Vike: "Who are we going to slay?"

Silly Questions:
No. 1. If Carolina wore her New Jersey, what would Delaware?
Ans.: Alaska. (I'll ask her.)

No. 2. Why do they put bridges over rivers?
Ans.: To keep rain out of the water.

No. 3. In what year was the War of 1812 fought?

No. 4. What date is the fourth of July?

No. 5. What time does the 3.26 train go?

No. 6. From what metal is tin made?

Teacher: "In what condition was John Smith at the end of his life?"
Pupil: "Dead."

A Freshman was told to write a composition of fifty words. He wrote as follows:
"Jessie was very fond of kittens. She saw one on the road one day and called: 'Here pussy, pussy!

In Chemistry.

Teacher: "Define Light?"
Bright Pupil: "Light is the absence of darkness."

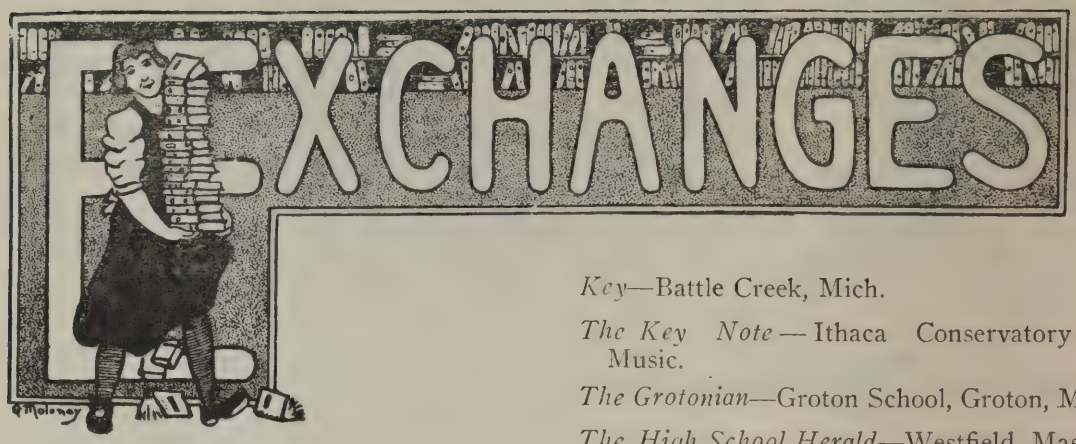
They sat on the porch at midnight,
Their lips were tightly pressed;
The old man gave the signal—
And the bull-dog did the rest.

Heard in English IV—It was when the new reading books were being given out that the teacher remarked—"Hall, will you please go to the closet and see if Julius Caesar is there?"

Mathematical Instructor—"Now class, what do we mean when we say that the whole is greater than any if its parts?"
Pupil—"A restaurant doughnut!"

It has been said that ivory is rare; still it seems easy to discover among the Freshmen.
English Student—"But really I'm trying to get ahead."
Teacher—"You need one."

Senior—"Have you read "Freckles?"
Freshie—"No, they're brown."



Tempus Fugit or as the Negro Mammy said, "Time sutainely am fugitive!" The press is waiting to tattle various things of interest to the "Reviewers"; consequently, therefore, the Midnight Oil is burning. We've peeped between the covers of so many interesting exchanges! Here they are:

The Academy—Pillsbury Academy, Norwich, Conn.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Argus—Gardner High School Gardner, Mass.

Black and Red Review—Hannibal, Mo.

Blue Owl—Attleboro, Mass.

The Boston University Beacon—Boston University.

Burdett Lion—Burdett College, Boston Mass.

The Bulletin—Watertown High School, Watertown, Mass.

The Cadaceus—Middlesex College, Middlesex, Mass.

The Caldron—Shawnee, Oklahoma.

The Clarion—Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

The Cestrian—Chester High School, Chester, S. C.

Durfee Hilltop—Fall River, Mass.

The Delphian—Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

The Easterner—Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

The Eh Rah Nam—Walla Walla, Washington.

Key—Battle Creek, Mich.

The Key Note—Ithaca Conservatory of Music.

The Grotonian—Groton School, Groton, Mass.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School.

The Journal—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Kaylutemus—Ketchilcan, Alaska.

The Mirror—Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.

The Minnewoskan—Glenwood, Minn.

The Nautilus—Greenville, S. C.

The Oracle—Bangor, Me.

The Pilgrim—Plymouth, Mass.

The Radiator—Somerville, Mass.

The Red and White—Rochester High School, Mass.

The Spotlight—Valley Junction, Iowa.

The Tattler—Milwaukee, Wis.

The Unquity Echo—Milton Mass.

The Voice of South High—Youngstown, Ohio.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Neb.

Westward Ho!—Baltimore, M. D.

The X-Ray—Sacramento, Calif.

The Alphian—Owatonna, Minnesota.

Now, we're going to talk about exchanges. Listen in.

EXCHANGES

The News—Dubuque, Iowa

A fine paper! The Basket Ball Tournament was a wonderful event.

Black and Red Review—Hannibal Mo.

We like you! Please call again.

The Tautonian—Taunton, Mass.

Your paper is very interesting. We'd like to drop in at your Friend Circle.

The Caldron—Shawnee, Oklahoma

You certainly keep the cauldron boiling! Such interesting activities.

Shorewood Ripples—Milwaukee, Wis.

A dandy, to be brief.

Eh Rah Nam—Walla Walla, Washington

Welcome to our midst! Hurrah for Student Government. We're trying it, too.

The Key—Battle Creek, Mich.

An unusual and very clever Exchange Department.

The Recorder—Winchester, Mass.

Your editorials are great! Why not have an Exchange Department.

Doctor—"You cough easier this morning."

Patient—"I ought to, I've been practising all night!"

Girls Beware!

There was a thin maiden called Lena,
Who bought a new vacuum cleaner,
But she got in the way
Of its suction one day
And since then nobody has seena.

(CLASS NOTES—continued from page 25)

Embarrassing Moments.

1. When you do not find your books where you left them.
2. When you do not know your history and are called on.
3. When you have been late to school four days in succession.
4. When you are told to go to the office for discipline.
5. When a teacher gives you one of those long, almost perpetual looks.
6. When you find but one rubber.
7. When the bell rings at 1.45 and a voice from the desk says, "see me at the close of school."

Heard in the corridor: "My dear, did you ever have Macbeth?"

"No, what room does she teach in?"

Teacher—"In learning to do something always begin at the bottom and work up."

Pupil—"How about swimming?"

Miss Ford—"Does anyone know where Cole is?"

Pupil—"Coal is in the cellar."

Embarrassed Pupil—"I know the answer but I just don't know how to express it."

Voice in the rear—"Ship it by freight!"

Miss H———. "Why didn't you do your lesson?"

S———. "I thought there would be no school."

Miss H———. "And why, may I ask?"

S———. "Well, the paper said snow."

Mary had a little cat,
It swallowed a ball of yarn,
And when the little kittens came,
They all had sweaters on.

Heard in Latin III—Periculum autem residēbit, et erit inclusum in venis et visceribus rei publicae.

"The danger, however, will remain and will have been hidden in the victuals of the republic.

Angry Soph.—"Brain him!"

Senior—"You can't, it's a Freshman, just tap it over the head.

Life is full of bumps, but a sense of humour is a good shock absorber.

Heard in Geometry—A line is measured by half its intercepted arc.

Mr. Don—— "Of what did the soothsayer tell Caesar to beware?"

H———. "Tides of March."

Teacher—"Who is talking?"

Pupil—"It's me."

Teacher—"It is I you mean."

Pupil—"Well, what did you ask me for if it was you."

Heard in French—"Alois le bon Dieu envoya un second avertissement."

Pupil translating. "Then the good God sent a second advertisement.

Spanish Class.

Teacher—"Don't you know what sabe means?"

Pupil—"No."

Teacher—"That's right, go on."

Lecturer—"Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to use as an illustration the words of the immortal Webster."

In the audience—"Landsakes Maria, let's get out of here, he's going to start on the dictionary!"

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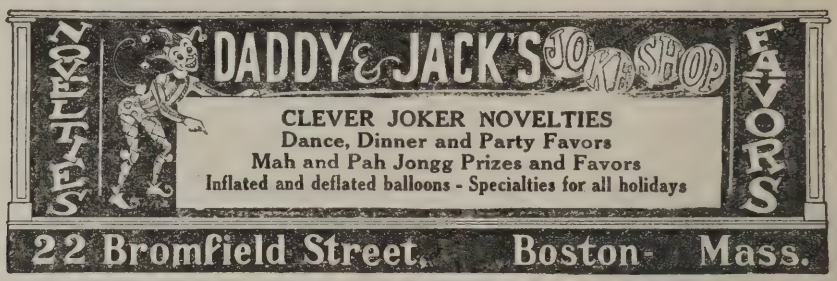
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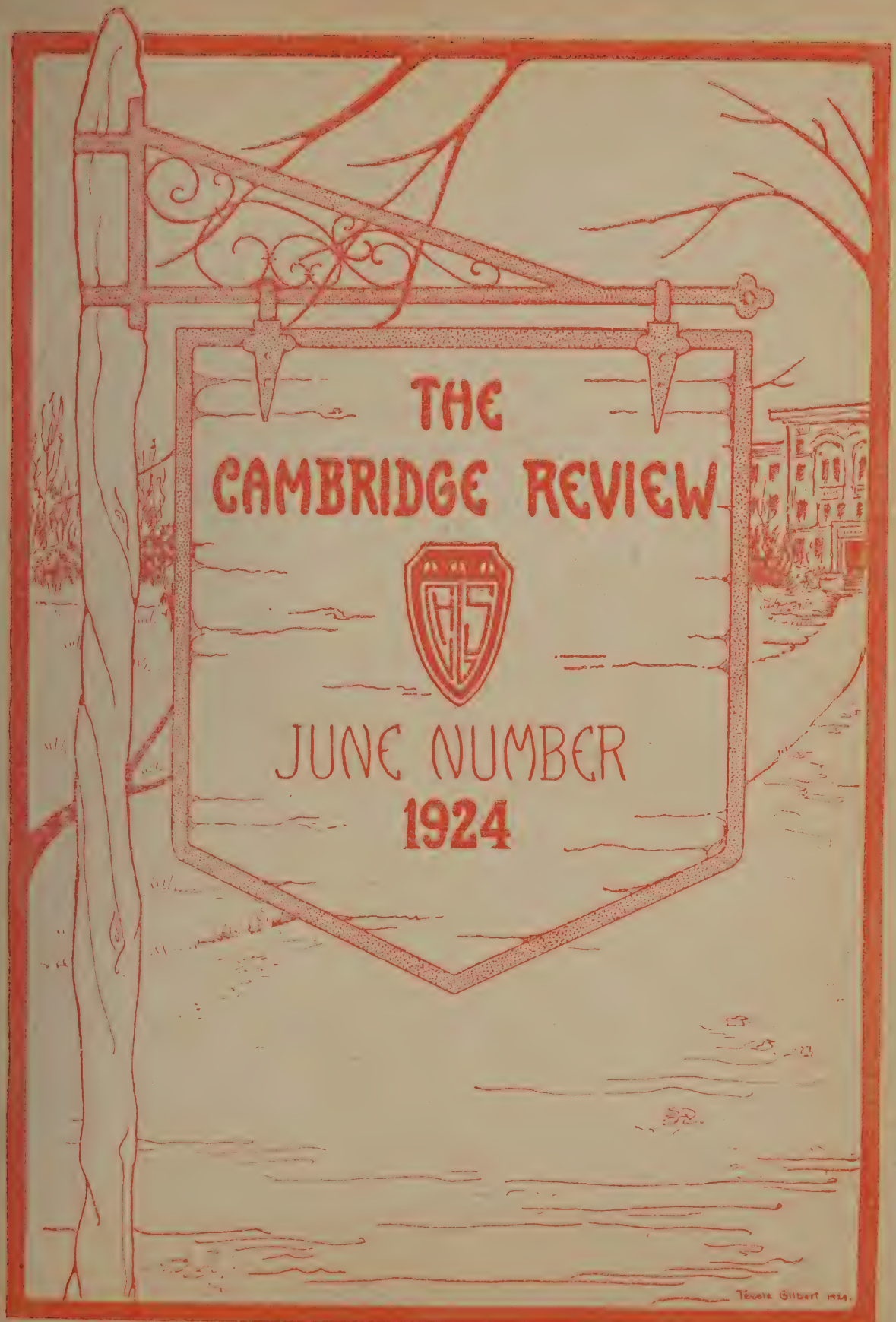
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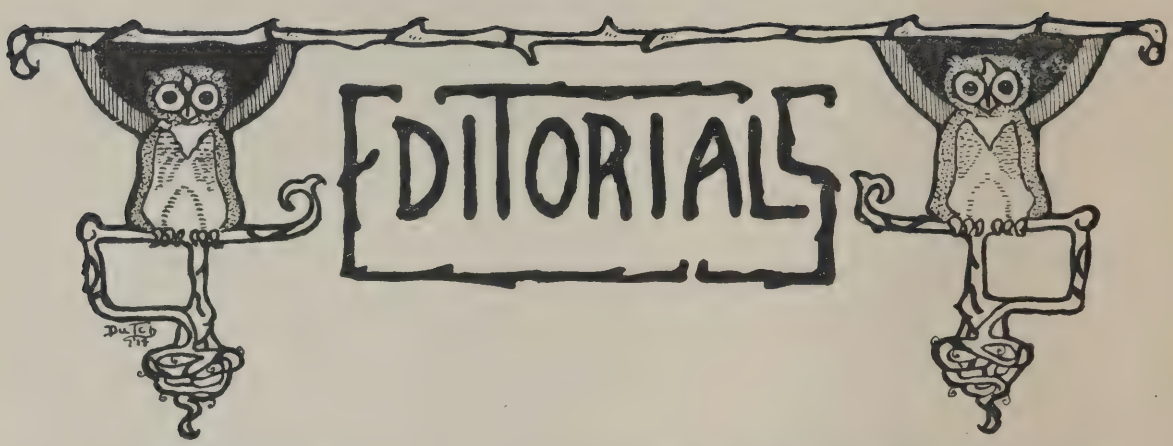
Vita sine litteris mors est.

Volume 38 Number 5

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THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL—CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

GRADUATION.

Commencement days are here, Seniors. We are now approaching a significant milestone on the broad highway of Life: high school graduation.

We look forward into the near future anticipating that grand and glorious moment when "we may reap where we have sown," when our itching fingers may grasp at last that diploma, the ultimate end of four years, in some cases more, devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. The time for parting has come and soon we must separate; some of us eager to take advantage of the splendid opportunities of higher education, so numerous in our immediate vicinity, others of us prepared to enter the maze of the business or social world.

Many of the bonds of school friendships must be severed as we pass out of this common fellowship which we have enjoyed under the sheltering roof of C. H. L. S. into a larger sphere of life and utility.

Old acquaintances will fade into the cherished background of reminiscences and new ones come into our lives to supplant those whom Fate withdraws.

In leaving high school we automatically pass to a more advanced stage of maturity. We can—thank goodness for that—no longer be called school children. We venture for the first time out into a cold indifferent world; not with the faltering steps of children but with the independent tread of youth entering Life's tumultuous affray confident of victory.

Many of us in answer to the beck of duty or the call of the wanderlust may roam far from old Cambridge, perhaps even to foreign shores; yet wherever destiny may carry us, may we always remember our "Alma Mater" and the pleasant associations we have enjoyed at Cambridge Latin.

Good-bye, Seniors! Good luck! and may Heaven prosper you.

R. D. S.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES.

The following soloists have performed before the Senior Class at the Thursday assemblies: Imogene Garner played a Schubert number on the piano; Stanley Ganz and John Darrow gave a trombone duet, "Then You'll Remember," and Stanley Ganz played a solo, "Evening Star" from Tannhauser; Mary Boyajian, accompanied by Anna Kaloglon, sang in Armenian a slumber song by Prof. Kalfyan, which she described; Haro'd Tombo played a pianoforte number, "Sonata" by Maurice Ravel, which belongs to a class called "Modern Music."

In the April number of the Review, the poem written by Barbara Birkhoff which won the prize for the words of the school Ode was published. This month the Director of Music wishes to announce that the music written by Leroy Anderson of the Junior Class was selected by the judges as the best.

WAR ON WAR.

About the first of February, all members of Senior English Classes were required to write a short thesis upon war, its horrors and possible means of its prevention.

The essays were then submitted to the head of the English department, who with the assistance of several other teachers selected, upon merits of composition and logic, the twenty best papers.

These compositions were then referred to a committee of judges, all of whom are actively interested in war prevention: Miss Ada Comstock of Radcliffe, Prof. Zechariah Chaffee of Harvard Law School, and Dr. Samuel Eliot. After careful consideration, the committee selected the paper written by J. Thornton Sykes as the best conceived essay because of its remarkable English and logical well-constructed plan.

Edward Hall and Eleanor Holmes were awarded second and third prizes.

The prizes, some thirty dollars, which were given by Doctor Raymond Calkins, Doctor Richard Cabot, Mrs. Paul Salke were presented by the Mayor, who said a few words in his characteristic jocular manner after Dr. Calkins had finished an instructive and inspiring address

The prize-winning essays were forwarded to New York, where they are to enter a competition with similar writings from other high schools.

"AN INVITATION."

"What do I smell?"

A great many of you have never been inside of the Chemistry laboratory during your school career, and have therefore missed the occasion to ask that question upon entering it; the few of you who have been inside perhaps once invariably make that remark. But how many of the latter have had the curiosity to go just a little farther to discover the cause of the odor? Unpleasant you may call it, but it really isn't; it's only unusual, savors of the scientific, and is wholly uninteresting.

The food you eat, the water you drink, the air you breathe, the clothes you wear, the paper you now read, the chair you are sitting on, the building you are in, the trees and grass outside, everything you touch and see, your very self—what are these substances made of? They are all of vital significance, and yet how many of you think of them as anything but means to keep yourselves alive and living? Of course, we don't *have* to know what these objects are made of—they are just "things" as far as their primal nature is concerned; their reality consists I suppose in their potentiality rather than in their actuality. You have much more regard for "things", however, when you have learned what they are, and you are much readier to assign to them their own names.

Those fumes and odors of the Chem. Lab. are part of the process of separating a substance into its components, or of converting several substances into another of still more value, or of analyzing a compound into its components either qualitatively or quantitatively. There is a singular satisfaction in successfully performing an experiment with your own hands; the result may have cost several hours of extra work because of carelessness or inaccuracy, but just appreciate if you can the moral value of such scientific training. There is a tendency to become more careful, more exact, and more patient; in fact, we cease to be mere understudies of Job in the art of patience, and are rather to be considered on a par with him.

Come and visit the laboratory; see for yourselves what is being done there.

L. G.

HUMPHREY SULLIVAN.

With deep regrets, The Review announces the death of Humphrey Sullivan, '24, younger brother of Jerry Sullivan, former C. H. L. S. athlete.

Humphrey in his quiet earnest manner, had made a large circle of intimate friends at Latin School. We join with these in offering our sincere sympathy to his parents and brother in their bereavement.

The Cambridge Hi-Y Club held a Co-ed party at Industrial Hall, Y. M. C. A., April 28. Supper was served which was followed by bowling. Dancing with music furnished by Phil Lawrence's orchestra, completed the evening. It was one of the best parties that the Hi-Y has ever enjoyed.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

On May 14, the Annual Liberty Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Latin School Hall. Very interesting and excellent deliveries were offered by the contestants.

Judges: Mr. C. Maynard, Mr. V. E. Connor and Mrs. M. S. Hurley, after much deliberation awarded first prize for the girls to Bernadette Carney and for the boys to Joseph Curtin.

Donald Howard favored the audience with some well selected baritone solos, and Joseph Mongano rendered some beautiful violin selections.

THE HONEYMOON THAT WASN'T.

Harold P. Dow, '26

The old Crosby mansion stood like a sentinel on the bank of the Hudson. Its dreary aspect and surrounding quietness suggested ghosts. And why shouldn't it? The house had presumably been unoccupied since old Mr. Crosby, a widower had died, twenty years ago and from that time on the house had the reputation of being haunted.

It must have been built in the days of our great grandfathers'. Its architecture intimated that, and, besides, its weather-worn roof and clapboards showed plainly that it had been exposed to the elements for many years.

No one had ever attempted to spend the night there or corroborate the ghost theory till now.

It was a young married couple from Troy, who threw down all their fear and imagination to spend their honeymoon there. Indeed, it was rather a peculiar place to go on a honeymoon, but then it was their idea of a good time, and she thought it would be "just too exciting for words."

As the couple walked up the half-grown path to the house their memories were lingering on the happy moments of the marriage ceremony. They had not a care in the world, and to see them, one would think they were going into their love-nest instead of a haunted house.

It was not until they had actually entered the house that Elaine said, "No wonder they call this the haunted house, it's so quiet here. But then, there are no such things as ghosts, so what is there to worry about?" Elaine's husband, Paul, who wouldn't believe in ghosts even if he saw one, ignored this remark and changed the subject to something more pleasant.

"It's past eight o'clock, dear. Hadn't you better take off your coat and hat and make yourself at home? I'm going into the library now,—and by the way, Elaine, I'll put the key the caretaker gave us on the mantle. Will you be down soon?"

A scarcely audible "yes" was all Paul could hear as he entered the library and lighted the lamp.

"This is going to be a fine honeymoon," he mused as he sat in the large armchair. "Elaine's nerves are holding out well but I hope she won't go to pieces if anything happens."

Just then Elaine came in.

"Oh Paul," she said, "there's a skeleton up in our room. I wonder how it came there? Do you suppose it died there?"

"Now listen here," rebuked Paul, "You wanted to come out here and you say you don't believe in ghosts. Well then, forget it and have a good time. Remember, this is our honeymoon. Probably someone put the skeleton there as a joke some time ago."

These words brought cheer and faith to Elaine, and she cuddled up in the big armchair with Paul.

They must have sat there practically three hours, for it was quarter of twelve by Paul's watch when he said, "I'm going around and make sure all the doors and windows are locked before I go to bed. Now you stay here. I'll be right back."

With that he hastily went out of the library and into the kitchen.

Elaine looked around the room and, seeing an ancient clock on the mantle, wound it up and then sat down in the armchair by the table with a book.

The clock on the mantle struck twelve times. Low, deep and mournful. Elaine fancied she saw a dark shadow before her, but she could distinguish nothing.

Presently Paul came in.

"Everything all right, dear?" he asked as he came over towards her——"but what's this?"

He picked up a Chinese dirk with an edge meant to kill on it.

Elaine uttered a cry and looked at it as Paul handled it. "Why I don't know," she said, "but-er-yes,—yes there are Chinamen in this house, I'm sure."

"What do you mean," demanded Paul. "What makes you think that?"

"Well," continued Elaine, "while I was sitting here I saw a shadow in front of me but I couldn't tell what it was. Now I'm sure it was a Chinaman."

"Yes," said Paul, "but how did the Chinaman get in and why didn't you hear him?"

Elaine could not answer this, but both she and Paul realized now that there was a mystery in the house and that it was not ghosts.

"Well, there's nothing we can do," said Paul finally, "and it's after twelve o'clock, so let's go to bed. You can have the dirk and I'll take the automatic. I'm tired and will probably go right to sleep but if you want anything, yell."

Together, the two went into the bedroom. On one side a large fireplace cast a gloomy aspect over the room. Facing the fireplace, about twelve feet apart, were two beds and on the right was one small window where the pale rays of the moon shone through.

It did not take them long to retire and when the lamp had been blown out and Elaine was ready to go to sleep she took a last look at Paul. He was breathing heavily and although she could not see his face she imagined he was calm and peaceful; exactly what she tried to be. Oh why was it, she argued with herself that her nerves got the best of her? Why couldn't she be just as fearless as Paul? Finding no suitable solution to her question, she tried to go to sleep.

She hadn't been sleeping long when she was awakened by a peculiar noise which seemed to come from the fireplace. It sounded as though someone was under the grate. Elaine gripped the dirk more firmly and watched the fireplace. Presently she saw a form emerge from under the grate and look around. A gleaming dirk was held in its hand, and the eyes shone like half-closed cat's eyes. Elaine could stand it no longer. She sat up and hurled the dirk at the object, screaming as loud as possible.

Paul was up in no time; flashed on the flashlight and came to her side.

"What is it?" he demanded, "are you all right?"

"Oh! A Chinaman! I saw a Chinaman!" she cried. "He had a knife in his hand! I threw my dirk at him and then he disappeared. Oh, it's awful."

"But where did you see him?" asked Paul, who thought it was her imagination.

"He came right up from the fireplace," replied Elaine. "Oh, we'll be lucky if we aren't murdered before tomorrow."

Paul lighted the lamp and went over to the fireplace in hope of finding some clue to this peculiar mystery.

"Well, what's this?" he queried as he picked up a small piece of brown paper with scribbling on it.

"Get away from here before tomorrow morning on penalty of death. This is our house," he read. "Well I'll be busted."

"Listen here Elaine," he said, "this is serious business. There evidently are some other people in the house. Maybe Chinamen; maybe not. But if it is Chinamen we're in peril, for a Chinaman never breaks a promise. Now brace up, you've got to. Do you understand?"

Elaine replied in the affirmative. Paul went over to the fireplace again and examined it carefully. All of a sudden he found a button which he pressed and the bottom of the fireplace slowly opened. He peered down into the darkness and could distinguish nothing but a small iron ladder and a subdued light at the bottom.

Elaine arose and came over beside of Paul. "Now, you aren't going down there, Paul," she said.

But Paul only answered by asking for the flashlight. Flashing it down the fireplace they perceived a long hollow tube, extending, they surmised, to the cellar. The bottom board had been taken away, revealing a subdued light and bringing the odor of opium up to them. Paul felt in his pocket to make sure that his automatic was there and said, "I'd like to go down.

there and see what kind of a trick this is supposed to be." He thought he saw the head of a Chinaman appear just then but he wasn't sure, for the next instant he heard a rattling, creaking sound—and became unconscious.

When he came to he was lying under a heavy beam, one end of which rested on the bed, serving to lessen the shock. Elaine was near him just regaining consciousness. Thanks to the bed; it had saved both Elaine and him from probable death.

Glancing upward he saw the chain which had supported the beam, still dangling from the ceiling.

"That was a narrow escape Elaine," he said. "This was evidently all planned beforehand to get rid of unwanted visitors. Now you know where the skeleton came from. Mighty reckless fellows. I wonder how many others they've killed?"

"Oh the brutes!" exclaimed Elaine. "I'd just like to see them suffer from their own ingenuity."

Paul was now up and examining the fireplace again. The bottom board was closed instead of opened and Paul's curiosity was aroused. Before Elaine could object he had started down the ladder with the flashlight as means of illumination. Elaine, either because she did not want to be outdone by her husband or because she was afraid to stay up in the room alone, quickly followed.

Paul easily lifted the bottom board up and the two entered the cellar. It was a small room with concrete walls and a cobblestone floor; evidently a secret anteroom accessible only through the fireplace. Two or three couches served to alternate with the many boxes of opium lined against the walls and a table with six opium pipes upon it stood in the middle of the room.

"I guess they had this for their den," remarked Paul. "Probably smuggled the opium up the river here. Heard us come in and wanted to scare us away. They let the beam fall and believing us dead went back to the city or down the river to do some more smuggling."

"Do you think they meant to kill us?" asked Elaine.

"That's probably what they had the beam there for," answered Paul. "But say, it's after three o'clock and I'm tired. They won't come back again tonight anyway. What do you say about going back up to the room and staying there till morning when we can go down to the city and get the police? We probably won't be able to go to sleep again now."

"Are you sure it's safe to stay here any longer?" asked Elaine, doubtfully.

"Oh yes," reassured Paul. "Let's go back up to the room."

"It makes me so mad to think our honeymoon had to be spoiled so soon," said Elaine.

"That's all right dear," said Paul, "We'll start all over again and I'll take you on a wonderful trip somewhere. We'll never try to scare the ghosts away from a haunted house again though, will we?"

"I should say we won't," replied Elaine, and she came up beside her husband and kissed him.

THE SEA-GULL.

Barbara Birkhoff

I

O bird who flies so free and wild,
O bird of the sea, of the sea so great,
Where do you fly in the heavens so high
With your calling, crying mate?

II

I saw you at dawn floating slowly along
With your great broad wings just moving.
And now when the sun his full course has just run
You and your clan are still roving.

III

I see you, now near, guarding a rock;
I look and you're starting your flight;
A minute has passed and now as fast
As you can you're sailing from sight.

IV

O where do you go and spend your days?
Do you spend them sailing the sky?
Is the call of the blue such that even you
Its magicery can't deny?

TOUGH LUCK.

Homar Thomas

Sergeant Bill was standing in the tent of Captain Poot, captain of Battery C, 28th Division, Field Artillery, receiving orders to guide a lost company of machine-gunners to Chateau Thierry.

In conclusion the captain said, "And when you come back report to Headquarters."

Sergeant Bill was not at all in a cheerful mood when he left the tent. He had an idea he was wanted at Headquarters to be bawled out for over staying a leave. His guilty conscience kept saying, "Keep away from Headquarters, stay with these dumb gunners as long as you can."

Bill found the company under a tree taking a sleep. He didn't dare to wade in among them and awake them by shaking them; because they went to sleep with Germans on their minds and if they were awakened by a start they might club him with their revolvers, thinking him to be the enemy. So he stood off a few yards and shouted at the top of his lungs. After about five minutes of his loud lamentations the commander called out, "Can the racket, what do you want?"

"I'm lookin' for a dumb shave tail what lost himself from his outfit," Bill replied.

"Well, I'm the one you want, and just because your a "non-com" you don't have to think you don't need to respect me."

By this time the whole company had arisen and were prepared to leave.

The road to Chateau Thierry was about a mile and a half long. It was under continuous fire from the enemy and, therefore, very dangerous. Bill knew this road like a book, he also, knew the chances were easy of being shot to pieces. He did weep over this, because if he were wounded his report at Headquarters would be delayed.

As the machine-gunners passed from the camp to the road an attachment of M. P.'s passed from the road to the camp singing:

"Doughboys in the trenches, waiting for a raid,
Artillery was ready, every piece was laid.
Over came the Germans shoutin' fit to kill
When up jumped the M. P.'s and put 'em in the mill."

The machine-gunners "booed" them good naturedly and passed on.

From the moment they left camp until they entered Chateau Thierry they went through a mile and a half of Hell. The road itself was now nothing but shellholes, above the wood it seemed that there were more exploding shells, machine-gun bullets and splinters of shells than air. Six men were killed and nine wounded. Bill thought himself unfortunate because he was not wounded. Why he thought so has already been explained.

Two hours after the start the company entered Chateau Thierry very much fatigued. Bill was informed that his services were no longer required.

Bill then set out to telephone his captain he was about to return to the Battery if he could keep on his feet that long. Upon his entrance to the telephone operator's room he met a friend from his Battery who called out in a loud voice, "Have you been to Headquarters to find out what you're wanted for, yet?"

"No," replied Bill, "but I've gotta purty good idea what they want me for."

"Yuh have, what?"

"They wanta stick me in the mill for over stayin' a leave," said Bill.

"Well, I'll tell yuh what they want yuh for. You know I gotta brother as an orderly at "Head". and he overheard the Major sayin' he gona send you home as an instructor."

"Bill could not believe his ears, then he thought he was "getting a ride," but when he did comprehend he was unable to restrain his joy. He screamed with laughter, jumped up and down, and carried on in a way that would be quite fitting and proper for an insane man. Finally he fell in the road from exhaustion, mostly from the severe strain during the march from camp, then everything went blank.

When Bill recovered consciousness, he was in a hospital behind the lines. A nurse was beside him. He asked in a weak voice, "How long have I been here?"

"Three days," was the reply, "and when you're well enough, I have a letter for you from Battery C Headquarters."

After two weeks of convalescence and sweet thoughts of what he would do when he got home. Home! where his mother and father, sisters and brothers were, where there was an abundance of cigarettes, pipes, ice

cream, and candy, and razor blades, everything that had been such a luxury in France. He was happy, happiness that comes once in a life time.

The nurse came in with the letter from Headquarters, which Bill knew were his orders to go home. He opened the letter. He read—

"Sergeant Williams,

"Battery C, 28th Division

"I am sorry to inform you that by the time you are well it will be too late to send you home. We are sending another man in your place. So report for regular duty when well.

"Signed

Major Andres."

THE GHOST IN THE OLD CHAMBER.

James S. Jennison.

When I received my invitation to the Van Moort house-party to be held the next week-end, I was greatly surprised. But I was astonished at seeing in the lower left-hand corner of the invitation card a note reading, "Come down as soon as you receive this—Al."

Albert Peter Van Moort had been my room-mate at college and my closest friend. He had frequently taken me to his home in New York City, and I had spent two summers at his summer home on Long Island. Two years after our graduation from college, he had gone to Siberia to make some scientific research, and since then neither I nor any of our mutual friends had heard from him. He had been gone for five years, when his widowed mother died and left to him the entire Van Moort estate, which was very large. Six months after this event the social world was introduced to the new master of the Van Moort millions by a large house party. It was this party to which I was invited. But the note?

When I arrived at Al's home on Long Island, I was greeted by him and his sister, who was the wife of one of my intimate friends, at that time abroad. What a changed man Al was! From a tall strapping fellow he had, it seemed, shrunk to a small haggard looking man of unhealthy appearance. His face had changed considerably from the bright cheerfulness of former days. His skin was of a ghastly pallor, his eyes were glassy, and together with the look of fear hovering over his countenance, composed an expression which would have moved even the hardest heart to pity. But what was he in fear of? (For it was undoubtedly fear which had changed my friend.) What was the trouble?

After I had tea with Al and his sister, he took me to a secluded part of the large verandah, which surrounded the house. There in an agitated voice he related the following tale.

"This house though apparently new in all respects is built onto an old mansion known to the neighboring people of the latter part of the seventeenth century as the "Devil's Haunt." In 1652 my ancestor, Karl Van Moort, built a house on this spot destined for his residence. He never lived in it, nor did anyone until about 1800. When the house was completed, Karl killed his mother in one of the chambers as they were examining the house. It is entirely a mystery why he did it, for he was known to worship his mother ardently. The theory that was put forward years ago is that in a momentary fit of insanity he committed the deed, for which he was burned at the stake. That is probably the solution, but never mind that part. What I am telling you this story for is this. From that day the story runs that her ghost haunts the chamber where she was murdered. Until I returned a few months ago, I had never believed that legend; but when I slept in the death chamber to disprove it—I saw her ghost!"

Now such a tale seeming so absurd and possibly the result of reading Poe, I immediately broke into laughter.

"But," he protested with vehemence, "It's true; and I want you to sleep there to-night to see for yourself."

"All right," I replied, my incredulity modified by his extreme earnestness, "to-night I'll see this ghost of yours but forget it now and tell me where you've been for the last few years and what you've been doing." We then discussed many things which have no place in this narrative.

That night Al himself conducted me to my room and saw that I was comfortably settled. After he had left me, I had an opportunity to examine this abode of Al's undesirable lodger.

The bed was of the massive form used in the seventeenth century, and the curtains of faded silk heavily trimmed with tarnished gold. But the sheets, blankets, and pillows were so fresh and inviting as to make me feel sleepy. The walls were stained a dark hue, and gave a gloomy appearance to the room which was only partially offset by the electric lamp on the small table near the bed. The two large windows were hung with heavy velvet draperies which I surmised, allowed little light to enter. The rest of the furnishings were a chair near the window farthest from the door, a table in one corner, and a small bureau in another. Evidently the furniture had never been changed for everything spoke of antiquity.

With this appearance of dismalness making a deep impression upon my mind, I prepared to retire. I felt greatly excited but with great effort, I went to sleep not long after lying down.

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a rustling sound like that of a woman's silk skirt. It kept on incessantly, first approaching, then receding. What was it? I suddenly felt a queer sensation in the region of my spine. Sitting up in bed, I saw a little old lady walking up and down the floor. Suddenly she saw me and appeared to be frightened but gradually regained her composure and regarded me curiously.

She was the queerest person I had ever seen. Her height was not much over five feet, she was rather thin, and her face was clouded by an expression of wrath and hatred. As she smiled her countenance became hideous to behold. Her dress was of the old loose style worn by the Colonial aristocracy and made of dark silk adorned with fine lace.

As I watched her, her face took on an expression of such enraged anger that I feared for my personal safety. She spoke not a word, neither did I. Then she came toward me—My God!— but when about three feet from me, stopped short, turned, and began to pace up and down the floor again. I never experienced such a sinking sensation as at that moment when she advanced toward me with her eyes ablaze.

What was I to do? Here was a woman walking in my chamber, who had been murdered over two centuries ago. I was inwardly terrified, frantic with fear but outwardly calm and interested. I just sat still in bed and watched, for what else was there to do?

For hours she walked up and down the room, up and down, up and down, not making a sound other than the rustle of her skirt and occasional unintelligible mutterings. As the dawn broke and its light began to pierce the darkness of the room, this queer figure gathered up her skirts and disappeared into the empty corner of the room. I waited; I dared not move for fear she would return. Finally, after waiting for some time, I arose and went to the corner. There was nothing there.

I dressed quickly and went out to walk to collect my thoughts and quiet my nerves. I went down by the beach where the cool sea air greatly revived me. To drive away the awful recollections which threatened to overwhelm me, I walked a long distance. Climbing a cliff, I looked out to sea where a lone sailboat was gliding lazily along on the calm sea; stillness reigned supreme and a feeling of tranquility took possession of me. I was standing thus, when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned and beheld Al coming swiftly toward me.

He was pale and trembling as he approached me and grew visibly faint as he asked me in a voice shaking with emotion, "Have you seen her, my friend? Is it true that she's there? For God's sake, answer me!"

Though astounded at Al's very evident terror, I managed to reply in a voice but slightly strained that I had. He seemed to recover when he heard me say so, and a faint smile flickered about his mouth. Then without a word, he turned and hastened toward the house. Remaining on the cliff, I mused upon the strange affair into which I had been drawn.

Al was evidently in great fear of this ghost and unless something were done his life would become a physical and mental wreck. I did not know what to do for in fact I was also in dread of again coming into contact with it I therefore returned to the house to make preparations for departing from the scene of my demoralization.

When leaving my room after having packed my clothes and made ready to leave, I saw Al coming up the stairs followed by two men who bore carpenters' tools and some boards. I stood aside and let them pass me in the hallway. Al did not speak but made a motion to me to wait. He had recovered his composure and wore on his face the expression of a man who has made a great decision. He preceded the carpenters to the door of my former sleeping chamber and ordered them to bar up the doorway. Then he came to me.

Astounded at this action on his part, I asked, "What in the world are you going to do?"

"I'm going to keep her in solitude," he replied. "No one as long as I possess this house will ever step into that room again."

We then went down the stairs and I departed with neither of us showing any sign of our great friendship but a handshake which expressed more than words could tell.

Three days later when I glanced at the morning paper on my way to the office, I read in glaring headlines the fate of the spirit in the Van Moort house.

$300,000 Fire on Long Island.
Van Moort Estate Burns
Total Loss.

Al had freed himself from the undesirable lodger.

"BOB-WHITE."

Dorothy M. Boland

We children every morn would wake
To hear Bob-White (a jolly fellow),
A-calling from across the lake,
His merry note, so sweet and mellow.

We'd tiptoe down the narrow stairs
And step along the pebbly beach,
Then we our little craft with care
Would pull ashore within our reach.

We'd row across with muffled oar,
That we by chance our friend might sight
But when we reached the other shore,
Not there, but whence we came — "Bob-White!"

ESSAY ON "LOYALTY"

Delivered at Sons of Members' Dinners, March 20, 1924, and Broadcast by WNAC.

Dana M. Doten, '25

Loyalty is a very comprehensive term. It has many shades of meaning. For instance, it may mean loyalty in the sense of allegiance to a government. This is a survival of the ancient feudal system where each person depended on some one of higher rank and paid him allegiance and fealty. Such loyalty is an important requisite to a nation as was shown during the late war when enthusiasm and patriotism were running so high in our own country. It usually takes some great crises to bring this loyalty to the fore, but it is a great national resource when possessed to such a magnificent degree as it is by our country. France is particularly noted for the extreme loyalty and devotion of its citizens, and everybody knows what a gallant fight France made in the Great War.

The next most important type of loyalty is loyalty to the church, to the state and city, and to societies and clubs. Loyalty to the church means not merely loyalty to one's own particular parish but real reverence and respect for religion. It is well known that loyalty is the only thing which can insure a safe and stable state or city government. Far too many people take the duties of citizenship too lightly, and that is the reason for corrupt public officials and legislators. A man's club should receive a maximum of loyalty from him in the way of hearty cooperation and support. No club should be forced to depend on the help of a few members, but should have the most enthusiastic and willing support of all.

The rarest and most precious form of loyalty is loyalty to one's friends. This is pure fidelity and devotion. Here, disloyalty incurs no punishment as it would in the case of a government. In this case, also, there is no reward for loyalty such as might happen in a club or association. It is entirely voluntary and unselfish. It is one of the greatest virtues possessable because, outside of its own good qualities, it has the effect that, if one is loyal to his friends, he is usually loyal in all ways.

One kind of loyalty that is most important

and necessary at the present time is that of the laborer for his employer. Much of the present labor unrest is due to disloyalty. This loyalty is a different thing today from what it used to be. Formerly, a laborer was only loyal because he was forced to be through fear of unemployment. Nowadays, the new idea of loyalty is that of those to whom unemployment will not be a penalty. Of course, it is not inherent or spontaneous and must be cultivated and drawn out by educating the workingmen in the affairs of the business, etc. If all employers realized this and took the same precautions as a few do, the labor problem would be considerably bettered.

There are many other kinds of loyalty. Perhaps loyalty to one's ideals is the most commendable of these. The real meaning of loyalty is "constancy and fidelity in any relation implying trust," and if this were kept in mind by the people of today the world would be a great deal better for it.

SELLING TICKETS FOR A COPLEY PERFORMANCE.

Mary Creedman

I feel abused. In the first place, I didn't ask to be allowed to sell tickets. The ordeal was forced on me. In the second place, I don't like the reception I receive in the different rooms to which I drag my reluctant feet.

I enter a class. The teacher at the desk looks at me expectantly. I open my mouth. I close it. Finally, I manage to state the reason for my unexpected visit. (While this is going on, the class is staring at me as though I were on the witness stand.) The teacher beseeches the class to be quiet on my behalf. This request is received with a few giggles and stony glances. Then comes the awful moment! I have forgotten what I am here for! For one slowly passing minute, I stand with a beautiful red blush on my countenance. At last words come, as it were, in bunches. I doubt whether I have made myself clear. (I am still in a daze.) And I walk out of the class with nary a ticket sold.

I was told that the class would be so cooperative and help me.

School Spirit? Bah!

BRAINSTORM.

S. A. Drew, '26.

The question often rises, is this old world going bad?
Are the people really worse, or are they still like Dad,
Is politics the place for wives, if so, what of the homes?
And is the government going to make Great Britain pay the loans?

Does Japan really think, in truth, that she has got a chance,
To war upon America, that her pride may be enhanced?
Will Congressmen again indulge in oil stock of Sinclair?
Will Bryan run for President, or don't you think he'll dare?

Will teachers really get a raise, that each and all will please?
Will styles for girls be the same this year, or only to their knees?
Will Boston have a big league team, or just an imitation?
Will Russia ever come to earth again, and be a nation?

I could go on for many lines, with just such quotations,
There's many more that could be asked, without a hesitation.
But "time will tell," so I am told, 'till then we've no protection,
So unto you, I leave this rhyme, with all its imperfections.

THE PERPLEXING MYSTERY OF THE UNBROKEN SAFE.

David Rounds, '25

Bang! A death scream rent the air, and what had but a moment ago been Rudolph Vile, lay in a crumbled heap on the blood-stained floor. Bert and Mabel flew into each other's arms, and the theatre began emptying.

Mary Kerr kept her arm tightly hooked to Malcolm's as they followed the little crowd to the street.

"Thanks a lot for taking me, Malcolm. It was terribly thrilling. They did it very well, don't you think?"

Malcolm, tingling all over, thought they had, and tried to say so.

He thought of Mary as he returned to the store after taking her home. He tried to visualize her, but couldn't. Some young men see their sweethearts in street car advertisements, on musical comedy posters, on boxes of corn flakes. But Malcolm, poor Malcolm, could never see Mary Kerr's sweet and (to him, if not to anybody else) beautiful face when he was not with her.

Malcolm laughed out loud just from happiness as he entered the Burchard Pharmacy, where he worked as a clerk. He smiled at the customers he waited on, and they smiled back. Malcolm was a likeable kid.

It wasn't long before Malcolm had discovered the crime. Nobody could have suspected from its outward appearance that the safe had been tampered with, but he found the contents in disorder and, upon further investigation, all the money gone. Certainly Mr. Heath could not have taken it out. Malcolm hurried to the proprietor's office in the rear of the store, and reappeared behind Mr. Heath a minute later. They went over the contents of the safe together. When everything had been cleared up, Heath rose and dusted off his knees. "Two thousand seven hundred sixty-three dollars and fifty-seven cents missing," he announced. "Files and bonds all here."

"I haven't the slightest idea of how it happened," hazarded Malcolm, realizing just after he had said this how foolish it sounded. "just the day after you gave me the combination, too," he added, and made it worse. He had intended not to say this, but it leaped out of him somehow.

"I'll tell you, Brookes," said Mr. Heath, "appearances are very much against you. The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination, which includes, as far as I know, only you and me. Needless to say, I did not rob my own safe. Nevertheless, I cannot believe that you have committed this crime. If you have, return the money; let me restore my confidence in you; and I will forget. My boy, Temptation beckons to us all."

The sheriff, who had received his position on the strength of his incredible knowledge of crime, gained from extensive reading of detective stories, was notified, and came at once. Burchard was a small town, and didn't boast of a large police force. After a private consultation between the sheriff and Heath, the former grilled Malcolm.

"I understand that you were told the combination of the safe yesterday and that you closed up the store last night."

"Yes, at eleven o'clock."

"Could anyone have overheard Mr. Heath telling you the combination?"

"No, we were alone in the rear of the store."

"Have you any suspicions as to the perpetrator of the deed?"

"No—let me see." Who had been in the store the day before? Mr. Overly, Hiram Bates—how absurd! A trouble man tested the two public telephones yesterday, and found one out of order. And then, there's Mr. Gunliffe, of course. He's been in here a number of times lately. There have been a couple of travelling men, too."

"Have you any reason to believe that the man who tested your telephones didn't return yesterday?"

"I didn't see him."

"Where did you go when you left the store last night?"

"Directly home. No, I didn't. I went past Kerr's house, a couple of blocks out of the way."

"Did you hold conversation with anybody?"

"Just Mary Kerr."

The sheriff, puzzled because the interview had elicited no admissions which could be called startling, made an end to it.

That afternoon Brookes found a window unlocked in the rear of the store. He was sure he had locked it the night before. Outside he found foot-prints leading away. Where? A crumbled-up piece of paper caught his eye. He smoothed it out and found that it was of the stationery of the Burchard Hotel, Summerfield county's finest (and, in fact, only) Hotel. This is what was scrawled on the paper: 5R, 39; 4L, 72; 3R, 97; 2L, 15; 1R, 84. Malcolm stared at the paper for a moment, turned it over to see if there was anything on the other side, and returned it to his pocket. He knew now the means of exit of the thief and his probable destination. That simplified matters a good deal. The Republican House was in Burchard. But how had the thief gained entrance to the store? The bell which announced the coming and going of customers was tinkling, and he gave it up for the present.

Brookes found Mr. Gunliffe in the front of the store—Mr. Gunliffe, whom people stared at and admired. He had respectability written all over him, and not in his own hand-writing. He was kindly and dignified in his actions. His very moustache was respectable. He was respectable from the rounded tips of his well-polished shoes to the well fashioned crown of his soft grey hat.

Mr. Heath had deserted the dirty little boy who was on a shopping tour on account of finding a five-cent piece, to wait on Mr. Gunliffe. Mr. Gunliffe cleared his throat gently and said in a pleasant voice: "Perhaps you'd better wait on the little chap. He was here before me." The little chap said, "One o' them 'n' one o' them 'n', lemmesee, y'got change fer a nickel?"

Mr. Gunliffe wanted to use the telephone again, the same errand which had taken him here the day before. After receiving change for a ten dollar bill, he disappeared into the usable telephone booth.

That evening Mr. Heath, Malcolm Brookes, and the sheriff were to meet at the proprietor's house. Malcolm could hardly restrain himself until the sheriff arrived.

"I've decided who the thief is," he announced when they were alone in Mr. Heath's den. Today I made investigations which convinced me that the thief is Mr. Arnold Gunliffe. You'd better hurry up if you want to nab him before he leaves town."

"What!"

"Impossible!"

"It's this way," explained Malcolm, seeing that he must convince them before they would arrest Gunliffe, "the criminal has been in the store a number of times lately. He noticed the old-fashioned safe, and probably was trying to figure up some way of robbing it. Yesterday he noticed the 'Out-of-order' sign on one of the telephone booths. Seeing that he might hide there until the store was closed and that, if discovered, he could invent a perfectly reasonable excuse, he shut himself in the booth. He saw me open the safe to put in the day's receipts, and copied down the combination on the sheet of paper which I have here. You see, '5R, 39' means five turns to the right, from 12 to 39; '4L, 72' means four turns to the left, stopping at 72, etc. After I had closed the store, he opened the safe, took out all the currency, and got out of the store by means of a window in the rear. In doing so, he accidently dropped the paper on which he had written the combination of the safe."

"Mr. Brookes, I have misjudged you. I consider it an honor to shake your hand," said Heath, offering his own, which Malcolm grasped.

"We must unearth the villian before he escapes with the loot," said Mr. Turner.

The sheriff's badge was not sufficient authority for them to search the villian's rooms at the Republican House. And while Mr. Turner was writing himself a search warrant, Mr. Gunliffe quietly disappeared, without the loot. Doubtless he is working his artifices on the admiring public this very moment.

Quite late that night, Malcolm strolled by somebody's house, and found somebody waiting for him at the front gate.

"Malcolm, my hero! Tell me all about it."

"About what? How did you know?"

Mary Kerr turned vermilion. "Mother heard it over the telephone. She was trying to get somebody."

"Mary, there is something I want to ask you tonight," said Malcolm.

I wasn't near enough to hear Miss Kerr's answer.



FOOTBALL

Third Row—H. Freedman M. Finlayson D. Kroell R. Toothacher H. Nelson J. Cronin (Manager) E. O'Brien
Second Row—J. Temple E. Thornton L. Fitzgerald E. M. Murtagh H. Rotman R. Pearl W. Cohen S. Shea
First Row—J. O'Connell D. Shaughnessy R. Parker G. Moxham Mr. McDonald (Coach)
E. Casey (Captain) J. Murphy L. Corkery



REVIEW STAFF

Back Row—Samuel Winthrop Arnold Borden A. Drewicz R. Swezey W. Greene R. Lamson O. Fields
Front Row—E. Frost M. Andrews Miss M. C. Hardy (Faculty Advisor) T. Gilbert



BASEBALL

Fourth Row—T. Kelliher H. McCusker S. Roche J. Temple E. Boyle
Third Row—L. Gnerri W. Clancy C. McDonald L. Gibson R. Pearl Mr. McDonald (Coach) P. Dente
Second Row—F. Dilworth R. Kerr J. Cronin (Captain) M. Finstein J. O'Connell Front—F. Reilly



CREW

Third Row—M. Collier (Coach) R. Rantoul (Manager)
Second Row—E. Murtagh M. Finlayson D. Kroell S. Ganz (Capt.) Front—L. Sullivan

ALUMNI NOTES.

'14.

Lena Grant is married to Russell Blair.

'15.

Gertrude Sundlie is at the Citizens' National Bank, Boston.

'16.

Aulay MacMillan and Mary Shea are stenographers at the Stone and Webster Company, Boston.

Jean Burns was married to W. Edmundson.

Alice Grant married Dwight V. Gregory, a chemist. They are living in Delaware, Pennsylvania.

Edith Olsen is going to South America to be married.

'17.

Edward H. O'Brien is in the Sales Department at Lever Brothers, Cambridge.

Albert L. Hill is a carpet salesman for the Warren Allen Carpet Company.

Francis Riley is in the real estate business at Watertown.

William D. Cogan has completed a five-year evening course in accounting at Boston University. He is a clerk in the machinist's office at the Navy Yard.

Edward McGuire, who was President of the class of 1917, died of appendicitis about a year ago.

'18.

Vera Hokensen is doing social work in the vicinity of Boston.

'19.

Anna Munroe is doing secretarial work at Hayden Stone and Company, brokers, Boston.

Josephine Ripley is a stenographer at the Christian Science Publishing Company.

'20.

Ruth Miles is at Mt. Holyoke. In March she went to Smith as an alternate for the negative side in the intercollegiate debate.

Helen Doherty is a sales manager and stenographer at the Johnson Educator Company.

Alice Johnson is the song leader for the entire college at Radcliffe.

Edward Friery is head of the Economy Grocery Department at the Johnson Educator Company.

Dorothy MacKillop is a stenographer for the Geo. Warren Coal Company, Boston.

'21.

Francis Murphy is at the Johnson Educator Company.

Dora Gorovitz is a bookkeeper.

Olive Lynch is chairman of the Junior Drama Committee at Boston University.

Agnes Tweedie was an alternate on the affirmative term in the intercollegiate debate.

Teddy Lynch is at Boston University Law School.

Thomas Rynne is working at the Boston Woven Hose Company.

Eileen Barry is teaching at the Boardman School.

Olive Goyette has become a telephone operator. She is "information".

Mildred Brenner is teaching at the Houghton School.

At Radcliffe are Grace Richmond, Katherine Hendrie, Alice Sexton, Louise Hawkins, and Mary Campbell.

Arthur Taris, Sandy Clyde, Harold Uncassovich, and Philip Doherty are at Harvard.

Alice Doherty is at Salem Normal School.

'22.

At Lowell Normal, Anna Sullivan is on the Junior Basketball Team, Helen Zubrinski is a gym coach and Greta Borjeson is starting in athletics.

Estella Bradley has left Radcliffe and is going to art school next year.

Howard Cronk is at the New School of Design, Boston.

Helen Lehan graduated from Fisher Business College and is now a stenographer at Ginn and Company.

Ruth Boyd and Josephine Grosso are doing office work at the Boston Woven Hose.

Douglas MacKinnon is doing good work in the Harvard Glee Club.

Elsa Marsh, Doris Gerry, Marie Norton, and Ruth Whitney, who was the youngest member of her class last year, are at Radcliffe.

At Lowell Normal School are Mary O' Connell, Margaret Herlihy, Evelyn Marsh, Mary O'Neil, Katharine Grace Lynch, Mary Willhauck and Mary Hayes.

Katharine Lynch is clerking at Kresge's Cambridge.

'23.

Mildred Westcott is a stenographer for the Saxon Company, Brookline.

Suggestions for Graduates.

How to make a rapid rise from the very start!

*!!?! -AND STAY OUT!!

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H. Drewicz '24.



Miss A.: "Go to the board back there in front."

Heard on Examination Papers.

1. A blizzard is a hen.
2. A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
3. Sixty gallons make one hedgehog.
4. Georgia was founded by people who had been executed.
5. A mountain range is a large cook stove.
6. Achilles was dipped in the river Styx to make him normal.
7. Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination.

Heard in Latin.

"Give the principal parts of superatum esse?

Pupil: "Sup—er—er—sup—sup——.

Teacher: "We've had enough soup, let's get on to the next course."

Heard in History.

Miss D.: "What is the evil effect of the Klu Klux Klan?"

Pupil: "You can't put baby to bed now till papa gets home at night."

"The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are just these three—'I've flunked again!'"

Heard in History.

Teacher: "Who was it that prompted you then. I heard some one whisper that date.

Pupil: "Oh, I guess that was history repeating itself."

Heard in Latin.

Miss B.: "Did you go over these sentences."

Pupil: "Sure I did!"

Miss B.: "Well, you must have gone a long way over them."

Heard in English.

Teacher: "What was Hebe noted for."

Pupil: "She was a girl."

Heard in History.

Teacher: "Where are the islands of Hawaii."

Pupil: (just waking up) "What!"

Teacher: "Hawaii."

Pupil: "Oh, I'm all right, thank you."

Heard in English.

Teacher: "Give me a sentence using the word income."

Pupil: "I opened the door and income the cat."

Traveler: "This is a dangerous precipice. Why don't they put up a sign warning people?"

Old Timer: "Waal yu' see we uster hev a sign here, but nobody got hurt; so we took it down."

Freshman: "I don't see how a watch can keep the right time."

Senior: "Why not?"

Freshman: "Well, time flies but a watch only runs."

Heard in Spanish.

Miss W.: "What are the strong vowels?"

Miss B.: "A. E. I. O."

Miss W.: "Well then, what are the weak ones?"

Miss B.: "U and I (you and I).

More Truth Than Poetry.

"Now since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere."

A city lady on a farm on seeing a lot of calves remarked, "Oh, what cute little cowlets!"

"They ain't cowlets lady they are bullets."

Notice in a Senior Room.

"The photographer will not be open on Saturday."

Heard in History.

Teacher: "What was peculiar about the battle of Bunker Hill?"

Pupil: "Well, er, er, we won I think."

"Will you ever learn to distinguish between 'man' and 'Mensch'", asked the German teacher.

Pupil: "Man is single, but 'Mensch' embraces women."

Teacher: "What is the masculine of Duchess?"

Freshman: "Dutchman!"

Q.: Name a most perfect fault finder?"

A.: "A teacher correcting an examination paper."

Teacher: "A fool can ask questions that a wise man can not answer."

Voice in rear of the room: "I guess that's why we're all flunking."

Fortune Teller.

Senior: "You have to pay to go to this school."

Freshman: "How so, what do you have to pay?"

Senior: "Pay attention, little one!"

Father: "John, can't you possibly cut down on your college expenses?"

Son: "Well, I might possibly get along without any books."

1924.

Four years ago we came as Freshman
Green, aye, greener than the grass.
Now as grave and reverend Seniors
Smile we o'er the verdant past.

Freshman: "If a man born in Poland is a pole, then a man born in Holland is a hole."

Wanted—a boy to peddle milk 14 years old.

Heard in Civics.

Question: "What are the qualifications of a citizen?"

Answer: "He must be able to read and write his own name."

Heard in Chemistry.

Question: "What is hard water?"

Answer: "Ice."

Freshie: "Please mother, may I go if I'll be home early?"

Soph.: "Let me go; I'll be home by eleven."

Junior: "I'm going."

Senior: "Good night. Leave the door unlocked."

Wise: "Where were you when brains were given out?"

Wiset: "Over at your house."

For Some of Us.

No more pencils, no more books,
No more teacher's cross-eyed looks.

Soph.:"Have you a minute to spare?"

Freshie: "Sure."

Soph.: "Tell me all you know."

French Teacher: "Can you translate 'our sisters'?"

Pupil: "No, Sir," (Nos Sóeurs).

Teacher: "Correct."

"Go to the Devil," said Mrs. Satan when the collector presented his bill.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt;
For whenever Mary's beau came in
The little lamp went out.

What Pupils Do These Remind You Of?

"Eat More Wheat."

"Only one out of every five is Safe."

"Keep that School Girl Complexion."

"Patronize Your Naborhood Store."

"What a whale of a difference a few cents make."

"They're Mild But They Satisfy."

"Wear Kuppenheimer Clothes."

"Venida Rules the Waves."

"Drink Moxie."

To the Freshman identifying one of these slogans with the proper pupil, a suitable cash prize will be given.

A Sheik's exclamation: "A lass."

A Flappers exclamation: "Oh Men."

Officer: "Not a man in this company will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice: "Gimme liberty or gimme death."

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."



NOTAS ESPAÑOLAS
EL ESPAÑOL, IDIOMA INTERNACIONAL

El español es ahora por el número de naciones que lo hablan y la extensión que abara el más internacional de los idiomas.

Considerado en sí mismo, reúni excelentes condiciones para ser idioma internacional.

Es un idioma musical y nada difícil de aprender. Es rico, su literatura es esplendida y sería util a la ciencia, al comercio, y la vida social. Eso es la razón que tantas personas estudian esto lengua.

LA POPULARIDAD DEL BASEBALL

La popularidad del "baseball" no se ha limitado a los Estados Unidos. Ya el baseball se le ha llamado "el juego nacional de los Cubanos." Cuando Cuba todavía era una colonia española, este juego era allí popular, y en 1887, los cubanos lo introdujeron en Mejico. En este país ha tenido una acogida tan favorable que se ha convertido en formidable rival de las corridas de toros. Tanto la ciudad de Mejico, con la de Monterey, han tenido importantes y existen clubs de baseball en muchas ciudades de la Republica.

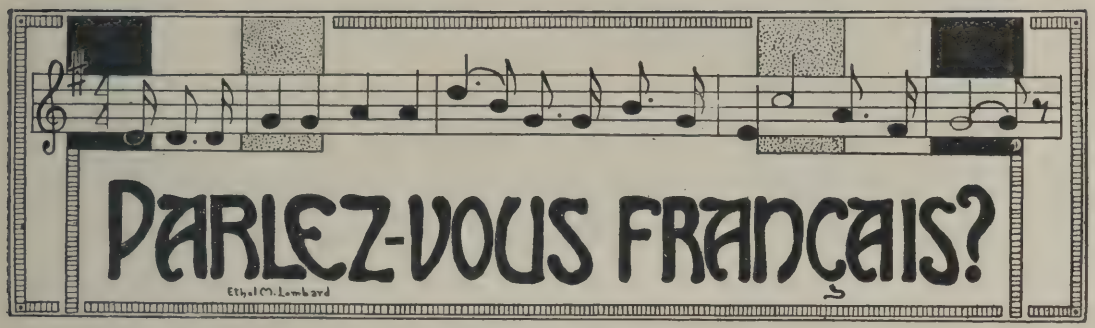
A los filipinos les agradezaba mucho el juego, y ya entre ellos hay buenos jugodores. En la demás islas también ha caido en gracia este deporte.

NOTAS ESPAÑOLAS
LOS FINICIOS* Y GRIEGOS EN ESPAÑA

Los finicios vinieron a España 1600 anos antes de Jesucristo. Procedian del Asia, y eran el pueblo más comercial de su tiempo. Fundaron colonias tan importantes como Ládiz, Sevilla, Málago, Cordoba y otras menos importante. Durante ocho siglos tuvieron el monopolis del comercio en la Peninsula.

Ochocientos anos más tarde llegaron a las costas de España los griegos, fundando algunas colonias en las islas Baleares y en la costa oriental de España, entre otras, probablemente, Barcelona. Fueron bien acogidos por los españoles, que aprendieron de ellos las artes y la agricultura.

(*phoenicians).



(Continued from April number)

sogne[17] qu'elles soient, il est bien rare qu'elles ne trouvent pas une demi-heure inoccupée pour la donner à leur livre du moment. Nous encourageons nous-mêmes cette tendance et plusieurs fois pendant l'année les professeurs dictent des listes d'ouvrages parmi lesquels choisir. Ce sont des romans, des poèmes, des récits de voyages, des mémoires historiques. Les professeurs qui se défient des lectures fades et puériles, tâchent de rien mettre que d'excellent dans ces suggestions. Le résultat c'est que ces jeunes filles de treize ou quatorze ans ont souvent une culture qui dépasse leur âge. Elles ont déjà lu, dans des éditions appropriées, du Flaubert, du Maupassant, du Balzac, du Michelet. *Pêcheurs d'Islande*[18] et les *Lettres de mon moulin*[19] voilà leurs classiques à elles, autant que *Mon oncle et mon curé*[20] quoique pour de tout autres raisons.

Je parlais tout à l'heure du travail fait à la maison. Ce travail est vérifié tout au long de la journée, de dix ou vingt manières. Non seulement le professeur pose des questions individuelles et corrige les devoirs mais il ajoute à cela des interrogations écrites, corrigées et notées séance tenante[21]. On note de 0 à 10; les notes sont toutes relevées[22] sur de sévères registres noirs; tous les quinze jours le carnet de classe, avec les notes de la quinzaine est présenté aux parents qui doivent le signer et tous les mois une réunion de professeurs décide des élèves qui seront inscrites au tableau d'honneur[23]. Les mauvaises notes, les inscriptions au tableau d'honneur, les classements de compositions et les prix de fin d'année sont les seules sanctions[24] du travail. Nous ne connaissons heureusement ni les pensums[25], ni les retenues[26] du jeudi qui sévissent encore dans les lycées de garçons.

Nous aurons l'occasion, dans un article prochain, de revenir sur les programmes, sur les examens et sur la qualité du travail. Terminons ici en mentionnant le très grand plaisir que les élèves trouvent à venir au lycée où cependant l'on travaille si dur. Si la proportion des élèves bavardes et remuantes est très grande, celle des élèves maussades[27] ou vraiment paresseuses est infime. On ne s'ennuie jamais au lycée, on s'y plaît. L'auteur de cet article, par exemple, n'a pas dans sa vie de souvenir plus lumineux que celui des années passées au lycée Fénelon à "bûcher[28]" sans trêve[29]. C'est qu'il y a dans l'atmosphère intellectuelle d'un lycée, justement peut-être parce que jeux et sports n'y accaparent pas l'attention, quelque chose de stimulant et d'enchanteur dont nulle part on ne retrouve après l'équivalent. Les lycées de filles ont sur

---

[17] CHARGÉ DE BESOGNE: overwhelmed with work. [18] *D. Pierre Loti (pseudonyme de Julien Viaud, officier de marine, romancier français; écrivain subtil d'une nervosité vibrante).* [19] *D'Alphonse Daudet: romancier et auteur français dont les œuvres valent par l'acuité de l'observation et la vivacité du style (1840–1897).* [20] *De Jean de la Brète: auteur français moderne très apprécié de la jeunesse.* [21] SÉANCE TENANTE: *tout de suite, sur le champ.* [22] RELEVER: here to make a list of. [23] TABLEAU D'HONNEUR: roll of honor. [24] SANCTION DE TRAVAIL: reward for work. [25] PENSUM: *travail supplémentaire infligé aux élèves comme punition.* [26] RETENUE: *heure supplémentaire comme punition.* [27] MAUSSADE: *triste, morose.* [28] BÛCHER: to work hard. [29] SANS TRÊVE: unceasingly.

(Continued on page 24)



Meeting, April 1.

A meeting was held in the hall April 1. Miss Hogan entertained us by reading two humorous selections which everybody enjoyed immensely.

Betsy told about the coming Spring athletics, and Mildred Perkins urged the girls to attend the swimming practice.

Mr. Cleveland then presented little silver basketballs to the members of the Freshman Championship Team.

The meeting was closed with cheers for Mr. Cleveland, Miss Brown, and the G. A. A.

Baseball.

The final baseball teams have been chosen, and they will play a series of games,

Meeting, May 6.

A meeting was held in the hall May 6, in the special program period. It was announced that the President for next year would be chosen from this year's Junior Class, as usual, but that the other officers would have to be chosen from the present Freshman Class. This arrangement was made because next year the Juniors and Seniors will be unable to take gym. The constitution states that a member of the Senior Class shall be President; therefore, a special arrangement must be made for her to take gym in either a Freshman or Sophomore Class.

We were informed that a dance would be held in Odd Fellows Hall, North Cambridge, on May 23. The G. A. A., Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are conducting this dance in conjunction with the Rindge P. G.'s. It is an experiment to promote better feeling between the two schools. Unlike all other G. A. A. affairs, a fifty-cent subscription will be charged.

The annual picnic, one of the most important events of the year, will take place June 7. The place at which it is to be held has not been decided upon as yet.

Out-Door Meet.

The yearly outdoor meet will be held May 28. An exhibition will be given of running and standing broad jump, high jump, shot put, sprints and hurdling. The monograms and numerals will be awarded to the winners.

Nominations.

Nominations for G. A. A. officers were held in the gym May 8 and 9. The results were as follows:

President

Ethel Dansie — Evelyn Stokes

Vice-President

Lorraine Langley — Leila Campbell

Secretary

Mary Stubbs — Catherine Corcoran

The election took place May 14 and 15 but the final results were not known at the time this went to press.

(Continued from page 23)

ce point un avantage marqué sur ceux de garçons. Ils ont réussi à intéresser les élèves aux études d'une façon souvent passionnée et presque toujours joyeuse.

Nous avons suivi aujourd 'hui, tout au long de sa journée, une élève d'un de nos lycées. Dans un prochain article nous nous arrêterons dans quelques-unes des classes pour examiner d'un peu plus près le genre d'enseignment qu'on y donne, les méthodes qu'on y suit, les exercices journaliers qu'on y pratique.

MARGUERITE CLÉMENT.

(THE END)



On April 23, 1924, the last of our interscholastic debates was held at Washington Hall, Rindge. The Cambridge High and Latin team. Frederick W. Lorenzen, Roy Lamson, Jr., and Walter H. McLaughlin upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved: That the U. S. should join the Permanent Court of International Justice as it exists today," against the Rindge Team composed of Henry White, Jr., Franklin McDermott and Everett M. Cloran. The alternates were Theodore E. Walcott, C. H. L. S., and Albert J. Gracia, Rindge. The rebuttalists were Henry White, Jr., Rindge, and Walter H. McLaughlin, C. H. L. S. After a few opening remarks by John W. Wood, headmaster of Rindge and presiding officer, the formal debate began before a capacity audience. The first speaker, Frederick W. Lorenzen of the affirmative, outlined and discussed briefly the six major points for the affirmative. This was done in a clear and concise manner and won the favor of the audience. Henry White, Jr., continued the case for the negative in a clear but not too rhetorically correct manner. Roy Lamson, Jr., the second speaker of the affirmative took up the first three of six points showing the merits of the court. His manner and clearness of argument and speaking was greatly applauded by the audience. The second speaker of the negative Franklin McDermott, discussed at length flaws in the court with good delivery and impression. The affirmative case was concluded by Walter H. McLaughlin, who showed that the world court was successful and inevitable. His oratorical and rhetorical force left the audience with a clear and favorable impression of the affirmative case. Everett M. Cloran concluded the negative case. This speaker, although he had the best delivery of the Rindge team was over-earnest in his manner and placed himself in many humorous but difficult positions. During the intermission which followed, music was furnished by the C. H. L. S. orchestra and Rindge Glee Club. Henry White, Jr., handled the rebuttal for Rindge. Although this speaker had much to say his recourse to too many colloquial expressions caused his audience to be unpleasantly impressed by him. Walter H. McLaughlin concluded the debate by a most excellent refutation of every argument which the Rindge team presented. His speech was a decided contrast in manner, delivery, and choice of words, from the preceding speaker. His concluding sentence won the audience completely to the affirmative. The judges, P. W. Williams, W. E. Hines and F. W. Bowman, members of the Harvard Debating Society awarded the debate without consultation to the affirmative by a unanimous decision.

Both teams did remarkably well but the polished and prepared work of the affirmative finally conquered. The good work of the Rindge team ought to be attributed in a large degree to the earnest and careful coaching of Mr. Sullivan. The second interscholastic victory of the C. H. L. S. team was assured by the untiring efforts of Miss Hartigan, head of the department of oral English, and Mr. E. C. Donahue, faculty coach. The members of the debating society and teams of C. H. L. S. wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Hartigan and Mr. Donahue for their able assistance and unfailing services in spite of many difficulties during our last debating year and likewise to those of the faculty who have so kindly helped us as judges, presiding officers, and workers.

R. L., Jr., '25.

EXETER 4, CAMBRIDGE 3.

The Cambridge schoolboys journeyed to Exeter, N. H., and after putting up a wonderful brand of baseball, lost a well played game to the academy boys. An umpire's decision gave Exeter the tying run and paved the way for the winning tally.

Cambridge scored two runs in the second session on three hits and a sacrifice.

Exeter waited Clancy out and as a result two men were passed. A sacrifice advanced them both a base and a hit by McLaughlin scored two runs. The next two men whiffed.

The schoo boys, not to be outdone, scored once again in the sixth.

The game remained 3-2 until the eighth, when McLaughlin reached first on a hit, stole second and was allowed to score on a passed ball which did not strike the backstop.

There was no further scoring until the tenth when a single sacrifice and another hit won the game for Exeter.

Capt. McLaughlin was the shining light for Exeter, getting four hits in as many times at bat.

Cambridge	*Exeter*
O'Connell s. s.	s. s. Moran
Kelleher c. f.	r. f. Coakley
Clancy p.	3 b. Linscott
Toothaker l. f.	c. McLauglin
Cronin 2 b.	l. f. McPhail
Kerr 3 b.	p. Sawyer
Gibson 1 b.	c. f. Alexander
Finestein c.	2 b. Haley
Murphy r. f.	1 b. Burns
Dilworth r. f.	

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6, RINDGE 4.

Cambridge Latin experienced no great difficulty in downing its ancient rival Rindge, the score being 6-4.

Johnson started in the box for Rindge, but did not last long, the Latin batters touching him up for four runs. McCoy, who replaced him, had plenty of speed and managed to hold the Latin batters for a while.

Rindge had men on the bases almost every inning but good defensive work by Latin's infield held them in check.

Latin scored two more runs in the seventh on a pass, an error and a three base hit by Temple.

In the final chapter, Rindge staged a rally but fell two runs short of tying the score. Two passes and an error filled the bases and a three base hit by Dunphy did the damage. This was the limit of the scoring.

Rindge	*Cambridge*
Sweeney 3 b.	s. s. O'Connell
Wright l. f., c	c. f. Kelleher
McCoy c. p.	p. Clancy
Elowitz 2 b.	3 b. Kerr
Dunphy 1 b.	2 b. Cronin
Biddeker s. s.	1 b. Gibson
Johnson l. f., p.	c. Finestein
Rose c. f.	l. f. Temple
Trodden r. f.	r. f. Roche

LAWRENCE 4, CAMBRIDGE 3.

Going into the last half of the ninth frame with the score 3-2 against them, Lawrence High staged a rally and scored two runs defeating Cambridge Latin 4-3.

Dwyer and Cardillo both reached first on singles and scored on a wild throw and an error.

McDonald started the game for Cambridge and pitched a stellar brand of baseball until the ninth when he weakened. Clancy was sent into the box to hold them in check but the damage was done and Lawrence scored twice.

(Continued on page 28)



Another year has sped by so soon. To many of us it means a significant change in our lives, to others a continuation of the school interests.

The exchanges have contributed not a little to our interests and entertainments among those whom we sincerely hope to hear from again next Fall are:

The Academy—Pillsbury Academy, Norwich, Conn.

The Aegis—Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Argus—Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.

Black and Red Review—Hannibal, Mo.

Blue Owl—Attleboro, Mass.

The Boston University Beacon—Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Burdett Lion—Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

The Bulletin—Watertown High School Watertown, Mass.

The Cadeceus—Middlesex College, Middlesex, Mass.

The Caldron—Shawnee, Oklahoma.

The Clarion—Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.

The Cestrian—Chester High School, Chester, S. C.

Durfee Hilltop—Fall River Mass.

The Delphian—Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

The Easterner—Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

The Eh Rah Nam—Walla Walla, Washington.

The Key—Battle Creek, Mich.

The Key Note—Ithaca Conservat'y of Music.

The Grotonian—Groton School, Groton, Mass.

The High School Herald—Westfield, Mass.

The Irwinian—Agnes Irwin School.

The Hermiad—Hingham, Mass.

The Journal—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Kayhitems—Ketchican, Alaska.

The Mirror—Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.

The Minnewaskin—Glenwood, Minn.

The Nautilus—Greenville, S. C.

The Oracle—Bangor, Me.

The Pilgrim—Plymouth, Mass.

The Radiator—Somerville, Mass.

The Red and White—Rochester High School, Mass.

The Spotlight—Valley Junction, Iowa.

The Tattler—Milwaukee, Wis.

The Unquity Echo—Milton, Mass.

The Voice of the South High—Youngstown, Ohio.

The Willow Messenger—Red Willow, Neb.

Westward Ho!—Baltimore, M. D.

The X-Ray—Sacramento, Calif.

The Alphian—Owatonna, Minn.

A comment or two:

We are happy to announce a new exchange —*"The Record"* from Batchogue, L. I. Its editorials, stories and witticisms are so good we hope to hear from you next Fall.

"The Headlight" from the Marblehead High School is also a very interesting new-comer. It is an excellent paper in every respect.

"The Mercury", Milwaukee, Wisconsin,—We admire your cuts, and the arrangement of your paper very much.

(Athletics continued)

Cambridge	*Lawrence*
O'Connell s. s.	2 b. Cardillo
Roche r. f.	1 b. Starke
Dilworth r. f.	3 b. Christian
Temple l. f.	c. f. Moran
Kerr 3 b.	r. f. Kobos
Gibson 1 b.	p. Hewitt
Cronin 2 b.	s. s. Graney
Finestein c.	l. f. Kennedy
Generri c. f.	l. f. Carradino
Clancy c. f., p.	c. Dwyer
McDonald p.	
Gore c. f.	

EVERETT 4, CAMBRIDGE 3.

Everett High School defeated Cambridge Latin at Russell in a very good game 4-3. Inability to produce hits at the vital moments cost Cambridge the game.

Clancy pitched for Cambridge with a split finger and deserves much credit for the way in which he performed. The Everett batters, the hardest hitters in the league, were held to a few scattered hits.

McGonagle started in the box for Everett and, after being touched up by Cambridge for two runs, was replaced by Munroe, the stellar southpaw.

Everett tied the score in the third on a pass, an error and a hit. The score remained deadlocked until "Eddie" Bond of Everett caught one to his liking and made a circuit of the bases scoring a man ahead of him. The score was now 4-2.

Cambridge made desperate attempts to tie the score but were unsuccessful and could only tally once again.

Cambridge	*Everett*
O'Connell s. s.	r. f. Rice
Temple l. f.	c. f. Terrio
Clancy p.	3 b. Bond
Kerr 3 b.	l. f. Deering
Gibson 1 b.	s. s. Forgione
Cronin 2 b.	2 b. Mortenson
Finestein c.	p. 1 b. Munroe
Roche r. f.	p. 1 b. McGonag'e
Generri c. f.	c. Bertini

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APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

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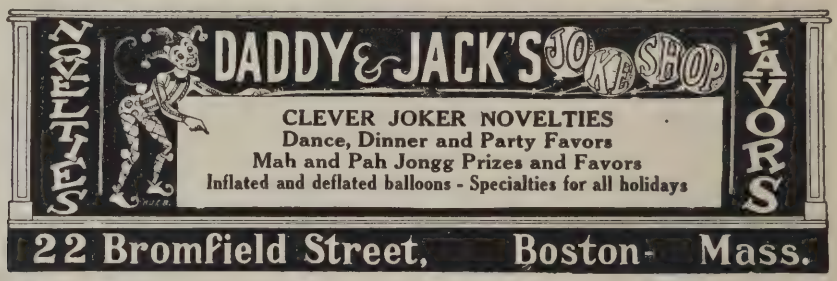
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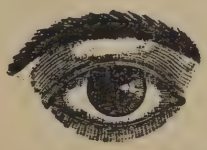
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